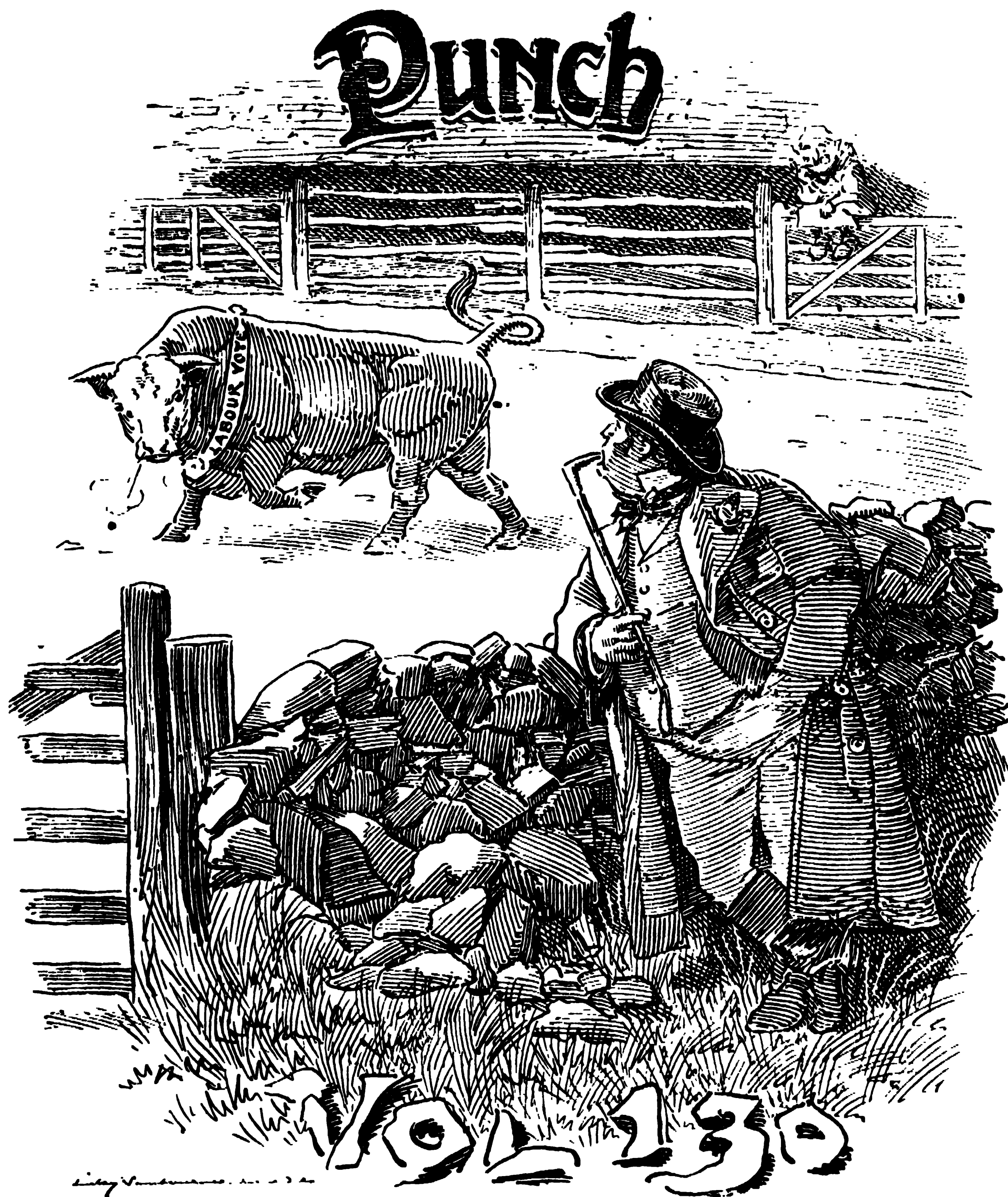
PUNCH

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Punch's Almanack
1906

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

MR. PUNCH, HAVING HEARD A RUMOUR THAT A CERTAIN AMERICAN PROFESSOR IS ALLEGED TO HAVE SAID THAT A MAN IS "TOO OLD AT FORTY," BEGS TO INFORM HIS PATRONS THAT HE PERSONALLY, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-FOUR, IS GOING AS STRONG AS EVER—AS SHOWN IN THE MONTHLY RECORD OF HIS PROWESS. THUS



IN **JANUARY** HE WON THE WALTZING COMPETITION AT PRINCE'S.



IN **FEBRUARY** HE HAPPENED TO BE PASSING THROUGH SWEDEN AND RATHER SURPRISED THE NATIVES WITH A 200 FOOT JUMP!

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

(EXPLOITS OF A SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD.)



IN **MARCH** HE SAT TO HIS FRIEND MUDPUSHER, THE ACADEMICIAN, FROM NINE TILL ONE EVERY DAY, FOR HIS COLOSSAL EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF "VICTORY," AND ENJOYED IT.



IN **APRIL** AT THE INTERNATIONAL ÉPÉE TOURNAMENT IN PARIS, HE WAS UNTOUCHED; COMPLETELY DEFEATING THE LAST MAN WITH A MAGNIFICENTLY EXECUTED "CHANGEZ, BATTEZ, DÉGAGEZ, MARCHEZ, LIEZ EN SECONDE."

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT BRIGAND-CHIEF.



It was an ancient brigand chief,
And a horny eye had he,
And the lethal weapons that lined his belt
Would have stocked an armoury.

Around the camp-fire's ruddy glow
His brigands sniffed the breeze;
Half cock (or more) each stalwart bore
His blunderbuss at ease.

Then up and spake that ancient sport:
"I have a tale to tell——"
The brigands sighed and yawned full wide,
They knew the wheeze so well.

"It was September's opening day,
To British sportsmen dear——"
That was the way the tale began
Steadily once a year;
By his own request he told that geste,
And they could not choose but hear.



"'Tis fifty years ago to-day
Sithence this thing occurred;
We sallied out a merry rout
To slay the partridge bird.

"Brand-new my suit of Tartan check,
Wrought of the Scots home-spun;
In brand-new boots I tramped the roots
Beneath a brand-new gun.

"My eye was bright, my step was light,
My heart was hot within,
And all for a maid whose peerless love
I rather hoped to win.

"She was a sporting damosel,
Well knowing what was what,
And had vowed she never would yield her hand
(So I was given to understand)
Save to a first-class shot.

"Therefore with many a prayer that I
That day might earn renown,
I blazed to right, I blazed to left,
I blazed into the brown;
I blazed the livelong morning through,
From 10.15 to nearly 2.0,
But never a bird came down.

"We had reached the final turnip-patch,
Nor yet had I tasted gore,
When lo! a single bird arose
Immediately beneath my nose,
Of somewhat larger size than those
I had observed before.

"It was my chance ere luncheon brought
The ladies in its train;
I gave the bird a yard or so,
Then, letting both my barrels go,
I blew the thing in twain.

"Ha! ha! I cried: but the guns replied
All down the line with 'Shame!';
It seems that I had felled to earth
A pheasant, young and tame;
'Twas wrong, said they, such birds to slay
Or ever October came.

"At lunch they laughed; I even heard
My winsome lady howl;



For on my platter they had spread
The sections, obviously dead,
Of that infernal fowl.

"Laughter and gibe from rude coarse men
Ere now have made me curse;
But to be mocked of one you love,
O that is far, far worse.

"My blood was up: I filled a cup
Full of the gold Rhine wine;
Drank 'Death to bird and man and beast!'
And straightway left that grisly feast
With never a farewell sign.

"Thenceforth I swore all living things
Should lie beneath my ban;
I swore to seek some larger clime
Where I could kill, with no close time
For bird or beast or man.

"Comrades! In these Circassian parts
Where life runs fairly cheap,
With Tartar and Turk and Jew for game
Have I not purged my ancient shame?
Say!" But the brigands said no word
By way of comment upon the bird,
Being, in fact, asleep. O. S.





A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

General Blazer. "AH, PARTNER, DO YOU ER DISCARD FROM ER STRENGTH OR WEAKNESS?"
Mr. Mildman. "ER ER GENERALLY FROM *FRIGHT*!"



The Mere Man. "I—ER—LEAVE IT TO YOU." *His Partner.* "COWARD!"



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—ONE STYLE.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—ANOTHER STYLE.

OUR CRÈCHE.

(Extract from a letter from Mrs. Bobbie Dash in the Wild West to her dear friend at home.)

Battleford, Canada.

". . . . Now about the Ball. We had miles to go to get to the place over awfully rough country, and as usual there was no one we could leave at home to look after our Babies. We had to take them with us, and you can imagine we arrived rather draggled at the ball-room. We had a ripping dance; every one was there—



—and that good old soul, Tubby, our only bachelor, who is not a dancing man (he lives next door to the ball-room), looked after our Babies for us, as he always does. We label them, you know



so that if anything goes wrong, he just looks up the name of the mother and



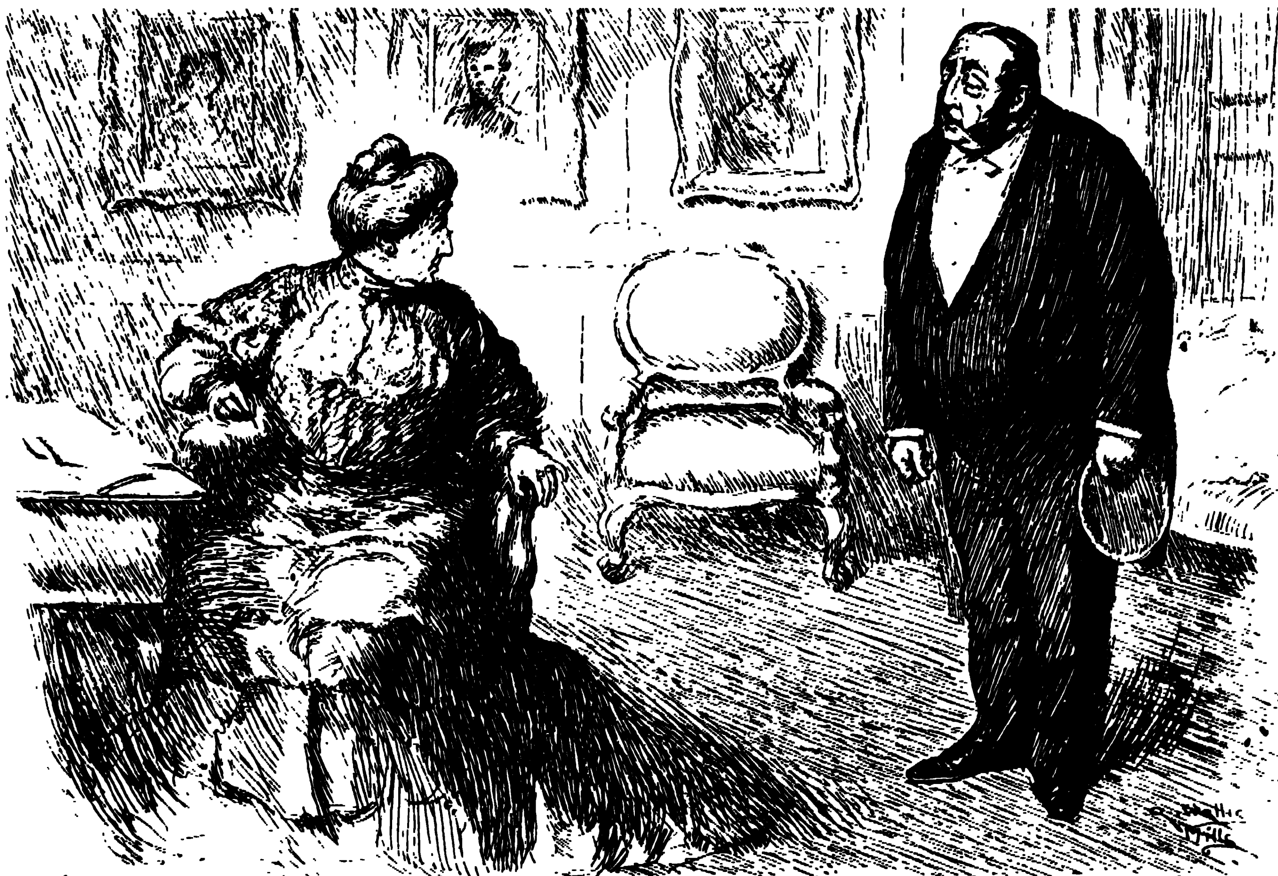
—hunts her up from the ball-room. I really don't know what we should have done without him.



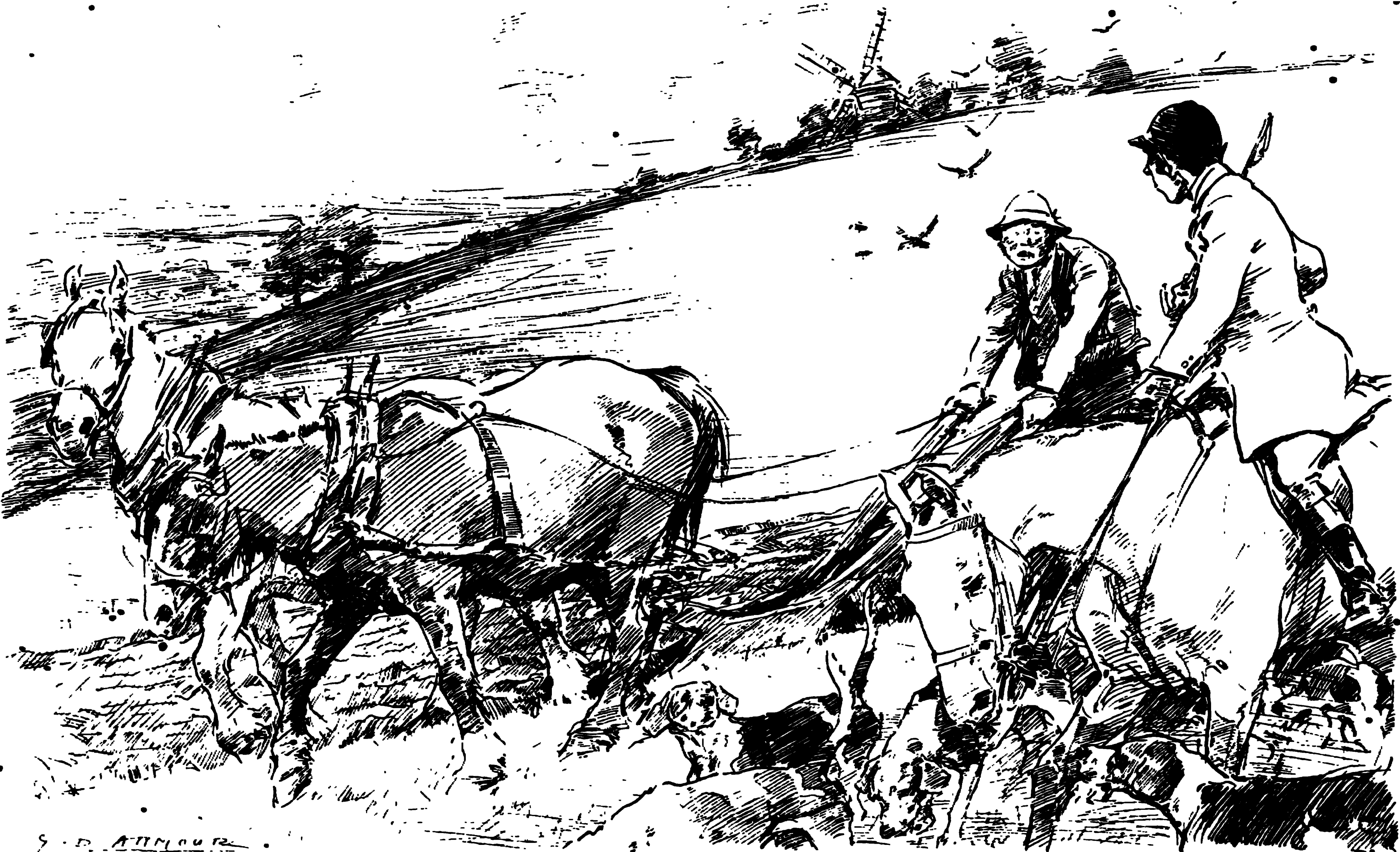
Georgina had an awful time of it with her kiddie, and lost the last seven dances."



Tommy. "LET'S PLAY AT ZOO, AND UNCLE BE THE ELEPHANT." *Elsie.* "OH NO, HE'S NOT A BIT LIKE AN ELEPHANT." *Uncle.* "QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR." *Elsie.* "I THINK HE'D MAKE A MUCH BETTER HIPPOPOTAMUS!"



Her Ladyship (who has been away from home for Christmas). "WELL, BLUNDELL, I HOPE YOU ALL HAD AN ENJOYABLE CHRISTMAS DINNER?"
Blundell. "YES, THANK YOU, MY LADY. AHEM! I ER—TOOK THE LIBERTY OF OBTAINING—*IN THE ABSENCE OF YOUR LADYSHIP*—THE BIGGEST GOOSE PROCURABLE!"



HODGE'S LITTLE WAY.

Huntsman (in perspiring hurry). "Have you seen the Fox?"
Hodge. "Has 'un got a great big bushy tail?"
Huntsman. "Yes, that's him, that's him, where is he?"
Hodge. "Do 'e 'ave a brown coat?"
Huntsman. "Yes, of course."
Hodge. "Lollops along like a dawg, don't 'e?"
Huntsman. "Yes, yes. But which way did he go?"
Hodge. "I ain't seed 'un!"

THE OLD STORY.

CHAPTER I. *Foreword.*

O list to the unhappy tale of John and Emma Caroline.
In Hoxton he was something in the vegetable marrow line!

CHAPTER II. *His Pride.*

But though his trade was sordid he was just as proud as Lucifer
The Spirit (say) of Humbleness, he didn't see the use of her.
His clothes were rich but tasteful, and a bit above the Hoxtonite,
Who'd greet him, dressed for dinner, with "What ho! the fancy socks to-night!"
His wicked pride—well, John has never been the one to hide it, so
I may as well explain at once the reasons why he sided so.

CHAPTER III. *Its Cause.*

His sister at a garden *fête*, dressed charmingly in white and brown,
With wavy pleatings round the hem, had shaken hands with Crichton Browne.
His brother's son was friendly with the Carlton *chef*, and what is more,
His father knew a fellow who had hunted with the Cottesmore;



THE REFUSAL.

Besides all this *in esse* there was fame and wealth *in posse* too,
As witness Bilks his uncle's friend (or second cousin was it?) who
Had got that very day a Derby "cert."
and by a "cert." is meant
"The Colonel's shilling Final (One Horse Snip)" but see advertisement.

CHAPTER IV. *Caroline.*

Now Caroline (or Emma), who was really quite bewitching, made
A living up at Cricklewood as what she called a "kitching-maid."
And Caroline (or Emma) I am certain cared for John a bit,
Although (to use a vulgar phrase) she liked to "have him on a bit."

CHAPTER V. *Her Invitation.*

One day she wrote (you'd never think a maid so very fickle would)
"My *darling* Johnny, *can* you come and call for me at Cricklewood?"
And John was raptured at the thought of walking out with Caroline;
He took a 'bus to Baker Street, and travelled by the Harrow line.

CHAPTER VI. *The Meeting.*

They met; the conversation turned on Photos and Phylacteries,
The Weather and the Government, and who our Greatest Actor is,
And then, at some remark of his, she looked and murmured "What a swell!"
His suit was striped in many shades, and had a little spot as well;
His purple tie was *crêpe-de-chine*, which really isn't bad for ties. . . .

TO PRINTER: *Better leave a space for anyone to advertise.*

CHAPTER VII. *The Proposal.*

And Caroline grew hungry, so they rested at "The Dragon's Head,"
And after tea John took his clay and filled it up with shag and said,
(For John and fear were strangers when his inner man was fortified)
"The vegetable business is increasing, and, in short, if I'd
A partner who could keep accounts, and make the place look tidy too,
I'd start a line next spring in fruit in fact I've quite decided to."

CHAPTER VIII. *The Refusal.*

She thanked him very kindly, and she spoke in words as set as his:
"An apple makes me bilious, and I do not care for lettuces."

CHAPTER IX. *His Wicked Boasting.*

Then John was slightly scornful, and he said, "My foolish Caroline,
I am not just a person in the vegetable-marrow line.
My sister at her country house, dressed charmingly in white and brown,
With wavy pleatings everywhere has entertained Sir Crichton-Browne
My nephew is the Carlton *and* the Cecil *chef*, and what is more,
Six days a week throughout the year I've hunted with the Cottesmore."

CHAPTER X. *Her Determination.*

But Caroline replied, again, "W what I s-s-said I meant."
(She had, I quite forgot to say, a very slight impediment.)
Now stammering, though painful, can quite easily be remedied
By writing to the *Evening News*, as Caroline (or Emma) did:
E.g., "To LULU. *Fold your arms, and, taking care to cross the knees,*
Sneeze twice with pebbles in the mouth."
(Compare, of course, Demosthenes.

CHAPTER XI. *The Events that Followed.*

It's doubtful just what happened then a step outside "The Dragon's Head;"
One gathers that quite suddenly the fellow ceased to brag and said:
"I'll have the fruit at any rate" (some day the truth mayhap 'll out)
And then he took his pocket-knife and cut his Adam's apple out!

CHAPTER XII. *The End and the Moral.*

She looked, she stood there silently; then gave a single scream in a
Falsetto voice: the man was dead *facti*, once more, *dux femina.*



AT THE FAIRY OUTFITTERS.

FAIRYLANDERS GETTING READY FOR THE PANTOMIME SEASON.

IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. A.D. 1910.

Surviving Race of Motorists (loq.). "OH, I SAY. WHAT?! USED TO WALK *ACROSS THE ROADS!* NO! HOW LOVELY!!"—"WENT ABOUT ON FOOT, AND EXPECTED TO BE PROTECTED! NONSENSE! WHAT EFFRONTERY!"—"DO YOU BELIEVE IT?! I DON'T. IT'S *TOO RIDICULOUS!!*"—"'PON MY HONOUR IT'S A FACT! WHY, THEY SAY *CHILDREN USED TO PLAY ABOUT IN VILLAGES!* DID YOU EVER HEAR SUCH AN IDEA! TOO DELICIOUSLY IMPROBABLE!!"

[*Exeunt in roars of laughter to see something else.*



MINISTERIAL "HARA-KIRI:" OR, UNABLE TO FACE THE "HAPPY DESPATCH."

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. "My good friends, what is the use of putting off Right Honourable 'Dissolution'? It will be just as unpleasant later on. We are quite ready to fill honourable places, and nobody will notice any difference!"



CAME IN LAST.

Owner. "Why didn't you ride as I told you? Didn't I tell you to force the pace early and come away at the Corner?"
Jockey. "Yes, m'Lord, but I couldn't very well leave the horse behind."

THE BRAND OF SHAME.

Last night a most unfortunate collision
  Occurred between my eyebrow and the door,
And when the morning dawned, alas! my vision
  Turned out to be decidedly obscure.
But, worst of all, my cheek and forehead decking,
  The marks of that collision grew apace;
A raw beef-steak completely failed in checking
  The purple stain that spread across my face.

This is indeed a curious world, my masters!
  To-day I keenly realise the same
Why should a blackened eye, of all disasters,
  Prove detrimental to a man's good name?
Why should his friends, who journey to the City,
  At his approach break off their morning chat
To ask him, with a great pretence of pity,
  "Hullo, old chap, I say! Whose mark is that?"

I fear that I displayed some irritation.
  "A guilty conscience," all professed to think;
And when I gave the truthful explanation
  Attributed the accident to drink.
Some pointed out how unrestricted thirst did
  Create unsteadiness about the feet,
And others thought no doubt I had been worsted
  In pugilistic combat in the street.

That hideous bruise of purple, green, and yellow
  Provoked such wit as would have tried a saint,
Till, towards noon, I paid a chemist fellow
  Wholly to blot it out with skill and paint.
And even he drew some unfair deduction,
  I gathered from his faint and ghostly grin.
My faith! That wretched man escaped destruction
  Only because I reined my anger in!

Had I a broken limb in course of healing,
  An arm or leg or rib, as it may be,
A friend who'd any claim to decent feeling
  Would send me messages of sympathy.
Then tell me, why should optic complications
  Put such a different aspect on the case?
A compound fracture hurts no reputations,
  Why should a blackened eye be such disgrace?

MINCE-MEAT.

By our Charivariety Artiste.

The question, "What is a perfect gentleman?" is always difficult to answer satisfactorily, but we think we met one the other day at a dinner-party at a restaurant. When a waiter spilled a plateful of thick mock turtle down his back he merely remarked, "I asked for *clear* soup."

Rumours reach us of a magnificent *soirée* which is being planned by a certain millionaire, and promises to be the absolutely last word as regards such entertainments. Suffice it, to show the lavish way in which the thing is being done, to say that, according to our information, Mr. Alfred Capper has already been engaged at a fabulous fee to whistle for cabs for the guests.

It is, we hear, becoming an increasing fashion for wealthy children in America to call in the assistance of professional packers on Christmas Day to enable them to eat more than their less fortunate brethren.

An innocent man having recently been mistaken for a housebreaker and shot in the leg, a lady makes the capital suggestion that, to avoid the possibility of such errors, burglars shall be compelled to wear some distinctive costume.

It is said that the untearable toy-books which are now the vogue are responsible for the recent immense increase in convulsions among infants, the baffled baby being frequently driven into a paroxysm of rage at his impotence. If this be true, a precocious youngster, aged two, has made a discovery of some importance. He is prepared to prove that it is possible to destroy even a linen book by pulling out the threads one by one—though, of course, this means much loss of valuable time.



NARCISSUS.

We have received the following appeal:

Dear Mr. Punch, What can I do? I have a wretched memory. Consequently, as a new year approaches, I get terribly nervous lest in January I shall date my letters with the number of the previous year. So last December I tried a plan. All through the month I reminded myself that the next year was going to be 1905. As a result, when 1905 arrived, I had become so used to the figures 1905 that I came to think that the previous year was 1905, and dated all my letters 1906. Can you help me?

To judge by the following conversation, which we overheard the other day as a motor tandem passed, motor-cycling must be an over-rated amusement:—

"I say, I think the machine's going to blow up."

"What?"

"I think the machine's going to blow up."

"Can't hear such a deuced rattle. What?"

"I think it's going to blow up!"

"What?"

"*Oh, never mind!*"

A disgraceful case of bullying has just been brought to the notice of the authorities at the Zoo. The Proboscis Monkey is continually being thrashed by the other inmates of his cage for making alleged faces at them, while the poor little fellow really cannot help it.

We wonder whether it is generally known that there are a number of stupid and conceited animals at the Zoo, who, when they look through the bars of their cage, imagine they are looking into a cage containing the public.

As considerable difficulty is experienced at the Zoo in clearing the grounds at closing time, a proposal, we hear, is now being considered which, if carried out, would undoubtedly prove effectual. It is that one of the lions shall be let loose every day at the closing hour.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

(EXPLOITS OF A SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD.)



IN **MAY** MR. PUNCH WAS THE PETTED DARLING OF THE BRIDGE TABLE.



IN **JUNE** HE ASTOUNDED EVERYBODY BY HIS PROWESS AND AGILITY IN THE LONG FIELD.

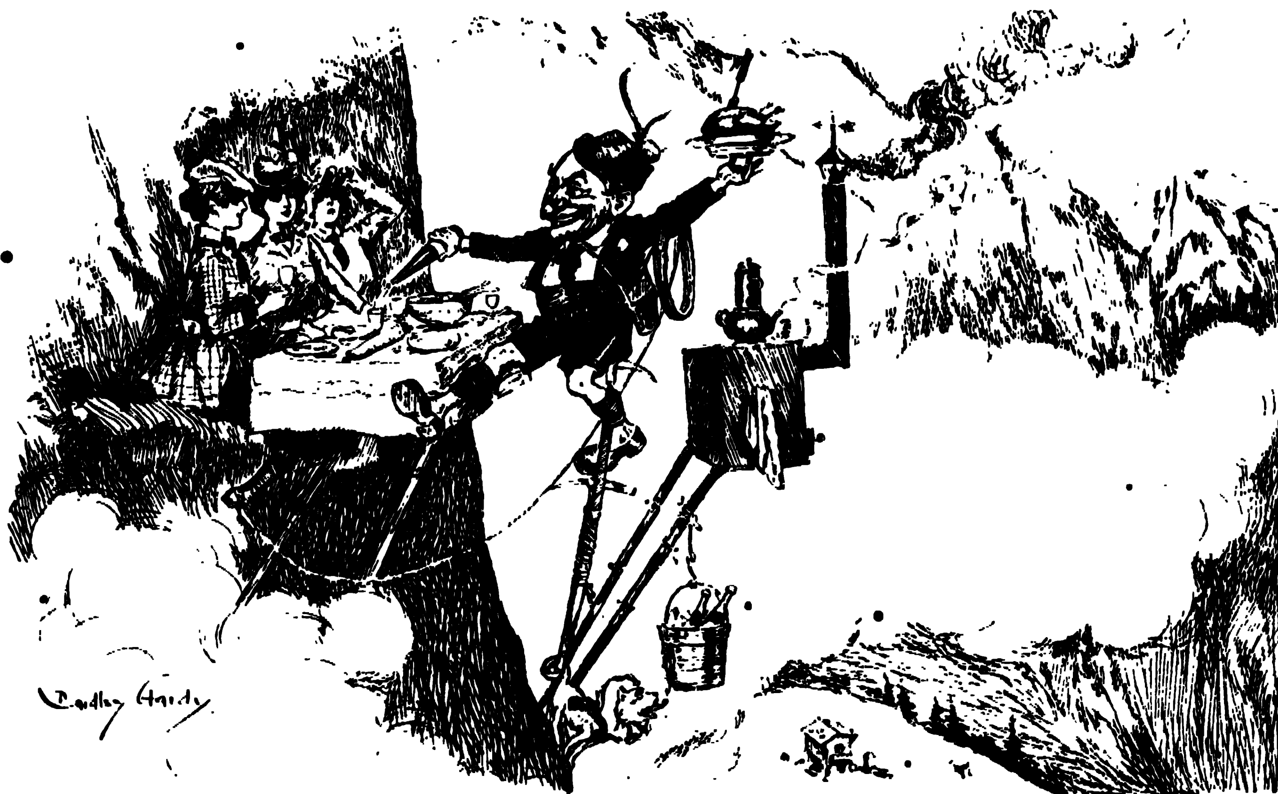

Mr Punch reviews
A Medley of Modes.
the fashions of his reign

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

(EXPLOITS OF A SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD.)



IN **JULY** HE WAS CHALLENGED BY THE COASTGUARD AT CAPE GRIS-NEZ.
"HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?" "NO - ONLY THAT I HAVE JUST SWUM THE CHANNEL."



IN **AUGUST** HE CAME TO THE RESCUE OF THREE STARVING AMERICAN TOURISTS, DESERTED BY THEIR GUIDE ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE, GAVE THEM A FIRST-CLASS DÉJEUNER, AND ULTIMATELY RESTORED THEM TO A DISTRACTED POPPA AT LUCERNE.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

UNCLE JOSEPH AND THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

MRS. WINTER TO HER UNCLE, MR. LAMMIMAN.

December 11, 1904.

MY DEAR UNCLE, We are so very glad to hear that you can once again spend Christmas Day with us, and the children are all agog with excitement and pleasure. And that reminds me that the dear things are very busy in devising some joint present to give you, and it would be, I think, a good thing if I could hint to them (of course no more than a hint) the direction their effort should take. To get presents that one does not want can be so embarrassing, and I am sure you would rather have one good one than many trifling ones. So if you could send me a suggestion I should be so grateful. Your affectionate niece,

ANNIE WINTER.

MR. LAMMIMAN TO HIS NIECE, MRS. WINTER.

December 12, 1904.

DEAR ANNIE, Your letter of the 11th to hand; but why you say you are glad I am coming to see you "once again" I do not understand. "Again" would have been sufficient; by adding "once" you seem to have made up your mind that this is my last year of life. Let me tell you that it is not, so please rest easy on that score. As for a present, I want nothing on earth but a new digestion, and I don't suppose your children can give me that; quite the reverse. Let them save their money in their money boxes.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH LAMMIMAN.

MRS. WINTER TO MR. LAMMIMAN.

December 13, 1904.

MY DEAR UNCLE, You have entirely misunderstood my letter. I did not say "once again" with the meaning that you think, but merely as a way of showing my appreciation of yet another visit from you. I hope you will continue to spend Christmas with us for twenty years at least.

On thinking over your letter I have decided that perhaps it will be best for the children to give you each some little article that will be useful through the year to come.

Anticipating your visit with the keenest pleasure, believe me,

Your affectionate niece,

ANNIE WINTER.

MR. LAMMIMAN TO MRS. WINTER.

December 14, 1904.

DEAR ANNIE, Your letter of the 13th to hand. Why you should want me to die at the age of seventy-eight I cannot imagine; but by wishing to terminate my visits to you in twenty years' time, you force me to the belief that that is what you desire. Where am I to go for my Christmas in 1925? My father (your great uncle) lived to be ninety-three, and his mother was ninety six before him. Your great aunt Wilkins is eighty-five next week, and, as you know, I am said to resemble her in constitution very closely. As for the presents, I desire to accept nothing, as I thought I said in my last letter; but women, I have noticed, are bad letter-readers. Of useful articles I have myriads that I never use. At this moment, by just looking round this one room, I can see five calendars, none of them brought up to date, two pen-wipers (although I always use the under-part of



my sleeve), and five ash trays and four paper-weights, where one of each would do. Yours truly,

JOSEPH LAMMIMAN.

MRS. WINTER TO MR. LAMMIMAN.

December 15, 1904.

MY DEAR UNCLE, I am so sorry that I used that unfortunate phrase twenty years. I did not mean twenty as twenty, but a very long space of time. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to put any period to your valuable life, and I am most distressed to have distressed you. Your affectionate niece,

ANNIE WINTER.

MRS. WINTER TO MRS. BULSTRODE, MR. LAMMIMAN'S HOUSEKEEPER.

(*Private.*)

December 15, 1904.

DEAR MRS. BULSTRODE, You would be doing me a great kindness if you could tell me of something which my uncle would like to receive for a Christmas present. I have asked him and he has said he wants nothing; but everyone wants something, and the children very much want to give him a nice present.

Yours sincerely,

ANNIE WINTER.

MRS. BULSTRODE TO MRS. WINTER.

December 16, 1904.

DEAR MRS. WINTER, Mr. Lamminian is so quick to supply any needs he may have that I hardly know what to say. Last week he wanted a new tooth brush, but he has since bought one. He also bought some socks. A silk handkerchief for his neck would be a nice thing, but he has several.

I am, Yours faithfully,

EMMA BULSTRODE.

MR. LAMMIMAN TO MRS. WINTER.

December 27, 1904.

DEAR ANNIE, Thank you for your hospitality. Now that I have had another opportunity of seeing your children, my great-nephews and nieces, I think you ought to know what changes I observe to have taken place in them during the year. Arthur I found inattentive to the comforts of others, and very arrogant. Cecil has a bad habit of giggling which ought to be checked. Little Ernest may develop well, but he requires a strong hand. Margaret seemed to me unfortunately wilful, and I heard her whimpering a good deal in the early morning; while Bertha has acquired an assurance which cannot be too much deplored in one so young. As a whole they seemed to me to lack thoughtfulness. For example, it frequently happened that on entering the room I found them occupying the most comfortable chairs, and there was no alacrity in springing up to offer them to me, and although it was Christmas, the season of generosity and goodwill, they had neither made nor purchased any little gift for me, to whom they owe so much (to say nothing of the turkey), and who always has had their welfare at heart, as, indeed, this long and irksome letter testifies.

I know that you are not in a position to have the best tuition for them and that you sadly miss poor George, but at the same time I must not neglect my duty of saying that for some of these shortcomings I hold you to blame. You, at any rate, being their mother, might have suggested that some little present to their uncle would have been fitting.

I am, my dear Annie, with best wishes for the New Year. Yours truly,

JOSEPH LAMMIMAN.

THE TRIUMPH OF RUSH.

A STUDY OF THE TRAFFIC OF THE NEAR FUTURE.



SUBURBAN TRAFFIC (DURING THE SLACK PERIOD OF THE DAY).—LEGAL PENALTIES FOR TRAVELLING TOO SLOWLY.—THE EARTH GETS OUT OF CONTROL; SLIGHT COLLISION.—THE NEW "DISORDERLIES."—BEDS, CHAIRS, AND SOFAS BEING FORBIDDEN BY LAW, TIRED CITIZEN FLIES TO SOUTH POLE FOR FIVE MINUTES' REST.

ADVICE TO PERSONS ABOUT TO BECOME M.P.'S. – By Toby, M.P.

It would be rash to assume, as many are wont that dissolution must take place at a very near date. The present Parliament was elected in October, 1900. It may certainly run through next year, and if, at the close of its sixth Session, Mr. Balfour were to find in the circumstances of the hour desirability in the public interest to enter upon a seventh, he is too unselfishly patriotic to deny to the country continuance of his services and those of his colleagues.

That by way of reminder of the actual position. But as there is a general movement of preparation for a General Election, it may be useful to offer a few hints for candidates.

First catch your Constituency, then assiduously woo it. Some candidates are put up by local influence and selection. The larger number place themselves at the disposal of the Whip of either political party. By others (who have not obtained nominations) these are known as carpet-baggers. The term is derived from fancied pictures of a gentleman hastily leaving the Whip's office carpet-bag in hand, hailing a cab, and hurrying off to the constituency allotted to him. But it is no matter what you are called if you win a seat.



"Oh, my friends, as you love me *be nebulous!*"

In framing your election address, don't forget these documents are filed, and may at later epochs be brought up to your discomfiture. Get in as many political topics as the current day affords. Use capital letters in introducing them. Whilst appearing to be emphatically saying something, be as little definite as possible in declaration of opinion. For this purpose, a study of Mr. Balfour's speeches on the Fiscal question will be found invaluable. This will be the case more particularly if you happen to approach your desired constituents under the Unionist flag. If you are a Liberal, of course you will plump for Free Trade.

In such case you must be exceedingly wary on questions of Foreign Policy, Maintenance of the Navy at highest level, Expenditure on the Army, and Drawing Closer Bonds of Union with Colonies. If you are a Unionist, you are, presumptively, sound on these matters. In your address you might scornfully allude to a Liberal Party who, coming into power in 1892, were bundled out three years later on discovery by Mr. Brodrick that the War Department was wantonly, wickedly deficient in some hundredweights of cordite.

Mention of Mr. Brodrick's name will naturally lead you to extol the discernment, applaud the good fortune, of a Prime Minister who, having discovered a Carnot in St. John Brodrick, was able, two years later, to find a Napoleon Bonaparte in Arnold-Forster.

Whatever you do, don't, in this connection, mention Lord Roberts. Here comes in the opportunity for the Liberal candidate. Assuming that you are of that colour, you will find Bobs exceedingly useful. He is understood and outside the veteran Committee of Defence the assumption is generally accepted - to know something about fighting. You will not fail to quote his reiterated declaration that after an expenditure of millions, having run up the annual estimates to a figure unknown in history, the Army is, at the present day, not a bit better than when it was rushed, blindfolded, limb-bound, into the War in South Africa.

A reference to Six Army Corps in buckram, to Remounts and Army Stores Scandals will be useful, and should be pointed by insistence on the fact that War Office administration of past five years has been carried on by the very men who profited by the outcry of shortage in cordite stores. These hints are necessarily brief. But they may be found useful to candidates from either political camp in dealing with the questions uppermost in political controversy at the time they sit down to pen their Address.



St. John Brodrick, "Organiser of Victory."



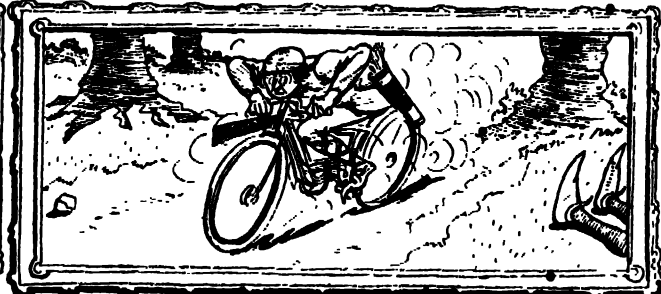
Napoleon Arnold-Forster.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

If only a few things had been invented earlier.



Canute, in a diving suit, refutes the flattery of his courtiers.



Flight of Sir Walter Tyrrell through the New Forest on a motor-bicycle.



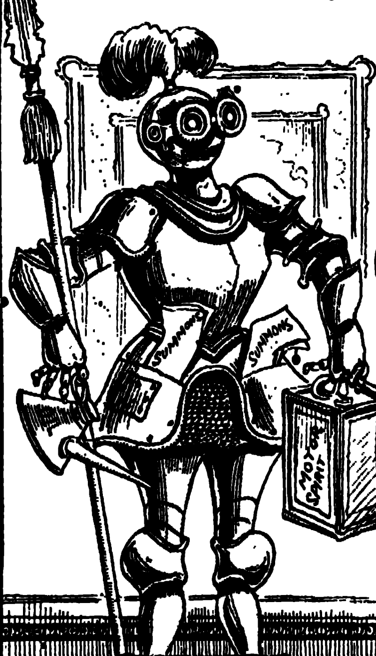
Charles the First buys "sweeties" for the children at Hampton Court.



Henry the Second does penance with the "developer."



Fair Rosamond types a missive to her lover.





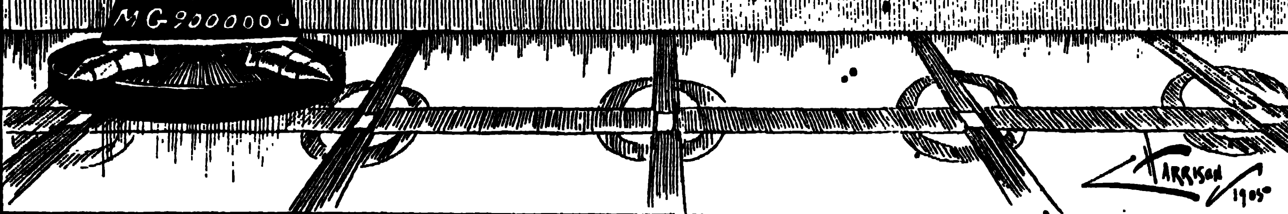
Sir Francis Drake has a telephonic message *re* the Armada.



Richard Cœur de Lion plays golf on the Ascalon Links.

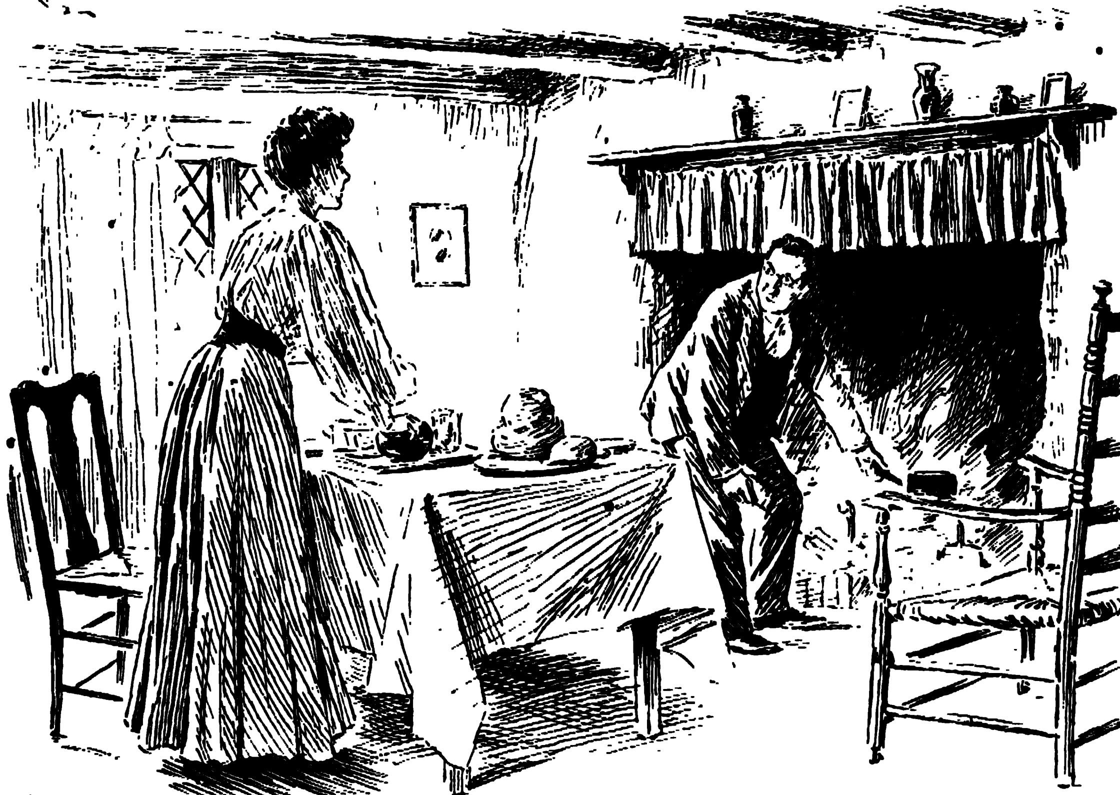


Remorse, or, Henry the Eighth hears Anne Boleyn's voice on the gramophone.



"THE SIMPLE LIFE."

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpudgit's Experiences of a Week-end Country Cottage.



Mr. Fitzpudgit. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE EGGS, MATILDA? I'VE TRIED THEM WITH A FORK TWO OR THREE TIMES, AND THEY'RE NOT SOFT YET!"



Mr. Fitzpudgit. "NOW DON'T FAINT AGAIN, MY DEAR. I'LL SOON HAVE THIS OLD RABBIT IN BITS NOW!"

"THE SIMPLE LIFE."



Charwoman. "If yer please, Sir, th' Landlord says as 'ow 'e can't do nothin', 'cos the thatcher's busy with the ricks."



Mrs. Fitzpudgit. "What is it, dear?" *Mr. F.* "Nothing, my love. Only another puncture."

THE NEW MOTHER.

Though our age lacks the beau and the dandy,
It fosters, we all must admit,
One *monstrum conspicuum et grande*—
The New British Matron to wit.
I haven't a Juvenal's passion,
I haven't the grace of a Praed,
Yet to paint her, in amateur fashion,
In the following lines I've essayed.



Her eyes are decidedly greenish,
Her hair is the colour of bronze,
Her figure 's inclined to be leanish,
Her accents resemble a Don's.
At home, when her mood 's esoteric,
In drapery flowing she 's "gowned;"
But when she plays golf at North Berwick,
Her skirts are a foot from the ground.

Her hobbies are all of the newest,
You cannot keep pace with her fads;
Last session of Tories the bluest,
To-day she 's the reddest of Rads.



Last year she was sailing a cutter,
And nearly capsized in a squall;
Now her cult 's the Schenectady putter,
Her idol the rubber-cored ball.

In matters of diet decrying
Routine as the direst of plagues,
One day on the butcher relying,
The next she 's a pupil of Haig's.
One week she 's teetotalling gaily;
The next, from this heresy free,
You 'll find she will dose herself daily
With Kümmel at five o'clock tea.

Her favourite philosophy 's Nietzsche's,
Her favourite composer is Strauss;
Lord Hugh's theological speeches
Attract her alone to the House.
She smokes an imposing narghile,
She dotes on the dramas of Shaw;
She thinks William Shakspeare is silly,
That Sargent 's unable to draw.

If you mention the novels of Dickens,
Or praise the romances of Scott,
She 'll tell you their sentiment sickens,
Their character drawing is "rot."
But in truth from the lash of her censure
Few moderns immunity gain,
For she scoffs at the tale of adventure,
And sneers at the Servants'-Hall Caine.

Her *rôle* is to shine and be witty,
And treat all tradition as fudge;
Her husband 's, to slave in the City,
A patient and dutiful drudge.
His sandy complexion and freckles
Excite her unending disdain,
But as long as he rakes in the shekels
A martyr she means to remain.

Her children she loves—when they 're quiet;
She sends them to bed when they shriek;
And she changes their dress and their diet
And their lessons, at least once a week.
Now of early Victorian Vandals
Enforcing the rigidest rule,
Now "ethical safeguards," and sandals,
And the gospel of good Mrs. Boole.

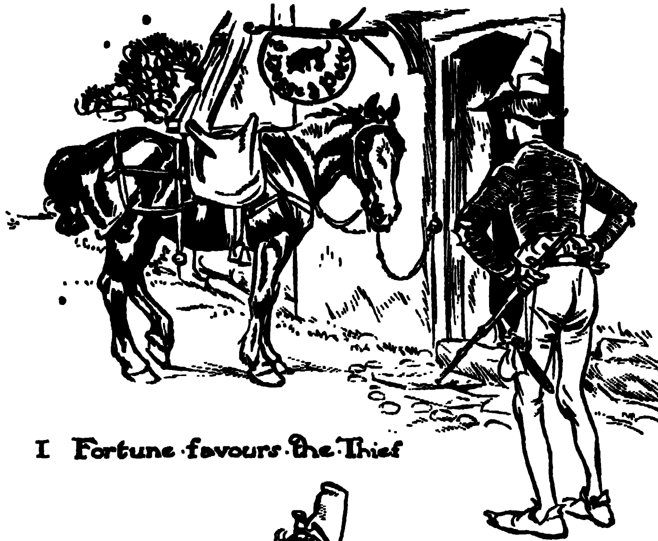
Yet alike in her mien and her temper
There 's nothing that 's notably new;
It was written *mutabile semper*
Two thousand years back and it's true.
Nay an earlier classical chiel, you
Remember the saying of course,
Summed her up in his δεινὸν τὸ θῆλυ,
A dictum we still may endorse.

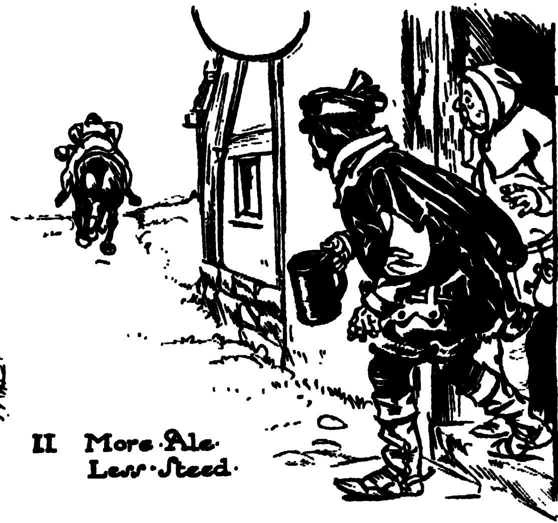
But this freak of the feminine gender,
Though apt our annoyance to move,
Is mostly a youthful offender,
And seldom too old to improve.
When she 's schooled by adversity's training,
And grows less ungentle in mind,
There 's a hope of her possibly gaining
Some hold on the hearts of her kind.





"POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE CRIME."


I Fortune favours the Thief


II More Ale Less Steed


III A Fool & his Donkey are soon parted


IV Exchange is Robbery


V An Englishman never knows why he's beaten


VI The Receiver feels worse than the Thief.

Jones, after fishing for a week, at length has luck—for him.

Affable Little Stranger. "Oh, I say! How splendid!! Or—or is it *Bait?*"

TO A PIN CURL.

To such a ringlet, soft and light,
A fettered sunbeam, curling tight,
The poet would, I'm sure, indite
A sonnet;
But I'm too clumsy to reveal,
On paper, half the things I feel,
And as it was I put my heel
Upon it.

I know the head, so lightly tost,
From which this wandering curl was lost
(I've a suspicion that it cost
Good money);
I know those locks of changing tint—
Now copper, with a ruby glint,
Now golden bronze, with half a hint
Of honey.

I found it after supper, where
The board was strewn with Christmas fare—
Boned turkey, ginger, camembert
And capons,
Was ever man in such a fix?
For if I give it back to Trix
Such honesty would earn more kicks
Than ha'pence.

It will be well, when all is said,
To keep it till we're safely wed.
Then, only, shall that pretty head
Recover
The wanton curl it wore at will;
And Trix will feel with sudden thrill,
Though disillusioned, I am still
Her lover.



"I wonder what he's crying for?"
"Perhaps he's lost his Nurse."
"You are a silly, Bobby. A dirty little boy like that wouldn't have a Nurse."
"Not even a dirty Nurse?"

For Pale People.

The secret of a good complexion.

"If you colour up after telling a story, keep on telling them," was the disinterested advice which is said to have been given to one of his lady friends by the late George Washington.



PIPING TO THE FEAST.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

(Exploits of a Sixty-four-year-old.)



In **SEPTEMBER** Mr. Punch killed a Salmon his own size.



In **OCTOBER** he bowled over the Red Deer like so many Rabbits.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

(Exploits of a Sixty-four-year-old.)



In **NOVEMBER** he displayed a very perfect coolness in the warmest corners.



In **DECEMBER** he invariably led the field over the stiffest country.





"The C.-B. Analogy."

MR. PUNCH recently prophesied that in consequence of the accession of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to power "a strong wave of double-nomenclature would sweep over the country." To the styles which he then recommended he is now asked to add another: —

For a District Railway Conductor.

RINGBELL-JAMMERMAN.

A Correction.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In your last Number your Charivarist says that a satisfactory explanation is now given with reference to the police constable who "was seen running in a West-End street." It may be so; yet the occurrence deserves further notice. What had this West-End street been doing to get run in? Taken to crooked ways, perhaps, or committed possibly some trifling Piccadillo. Pray let us hear more.

Yours, etc. HY. DE PARK.

THE IMMORTAL BOY.

"WHOM the gods love dies young" was never said of *Peter Pan*. Here he comes again, with fresh touches of infinite variety to confound the needless fear that custom might stale his charm. Certain blemishes, if blemishes they were, are gone; the mothers have been removed, and the ardours of *Tiger Lily* chastely expurged. In a new scene, rich in alluring compensations, mermaidens set their lovely snares in treacherous halcyon seas. *Peter* himself has a fresh interpreter, delicately mobile of body and mind, femininely sensitive to the shifting moods of the faërie lad forlorn. And if the new real mother misses something of the old maternal tenderness, the foster-mother that we loved is there; the same *Wendy* is with us; and, from the bright, peerless moment when she greets the darkling apparition of *Peter Pan* without a shadow of surprise or fear, she has all hearts in bondage as before. To the *First Twin* is assigned a new and startling feat of acrobacy, and to *Jas. Hook* a fresh opening for mental cynicism, which still leaves his very perfect gift of physical ferocity unimpaired.

Into the Mermaid scene an element of tragedy is suddenly introduced. *Peter*, wounded in combat with the Pirate Captain, is left on the rock to be caught by the rising tide, but escapes by the sacrificial intervention of what looks like a dodo. The bird offers him her floating nest for transport, and is rewarded by instant apotheosis. But meanwhile *Peter* has told us that "To die will be an awfully big adventure." The phrase, not designed to be mock-heroic, is only saved from the stigma of sheer melodrama by the freshness of its form. But it remains a false note, both in relation to the character of the speaker and to the context. A pantomimic atmosphere of crocodile and dodo makes an unsatisfactory environment for the Eternal Verities.

Which brings me to the larger question of the general relations, in Mr. BARRIE's work, of sentiment and humour; the term "humour" being loosely allowed to include whatever makes for amusement, from the gentlest satire to the frankest buffoonery. Tears and laughter, at their source, are near akin: but there is danger in provoking them with a too insistent alternation. At first we may be glad to have our emotions played upon by whatever processes of original fancy; but in time we are apt to resent the giving of ourselves away in diametrically opposite directions, at a moment's notice. We become suspicious and prophylactic. We refuse to go out into the April sunshine because we know that a shower is imminent; or we decline to go out into the April rain with umbrellas and macintoshes because they will presently encumber us when the clouds roll by.

With great deference, I am very certain that sentiment and humour, in their mutual relations, should be only used as a foil or a relief each to the other: to make them constant rivals is bad art and bad humanity. In any given scene where they are brought together, the one should be dominant, the other subordinate. And you may be sure that where there is antagonism between the two it will be sentiment that suffers most, since ridicule has the greater killing power.

One may therefore ask leave to question whether Mr. BARRIE was well-advised to retain the too incongruous episode of the kennel in the scene of the home-coming. This scene was designed for sentiment, a view that is endorsed by the addition in the new version of that touching passage which ends on a cry of the heart the most appealing in all the play,—*Peter Pan's* "Come away, *Tink: we* don't want any silly mothers." Yet the same sad event—the loss of their children—inspires in one parent a very natural and pathetic grief, and causes the other parent to indicate his remorse by the performance of grotesque antics in a kennel, and by the public exposure of himself, in the similitude of a dog, before the curious eyes of stock-jobber and street *gamin*. But, since it is impossible to differentiate between the broader human instincts common to parenthood, we cannot, over one and the same distressing occurrence, weep with the mother and wax ribald with the father. We must either treat *both* attitudes seriously—that is, we must share the mother's proper grief and recoil with horror from the father's appalling buffoonery; or, (unthinkable alternative!) we must grin at the father's buffoonery, and *equally* regard the mother's grief as an exhibition *pour rire*.

I shall be told (needlessly, I hope) that incongruity is of the very essence of a certain form of humour. True; but it is the death of sentiment; of all sentiment, at least, that is not far enough aloof to be immune. And here, as I have tried to show, the sentiment and the humour run close together on the same lines. That is the fatal thing about the matter.

I shall also be told that Mr. BARRIE's most potent charm lies in his whimsicality, his irresponsible caprice, his manner of as-you-like-it. True again; and this argument must always be the hardest to answer. We have to fall back on one of the hallowed platitudes that deal with the vital distinctions between life and art. The spontaneous vagaries of human nature may delight one by their very inconsistency and improbability; but of art, even when it moves in the domain of pure imagination, one must demand a certain "working" measure of congruence; even of its impossibilities one must ask that they should be probable. But when, as in Mr. BARRIE's play, you have also a strong element of actuality intermixed with the images of "Never, Never, Never Land," this demand becomes so much the more imperative.

All this talk, I own, is vastly dull and pedantic; and I am further conscious that it engages me in the peril of being ranked among the hopelessly profane. The fact is that Mr. BARRIE, by a nicely-graduated series of charming audacities, has finally mesmerised the public, and can do with it precisely as he likes. He has received, as none before him, the freedom of the nation, and is allowed to be a law unto himself. This puts upon his conscience a very heavy responsibility, which the critics, in their small way, were bound to share. But they too have fallen under the spell; or dare not speak for fear of being thought too stuffy-headed to follow the finesse of his fantasies. For myself, being the least of them all, I will take my chance of that assumption, having far too profound a respect for Mr. BARRIE's genius to pay him the poor compliment of indiscriminate adulation. O. S.

FACTS AND FIGURES FOR 1906.

[*With acknowledgments to our halfpenny contemporaries.*]

IT IS WORTH noting that the number of days in the year just entered on is divisible by 5.

A CURIOUS feature of the year 1906 is that if the figures are twisted round and turned upside down they read 9061.

PEOPLE who were born on February 29th have, strictly speaking, no official birthday this year. They may, however, celebrate their birthdays on the 28th.

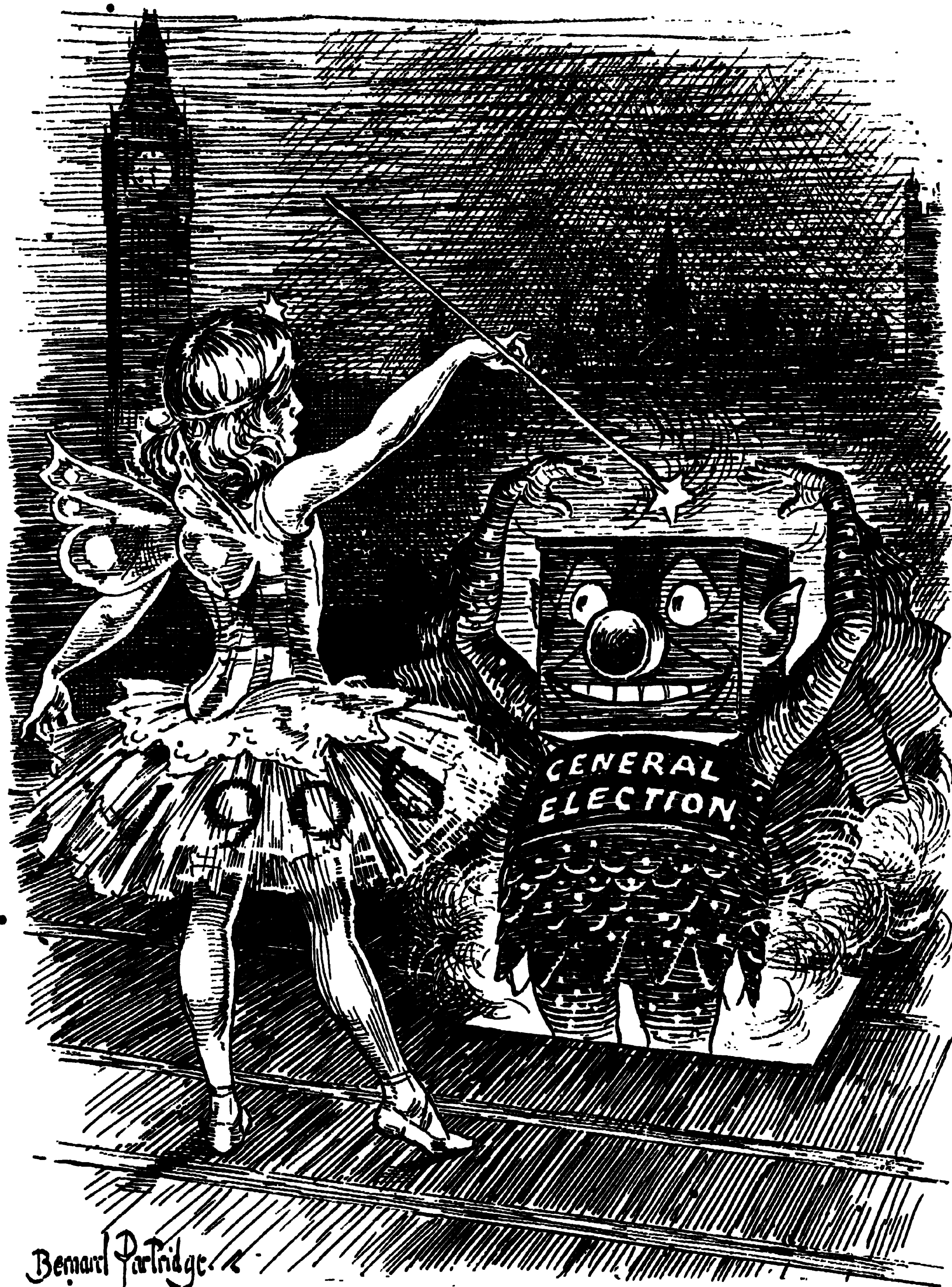
EASTER this year falls upon a Sunday; this was also the case last year.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that the French names for the months are slightly different from ours. For instance, with them "January" is *Janvier*, "February" becomes *Février*, and so on. The Japanese terms differ even more.

TO OBTAIN the number of minutes in 1906, a good recipe is to multiply 365 (the number of days) by 24 (the number of hours in a day), and *then* multiply the result by 60 (the number of minutes in an hour). This will be near enough for all practical purposes.

THE DAYS in May and June will be much longer than at present, but the nights will be correspondingly shorter.

TO QUALIFY as centenarians this year, candidates must have been born not later than 1806.



THE COMING EVENT.



Sporting Constable (with stop-watch on "Police Trap" duty, running excitedly out from his ambush, to motorist just nearing the finish of the measured furlong). "FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE, GUV'NOR, LET 'ER RIP, AND YE'LL DO THE 220 IN SEVEN AND A 'ARF!"

PARTNERS.

IT was a Saturday evening.

PETER PENNILESS had had a day out, and was dressed rather beyond his station in life. Finding time hang heavy on his hands, he joined a crowd who were staring with breathless interest at the unusual sight of a chauffeur starting his engine.

He had been so engaged for some minutes, when he felt a hand in his right-hand pocket.

"That can't be my hand," said PETER to himself; "I can tell by the feel."

He caught hold of the hand, and sure enough it *was* someone else's.

By bending the little finger as far back as it would go, and watching the faces of the bystanders, he discovered the owner of the hand.

"Who are you?" said PETER to the latter.

"I am a Pickpocket," said the owner of the hand.

"Indeed," said PETER, "and what are you looking for in my right-hand coat pocket?"

"Money," said the Pickpocket.

"Oddly enough," said PETER, "I was doing exactly the same thing in the left-hand pocket. . . . . Let us work together."

They did so, and continued their search for some time without success.

"I thought we should not find anything," said PETER, as they parted with mutual expressions of sympathy.

This is not a true story.

Did you think it was?

THE MARRIED MAN'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

~~Give up going to Club.~~

~~Only go to Club once a month.~~

~~Twice a month.~~

~~On Saturdays only.~~

~~Go to Club less frequently.~~

I hereby resolve to try to go to Club less frequently.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

IT is announced that on taking office Mr. ASQUITH has felt himself compelled to give up not only his legal, but also his Liberal League, engagements.

It is felt that the rule which prevents Peers from taking part in election-canvassing falls particularly hardly, at the present juncture, on Lord ROSEBERY.

We understand that one of the first acts of Mr. HALDANE, on taking up his duties at the War Office, was to return to Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER the MS. of a poem in the latter's handwriting. We are informed that it opens thus:—

"If you have Volunteers, prepare to shed them now,"

and is a most poignant piece of work.

A Seasonable Tu Quoque.

Vicar (addressing Sunday School). And now, boys, I wish you all a very happy New Year, and remember that the best way to make it so is to behave well at home.

Chorus of Scholars. Same to you, Sir.

NEW MUSIC.

(BURBELL BROS.)

FROM this firm we have received a tender and fairly melodious little song by BRB JUDKINS and FRED. S. SPOOPER, entitled "*Thinking of You, My Ownest*." In "*The Banshee's Benison*" the same accomplished lyrist collaborates with VOLNEY BRASHER, and the result is a refined yet fairly luscious ditty entirely suitable to high-class penny-reading audiences. "*The Chauffeur's Wedding*," by ED. SPROCKETT and JULIAN CLUTCHAM, reveals a rollicking topical ballad that should find favour in many a garage, while "*Church Parade*," words by OLAF BEGBIE and music by OLIVER HODGE, may be pronounced a moderately effective specimen of the "sacred" song with *obbligato* accompaniment *ad lib.* for tambourine, castanets and osteophone. "*Buck up, dear Mother England*," the charming *aubade* by GUS BLIMBER, has been arranged as a trio for three tenors, and "*All Hail, All Blacks!*"—words and music by HANDEL BEER—in five-eighths time, is a fine bass solo with a brisk scrummaging accompaniment. With this may be bracketed "*The Googlie Man*" by ALBERTO TROTÈRE and JOHANN. T. HEARNE, a quaint and insinuating ditty which will be found acceptable by all contraltos who are able to disguise the break so frequent in this class of voice.

(MESSRS. DASH AND BALDER.)

From this well-known firm comes a budget of songs marked by all the intensity of parlour pathos for which they have long been justly famous. Perhaps the palm must be awarded to two charming ditties entitled "*Did 'Ums*," and "*Biddy Muldooney;*" in both cases the words, from the well-known pen of ODOARDO BLETHERLEY, have been wedded to chaste but entirely appropriate melodies by TARLEY BINDELLS. Captious critics have, we believe, ventured to impeach the accuracy of Mr. BLETHERLEY in reproducing the Irish brogue, but one need only quote the first stanza of "*Biddy Muldooney*" to prove his perfect mastery of the peculiarities of the Milesian *patois:*

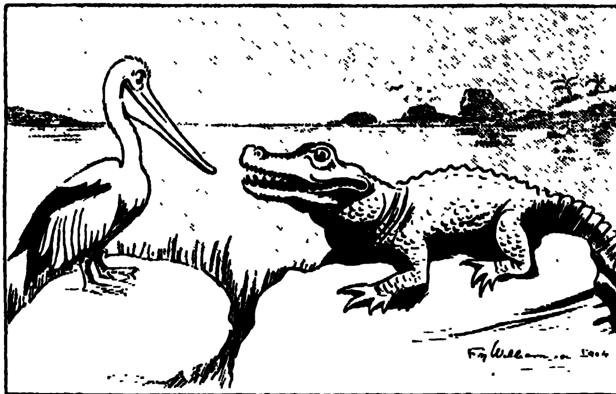
> Och, BIDDY MULDOONEY,
> Yer makes me feel spoony
> With yer singsong so "coony,"
> Ochone whillaloo!
> Sure in all Tipperary
> There ain't sich a fairy,
> So bloithe and contrairy,
> Swate BIDDY, nor you.

The engaging *canaillerie* of the text is well matched by the lilt of Mr. BINDELLS' music. "*Did 'Ums*" is an affecting little lyric, by turns mirthful and pathetic, dealing with the winsome ways of a pet pug which died from the effects of swallowing a hairpin, and is well suited to tremulous contralto singers.

(SLAMMER AND VAMP.)

Always notable for their encouragement of the young English school, this firm has signalised the festive season by publishing a set of International Miniatures for pianoforte, by VLADIMIR HOWLEY. No. 1, "*The Cannibals' Carnival*," *Allegro sanguinolento*, is a pleasant piece of frank realism in which a strepitous figure in the bass charmingly simulates the gnashing of teeth. No. 2, "*Valse Voodoo*," has a cadaverous charm which is all its own. No. 3, "*The Vampires' Lament*," is remarkable for a plaintive *ritornello*, agreeably reminiscent of "the dying rooster." Lastly, No. 4, which completes the set, and is appropriately headed "*Universal Orgy*," represents the scenes enacted in the monster shops of High Street, Kensington, on the occasion of a cheap sale.

From the same house comes a piquant work entitled "*Pandemonium:* a Cancantata for bass solo, chorus, two gongs, four piccolos, eight trombones, and sixteen xylophones." When it is added that words and music are both by HANUSCH WILLIBALD VON PERKINS, the intelligent amateur will readily understand what a treat is in store for him. Mr. VON PERKINS, who was recently naturalised in Bohemia, has now come under the influence of the Celtic Renaissance, and will probably take up his residence shortly in Dublin as Musical Director to the Irish Theatre under the name of SHAMUS CAROLAN McGEOGHEGAN. He is, however, still considering an invitation to join the Conservatoire at Bologna as Professor of Pathological Polyphony, in which case he will adopt the attractive *alias* of GIAN GALEAZZO SFORZANDO.



Father Pelican. "WE LOST THE NUT-CRACKERS AT OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY THE OTHER NIGHT. I WISH *YOU*'D BEEN THERE, OLD CHAP."

ABBREVIATION'S ARTFUL AID.

THE Bard, at times,
Is stumped for rhymes,
Without the least excuse.
He could defy
Such moments by
Abbreviation's use.
For words like Bucks:
Or even Ess:
Are not a lux:
But a necess:

So simp: a rule
May seem pecul:
And make the crit: indig:
What matter if
The scans: is diff:
The meaning too ambig:?
The net result,
Lacon: and punct:
Is worth a mult:
Of needless unct:

We long for sile:
From folks who pile
Their wordy Pel: on Oss:
Extremely nox:
And quite intox:
By their exub: verbos:
We curse their imp:
In manner dras:
And fail to symp:
With their loquac:

In House of Com:
They all abom:
The periphrastic Pol:
Reviewers sniff
At auth: prolif:
With semiannual vol:
But we can pard:
I do believe,
The minor bard
Who will abbrev:

With pen and ink
In close propinq:
The Poet, lucky fell:!
Avoiding troub:
May give his pub:
The cred: for some intell:
And like an orph:
In pose recumb:
In arms of Morph:
Securely slumb:

Let corks explode
With brand: and sod:
Ye wearers of the mot:!
Decant the cham:
(What matt: the dam:?)
And empt: the flowing bott:!
And ne'er surren:
The Laureate's palm,
His haunch of ven:
And butt of Malm:!

Asking too Much.

ROBERT ——, LICENSED HORSE SLAUGHTERER.
DEAD HORSES AND COWS PLEASE TELEGRAPH.



Irish Nurse. "NOW THIN, MUM, WAKE UP AN' TAKE YER SLEEPIN' DHRAUGHT!"

A SHERRY WHINE.

[The recent decline in the consumption of sherry is responsible for the following verses.]

MUST we, indeed, believe the gloomy tale
  Of sunny Andalusia's decline,
And learn that there is hardly any sale
  For this incomparable golden wine?
If there is truth in what the vintners state
  (And here, perhaps, it's prudent to be wary),
This peerless drink has met the selfsame fate
  That ruined Sack and ostracised Canary.

Once, sequent on the vanishing tureen,
  We welcomed, plainly served, the sole or cod,
Then this brave wine monopolised the scene,
  Now—write upon the menus "Ichabod:"
The wretched cook sends up a messy dish,
  Labelled some unintelligible *à la*,
And the decanter that attends the fish
  Holds cheap Sauterne or second-rate Marsala.

Time was, and not so very long ago,
  When guests observed the once age-honoured use
That bade them in an after-dinner glow
  Pass and repass "the old familiar juice;"
So, too, if cake and sherry were not set
  Before the mourners at a smart interment,
The grievous breach of funeral etiquette
  Put the assembly in a dreadful ferment.

How through the epicure's distracted mind
  Must dart the simply agonising ache—
To call for sherry and alas! to find
  'Tis only used to flavour tipsy-cake!
Soon, like the sceptics who have oft denied
  There ever breathed a Helen or a Paris,
A rising generation will decide
  This nectar is a liquid *Mrs. Harris*.

I cannot tell the cause of this eclipse
  Of fruity Manzanilla's bright career,
Nor why men miss their matutinal nips,
  And turn, instead, to stout or bitter beer:
I only know that I am most unwell,
  My head is heavy and my temper so-so,
The Doctor thinks it means a gouty spell,
  And puts it down to "pale old Oloroso."

So, though 'tis really very sad to think
  The taste for sherry is upon the wane,
And though I hold that as a nutty drink
  We nevermore shall see its like again;
Perhaps the fact that we are drinking less
  From those bodegas by the Guadalquivir
May mean that I shall lose the biliousness
  Afflicting my notorious evil liver!

Proverbial Philosophy.

THE swish is father to the taught.

The proof of the padding is in the beating.

Every crowd has a copper lining.

CINDERELLA AS SHE SHOULD BE.

"SALLY in our alley" is no longer the national heroine, for "*Cinderella* in our Lane" has cut her out. There is no prettier sight on the stage of to-day than Miss MAY DE SOUSA as the heroine of the Drury Lane pantomime, sitting surrounded by the little children, telling them a fairy story. One SOUSA is the "March King;" Miss MAY is the January Princess. The pantomime is of the good old-fashioned sort, with plenty of story, plenty of good fun, and a suitable background of splendour. The fun preponderates—should it be pre-pun-derates? as is right, and the mixture is exactly as it should be. There are episodes in the Lane version of the old tale which have never before seen the footlights. *Cinderella's* father, for instance, before his marriage believes the *Baroness* to be barren, while she imagines her new husband to be childless, the game of Bluff ending by the lady showing "a pair" of daughters against her lord's Queen of Hearts. There is a subtle hit against the militarising of the people in the conduct of the page *Alfonso* as soon as he dons a Yeomanry uniform. While in buttons his conduct is admirable; he is not at all a loose page, but directly he is bound in scarlet he carries on anyhow with the *Baroness*, and proves that his profession is that of arms by putting one of them round the lady's waist. HARRY RANDALL is a capital page, recalling in memory poor DAN LENO by his quaintness and agility. WALTER PASSMORE is a *Baroness* of the best pantomime type, of beauty so strange that clocks stop at her approach, and of a marvellous quickness of foot. It is needless to say that this old Savoyard sings his songs admirably. ARTHUR WILLIAMS is the *Baron*, a nobleman of those happy days of long ago, when gentlemen were ennobled for the possession of a gift of genial humour, and not for political service done. His predicament when he is refused entrance to the ball-room and his rescue by a tiny page received a tribute of very hearty laughter.

There never was a more splendid *Prince* than Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON is, whether in brown velvets she is shooting pheasants, or directing the ball in more gorgeous raiment. She sings her demand for a song with a stirring subject with great spirit, and it received, though it came late in the evening, an encore which was not to be disregarded. *Dandini*, the page, with whom, in the new version, the *Prince* changes identity for a while, to the great discomfiture of the "ugly sisters," has become *Dandigny*, and being thus entente-cordialled into a Frenchman is fittingly embodied by HARRY FRAGSON, an Englishman who has amused Paris for so many years that he brings the accent of the Boulevards to Aldwych. How ready a British audience is to welcome cleverness and refinement was shown by the Boxing Day reception given to his songs, particularly "Pour Elle." Indeed refinement is one of the dominant notes of this year's Lane pantomime, where the cabman puts cotton wool in his horse's ears when he thinks the *Baroness* is about to say things which no self-respecting quadruped should listen to. The two "ugly sisters" are amusingly played by Misses POLLIE EMERY and EMILY SPILLER, though the latter lady never knocks anybody down. The cat, who at a critical moment drew a caterwaul from a little girl in a box on the prompt side, she squealed promptly enough—is ARTHUR CONQUEST, who runs round the Dress Circle just as if it were a garden wall.

From the village of Whare, without a ?, the ancestral home of the Bluffs, the action of the comedy—for the tale of "Cinderella" is real comedy—moves through "*Cinderella's* Boudoir" to the "*Prince's* Preserves," in which scene the *Baroness*, having fallen into the pond, comes back to the picnic saying that she returns to the bank wet—isn't that a frank pun? and on to the Baronial Hall and "Wonderland," where mice and lizards and pumpkin change into ponies and grooms and a diamond coach. Next after an entr'acte, *Cinderella* drives, her ponies galloping through a succession of beautiful glades and valleys, to the Palace of the *Prince* who, sensible young fellow, gives his very splendid entertainment in the illuminated gardens of his palace. *Cinderella*, of course, forgets all about the early closing regulations, and is whisked off by a Demon. Then by Caine Hall—not a scholastic establishment, strangely enough—the story runs on to the slipping on of the slipped slipper, the transformation scene and the Harlequinade.

A new order of merit, the D.L.O., should be established, and the managerial ARTHUR should be the first recipient. The trio of authors—JAMES GLOVER, who has written some excellently tuneful songs, COMELLI, as designer of costumes, ERNEST D'AUBAN as stage manager, and the scenic artists, the costumiers and all others of the leaders of the great army of the Lane, should be rewarded in the first Honours Gazette as having participated in the success of the merriest, most musical, most refined, and one of the most magnificent pantomimes of our generation. N. N.-D.

NATURE STUDIES.

A BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE.

I HAD often felt that the ordinary business letter, which just informs you about the important matters to which it relates and then breaks off, without any kindly transition, into the signature, had about it a disagreeable curtness that was destructive of all geniality and even of ordinary human feeling. There seemed to be no valid reason why such letters should be so abrupt as to convey a menace, putting, as it were, an epistolary knife to your throat and bidding you answer or take the dreadful consequences. Why should merchants, stockbrokers, solicitors, and, in fact, all classes of business men employ this brutal directness? Literary grace, of course, was not necessary, but a little gentle circumlocution, a few conversational remarks casually thrown in, could only, I thought, have the effect of mitigating asperities and oiling the wheels of business. These were my feelings when one day I received a letter which seemed to show that the writer shared my sentiments. Perhaps, if I had known how the thing was to end I should have paused, but at the moment I rejoiced, feeling that at last I had come upon a human heart beating in a business breast. This is the letter:—

DEAR SIR,—The summer will be coming round soon, and I thought I would write and ask you if you wished to take "The Laurels" again this year. The rent would be the same, but if you took it for part of October as well it would be only £10 (ten pounds) more. I shall be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

Yours truly, ANNA KEARY.

P.S. The weather seems to have set in fine now after the late rains.

I replied at once:—

DEAR MADAM,—In answer to your letter I beg to say that I shall probably desire to take "The Laurels" again this year, though I should suggest that the inventory should be made by a different firm. I shall know for certain in a week or so, and will let you hear from me at once. We too have suffered a great deal from the recent heavy rains, but the sun will soon make things look very different. Still one can never be sure that there will not be a May frost which would ruin the fruit trees. I hope you are in the enjoyment of good health.

Yours very truly, JOHN WILCOX.

By return of post came the following:—

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested by what you wrote as to the effect of the rains on your garden. As you justly



Hostess (introducing First Violin to sporting and non-musical guest). "THIS IS PROFESSOR JINGELHEIM, WHO LEADS THE QUARTET, YOU KNOW."
Sporting Guest (thinking to be highly complimentary). "LEADS—EH—AH—BY SEVERAL LENGTHS, EH—AND THE REST NOWHERE! WHAT?"

say, a May frost is *most* dangerous to the fruit blossoms. We were great sufferers last year (as, no doubt, you found during your occupancy of "The Laurels"), most of our blossoms being destroyed in two nights. I am told the thermometer registered more than ten degrees of frost, which is, of course, unusual at that time of year and *quite* impossible to guard against. We sadly need a continuance of the present beautiful sunshine. How do you prevent the birds destroying the fruit? We have tried nets round the trees, but I think their appearance is *objectionable*, and they do not seem to be much use. I trust you have had no return of the cough which troubled you on the last occasion we met. With kind regards to Mrs. WILCOX, I am, Yours sincerely, ANNA KEARY.

I allowed a day to go by and then replied:—

DEAR MRS. KEARY,—I am much obliged to you for your very kind letter. My cough was very troublesome during part of the winter, but a visit to Bournemouth enabled me to shake it off, and for the past few months I have been enjoying excellent health. Nets, as you remark, are very unsightly in a garden, but I fear there is nothing else, (short of destroying all the birds) which is so efficacious against the loss of fruit. I am afraid our fine weather has now quite broken up again. The barometer fell very violently all yesterday, and to-day we have had showers which have converted the grounds into a swamp. So far, however, we have escaped frost, and that is something to be thankful for. Please remember me very kindly to your daughters. Yours very sincerely,
JOHN WILCOX.

The correspondence continued in this amicable tone for about ten days more. Then I made up my mind that I would take "The Laurels" again, and was just about to write and say so, when I received the following letter, which brought the correspondence to a close:—

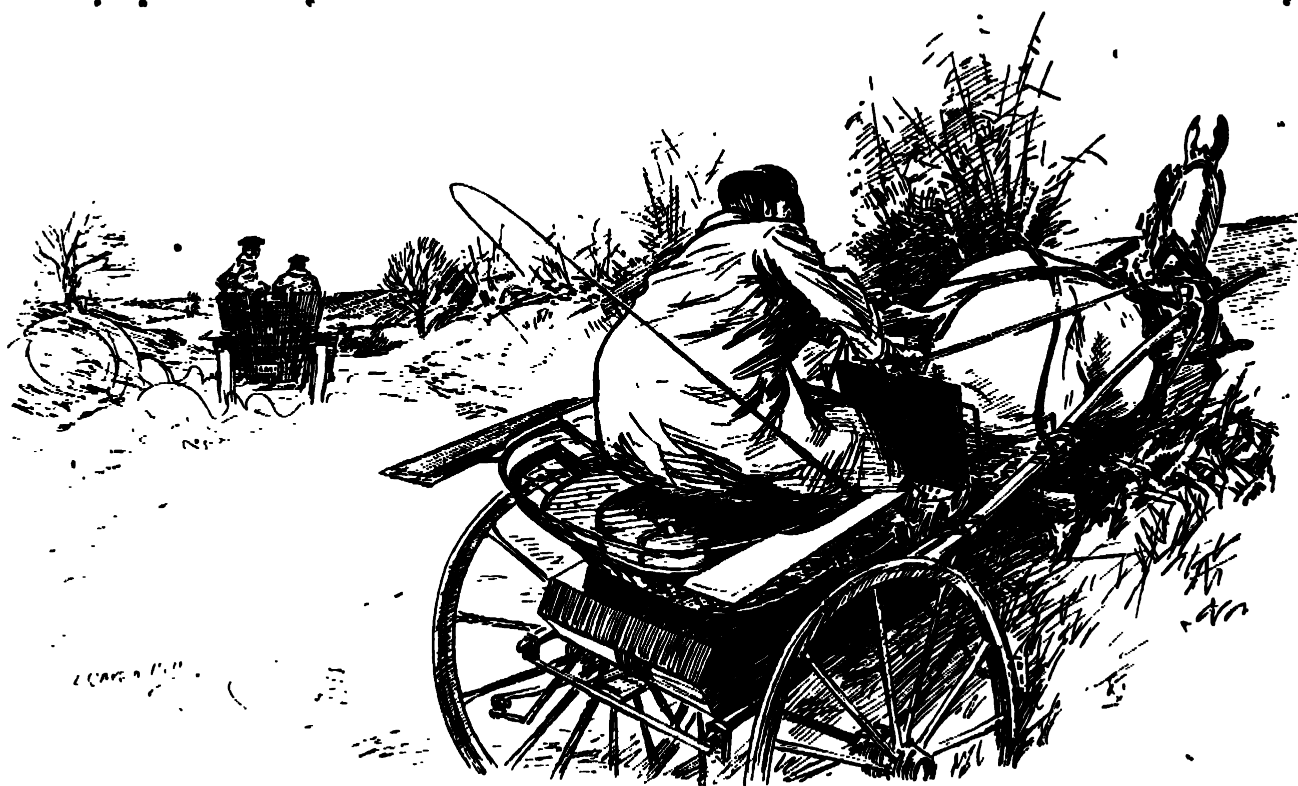
DEAR MR. WILCOX,—What you say is very true and, if I may say so, very *beautifully* expressed. This life is indeed full of changes. I remember my dear husband saying very much the same thing only a few weeks before he was so suddenly taken away from us. But I trust that I have learnt my lesson, and I am not ungrateful, for though things can never be quite what they were yet we can find happiness both in our memories of the past and in contemplating the new generation which is growing up round us. The garden is now very beautiful. The late storm did some damage, washing away a great part of the new esplanade on the sea front, but everything is now smiling in the bright sunshine. I was *so* glad to have your good account of Mrs. WILCOX. With kindest regards, believe me, yours most sincerely and, may I add, *gratefully*, ANNA KEARY.

P.S.—You will be glad to hear that I have been able to let "The Laurels" very well. My tenant is a Mr. I. GOLDSTEIN, who is something in the city. Perhaps you may know him?

A Wedding Harmony.

"The mother of the bride . . . carried a bouquet of delicately-tinted chrysanthemums to match her bridegroom" . . .—*Weekly Scotsman.*

The possessive pronoun—"*her*"—gives a very sinister emphasis to the suggestion of match-making.



OUR ELECTION.

Farmer. "WELL, IF 'E THINKS I'M AGOIN' TO VOTE FOR 'IM --!"

CHARIVARIA.

NEW Year's Day was kept as usual on the 1st of January.

It is rumoured that, to show that he is in earnest in his desire for better relations between England and Germany, the KAISER is about to recall from this country the many roving German bands which are doing so much damage.

Mr. BALFOUR, if we may accept his public statements, has found, after careful consideration, that he cannot support the present Government.

Those who say that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN will not dare to carry out his proposed reductions in the armaments of our country forget that, as Minister of War, he showed an active contempt for the motto *Sursum Cordite*.

A lady visiting Norwich last week was taken to see the statue of Sir THOMAS BROWNE. She remarked that she had read his *School-days*, but did not know that he had been knighted, and was very glad that a monument had been erected to him.

The Supreme Court of New York State has allowed a Russian immigrant to change his name from JERUSALEM to JEROME. The question now is: Will a well-known humorist change his name, in consequence, to JERUSALEM K. JERUSALEM?

A hard case has been brought to our notice. A warrant officer who had his chronometer stolen in a crowd on Boxing Day is, according to our information, to be court-martialled for absenting himself from his watch.

A man charged at Grays, Essex, with being drunk while in charge of a horse and carriage, stated that his name was QUEENATION JARVIS. Excuse held to be insufficient.

A Bradford man, after quarrelling with his wife, broke several windows with his fist, and severed the ulnar vein, and, but for the prompt action of a constable who applied a pad and tourniquet, he would have bled to death and been unable to be sent to gaol.

We regret to be unable to publish the speeches made by some Wimbledon burglars upon opening an empty safe weighing 2½ cwts. which they had removed with considerable difficulty in the small hours of Boxing Day.

For callous heartlessness commend us to the following notice at a Baby Show: "All infants not removed within two days of the closing of the Exhibition will be confiscated."

We take a frank pleasure in giving a most emphatic denial to the allegation, said to have been invented by an unscrupulous North Paddington Conservative, that every elector in that district who votes for Money is liable to be charged with an offence under the Corrupt Practices Act.

M. DE NELIDOFF, the Russian Ambassador in Paris, celebrated last week the fiftieth year of his entry into the Diplomatic service, and was congratulated by the CZAR on being in Paris.

An unpleasant sign of the times is the way in which a love of finery seems to be permeating every class. The legal papers now report that an unprecedented number of members of the Junior Bar are applying for silk.

A Bill imposing a tax on all unmarried women over thirty years of age is to be introduced into the Spanish Cortes. The idea that any woman is ever over thirty years of age is peculiarly naïve.



A HAPPY AFTERTHOUGHT.

C.-B. "THESE, I THINK, ARE THE FISCAL WEAPONS WE AGREED UPON?"

A. B. "QUITE SO, QUITE SO; BUT I'VE RATHER A FANCY FOR THIS QUAINT OLD THING WHICH I FOUND UP MY SLEEVE." (*Aside*) "DOES A LOT OF DAMAGE—IF IT DOESN'T MISS FIRE."



SIGNS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

First Sportsman. "THAT'S OLD BROWN IN THE BROOK, ISN'T IT? HOPE HE'LL GET OUT ALL RIGHT!"

Second Sportsman (the Conservative candidate). "OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT. WORST RADICAL IN THE COUNTY. WISH WE COULD KEEP HIM THERE TILL AFTER THE ELECTION!"

THE WOODEN WRESTLERS.

(A Street Sketch.)

SCENE—*A Side Street.* TIME—*About* 7.30 P.M. *On the edge of the pavement stands a street vendor, looking down with an air of detachment upon a pair of roughly carved, unpainted wooden figures, which are wrestling jerkily on a patch of carpet, illuminated by a lantern about two feet from the kerbstone. A circle has collected, and regards the contest with an attention bordering on fascination.*

The Vendor. 'Ere you are! The marv'lous livin' wrestlers! A wunnerful little novelty for the Noo Year! A correck repperesentashin' of 'ACKINSMIT and MADRARLY, the Terrible Turk, as they appeared at Olympier. One penny on'y.

A Boy. Which on 'em's 'ACKINSMIT, Guv'nor?

Vendor. If yer carn't reckernise 'im fur yerself from 'is stoyle, you've a lot to learn about wrestlin, young feller-me-lad!

[*Boy retires to back, abashed.*

A Girl (to her Young Man). Well, *I* carn't see 'ow it's done, can *you?*

The Y. M. (a confirmed cynic). There's a tike-in about it *somewhere*, you may depend!

Vendor (severely, to the wrestlers, who have sunk exhausted on the carpet). I didn' tell you to leave orf, did I?

[*The figures rise reluctantly, and resume the struggle.*

Girl. I've 'alf a mind to buy a pair fur young ELF. He *would* be emused.

The Cynic. Pre-'aps—if they'd ack like thet fur '*im*—but they *wouldn't*. No fear!

Vendor. A penny buys the pair on 'em. The wunnerful little ortermatic Noo Year novelties, entered at Stashners' 'All, and patternised by aristocrisy. They gets up and lays down at the word o' command. MADRARLY, don't you lemme see yer leapin' over 'ACKENSMIT'S 'ed like that *agen!* Call that beyavin' like a Turk! I'm ashimed o' yer, I am! Tike keer, 'ACKINSMIT, I shell hev ter corshun *you* in a minnit. . . . Time! (*He steps off the kerbstone; the figures collapse as he approaches a box containing similar couples wrapped up in pieces of newspaper.*) Nar then—'oo'll 'ave a pair o' the noo scientific artistic toys, warranted to pervide unlimited fun an' emusement fur the family suckle? (*He unwraps one of the parcels.*) All percisely similar to those you 'ave seen workin'—examine them fur yerselves, and you'll agree as the workman 'oo could turn 'em out wiv thet degree o' finish for the sum o' one penny—well, he ain't left 'imself not a *very* large margin o' profit on 'is labour!

A Beery Bystander (suddenly). Ger-rup!

Vendor (turning on him). What's that? Did I 'ear you a-tellin' me to "shet up!" I've a right ter make a livin' sime as yerself, and any man as tells me ter "shet up" tikes a libbaty which——

The B. B. It's awright. I was torkin' to the figgers, not you. Tellin' on 'em to gerrup.

Vendor (edging back to the kerbstone). Oh, you'll escuse 'em, Mister—they didn' know 'oo yer *was* at fust. I dessay now, if you was to arsk 'em once more——

The B. B. Up yer gits! (*the figures arise refreshed, and wrestle with redoubled vigour*). 'Ere, that tikes it. I'll 'ave a pennorth.

The Girl. I s'pose they can't 'ave *clockwork* inside of them, not at the price?

The Cynic. 'Bart as much clockwork as what you've got inside o' *you!*

The Girl. Well, I've 'alf a mind to buy one—jes to find out 'ow it's done.

The Cynic. All you 'll find out is 'ow *you* 're done!

The Girl. I 'ate to 'ear you tork as if you didn't believe in nuffink, Erb!

The Cynic. Tell yer the truth, I aint got *many* allusions left.

Vendor (*returning to the box, as the figures take another rest*). 'Oo's next fur a pair of these wunnerful little livin' wrestlers, sime as supplied to 'is Ryle Ighness the Prince o' Wiles fur presentyshun to the Injin Rarjers, by means o' which the bonds o' Empire 'ave been more firmly cemented nor hever, hall the Rarjers bein' hovercome wiv delight an' amazemint arter witnessin' their marv'lous pufforminces. Lay down *and* raise up at the word o' command.

1st Facetious Onlooker. Git up!

2nd Do. Do. No, go on layin' down!

Vendor (*retreating to the pavement*). Nar, gents, don't go a-confusin' of their minds. 'Ow are they to know what yer *do* want? (*he steps on the kerbstone*). Which is it ter be?

1st F. O. Let 'em 'ave another go in!

Vendor. Ackensmit! Madrarly! You 'eard? England and me expecks as you will do yer dooty and fight fair. (*The figures rise once more, and struggle more desperately than ever.*)

The F. O.'s (*convinced*). That's good enough, guv'nor. 'And a pair over 'ere. (*The Vendor disposes of several parcels.*)

The Cynic. Well, yer *do* see some mugs abart! 'Aven't yer tumbled to it *yet*? O' course, 'e can make 'em work, 'cause 'e's got a string tied to 'is leg!

Vendor. 'Oo sez I *aint*? (*with withering sarcasm*). 'Ow d' yer *s'pose* they 're worked? Think I ken supply them figgers wiv' a little yumin soul apiece, let alone a 'lectric battry, for a penny the pair? You expeck a lot fer yer money, *you* do—more 'n you 're likely to git in *this* world!

The Cynic. All *I'm* syin' is thet these figgers as you 're sellin' aint got no strings, as anyone kin see fer 'imself.

Several Speakers (*after examining their purchases critically*). 'E's right *there*, Mister. There ain't no string to *mine!*

Vendor. Did I say there was? I'm not 'ere to-night to deceive no man. What I'm sellin' is these wunnerful little mechinisms I never repperesented as I was givin' yer string to work 'em inter the bargin. My livin' wage is low enough wivout *that*. But, though yer mayn't be pewtercrats, I should 'ope the poorest of yer could afford a yard or two o' black cottin' fred—which is all that 's needed to set the figgers in motion and pervide entertainment fur young *and* old! I'm *serprised* at yer, people. I didn't think yer'd have shown sich grarsping dispositions!

[*The purchasers appear to feel this rebuke, as they thrust the dolls somewhat shamefacedly into their pockets.*

A Matron (*as she fumbles for her purse*). Will they pufform the same on any ordinary table?

Vendor. Pufform on any ornery tyble, Mum? Why, I'll guarantee them figgers to work on the dome o' Sin Paul's Cathedril, if you on'y git 'em up there!

[*The idea of a contest at such an altitude appears to impress the general imagination, and the* Vendor *clears the remainder of his stock-in-trade without further difficulty, when a* Stout Constable *suddenly makes his appearance.*

The Stout Constable. 'Ullo. What are you up to 'ere?

The Cynic (*to his Young Lady*). I knoo' 'e'd 'ave the p'lice down on 'im afore 'e'd done! They're up to '*is* little gimes!

Vendor (*advancing to the pavement*). No 'arm, Sir. On'y jest ex'ibitin' these 'ere ingenious little figgers. (*The wrestlers again show signs of animation.*) An' I'm orf now, Sir. Sold out the lot, I 'ave, 'cept this last pair.

The S. C. '*Ave* yer? Then I tell yer what. I'm goin' to take these 'ere figgers into custody, for brawlin' in a public thoroughfare. That 's what *I'm* goin' to do.

Vendor (*alarmed*). I didn' know I was doin' nuffink wrong, Sir. Jest a simple toy to emuse the kids. An' they 're on'y a penny!

The S. C. (*producing that coin*). Cheap enough. I'll take these orf yer. Got kiddies of my own at 'ome. There you are. . . . . Now you git along off. (*To the crowd, with a resumption of official dignity*) What are you all starin' at? There's nothing more for yer to see—pass along, can't yer.

[*The crowd disperses.*

Vendor (*to himself, as he collects his lantern, patch of carpet, and empty box*). Oo 'd ha' thort of a Copper 'aving kiddies of 'is own? But there—I s'pose, after all, Coppers are yumin bein's like ourselves if the truth was known!

F. A.

THE WHITECHAPEL PILGRIMS.

(A Fragment.)

["Our great schools train boys for the Army and Civil Service, but competition now continually confers the appointments upon men who have studied elsewhere. The West End is, therefore, full of men who are without employment and are unable to earn their own livelihood . . . . 'March of the Upper Class Unemployed to the East End,' is a headline which may be expected soon to figure in the newspapers."—"*Marmaduke*" in "*The Graphic.*"]

When that raw Janwar with his frostes snelle
Hath pierced deep the clubbes in Pellmelle,
And lene lordes can no longer paye
For meat ne drink, so han they lyte moneye,
And never no vitaille is on the platters,
And Duks about them draw their threadbare tatters—
Then longen out-of-worke folk to goon
To Whitechapel in a processioun
To ax their East End bretheren almesse
That so their ragged Duchesses mote dresse.

Bifel that as I wended through the Circus
There passed by a throng of out-of-workes,
A sorry companye, and everichoon
Thus made his moan, "We han no work to doon."
Methinketh it accordaunt to resoun
To telle you all the condicioun
Of eche wight—what state that they were inne—
And at a Duk then wol I first beginne.

A Duk there was that oftesythes at Eton
By learned Doctors had been wel y-beaten,
But natheles, maugree their lusty paines,
He little had of learning in his braines,
So that he could no art and failed first
At Woolewich and eke at Sandehurst.
A merchaunt's clerk eftsones he would be,
But burgess nas there noon in the City
Would trust him ne to multiply ne add,
So was his training in the Classics bad.
But for to telle you of his arraye,
His coronet had seen a better daye:
Upon the velvet nappe nas there noon,
The strawebery leves drooped doon,
And in a sorry string of tatters felle
His robes red. There is namo to telle.

A Don there was of Oxenford also
That unto Balliol hadde long y-go.
Ere that his smoothe chin had been y-shaven,
The Herteford he won and eke the Craven,
And there nas never noon could tell the prose
This foolish Don would write from Cicero's.
Full threadbare was his gown, and through his shoon
Were thrust his chapped heeles and his toon,
And of his cap the brim was all agon.
He was a very parfit useless Don. . . . .



MINISTERIAL MILLINERY.—No. 2.

LILLIAN.

IX.—A Row of Asterisks.

At Lillian's dance I got introduced to an author man just after dinner. As he was staying in the house I thought I ought to be friendly to him, so I told him that we all thought a good deal of his stuff in our village, and that personally I had read one of his books right through. He replied that it was an extremely cold day, but that he quite hoped the snow would hold over; and we then separated.

This was before the dance began. Afterwards, feeling very well disposed towards everybody, I approached him again. (He was in a corner, looking rather lonely). Now I put down things on paper myself sometimes, so of course we had a good deal in common.

I said: "Now what do *you* do when you suddenly get stuck, and absolutely can't think of anything to say next?"

He replied: "In such a case I put a row of asterisks."

"Jove!" I said, "that's rather an idea."

"Do you use asterisks much?" he went on.

"Really, you know, I can't say that—"

"I don't know what I should do without my asterisks," he said in a melancholy voice. "When the heroine falls into the hero's arms—a row of asterisks. When the villain puts the rat poison in the mayonnaise—a row of asterisks. When the good aunt moralises—when the wicked uncle swears—in all times of doubt, difficulty and emotion, but most of all when the author himself gets stuck—a row of asterisks."

"This is very interesting," I told him. "I shall certainly remember what you have said. But look here, supposing one doesn't know how to *begin*, supposing one wishes to relate a very delicate matter and doesn't know where to start—could one *lead off* with a row of asterisks?"

"Well," he began doubtfully, "of course you *might*——"

"In that case," I said, "I certainly shall."

* * * * *

"Suppose," said Lillian, "you wanted something very much—"

She stopped, and began to play with her fan.

"And suppose," she went on, "somebody offered it to you," and she gave a little sigh.

"I should take it," I said. It seemed a pretty easy problem, but there's generally a catch somewhere.

"And suppose you refused it . . . once . . . and twice . . . and then suppose ——"

"Look here, let's take a concrete case," I said. I was rather proud of "concrete," but then I often say quite good things at dances. "Let's take a concrete case," I repeated.

"All right, Dick. Dick, what do you want most in the world?"

"A motor-bicycle," I replied, promptly. (Some fools say motor-bicycling is going out, but that's simple rot.)

"A motor-bicycle," Lillian repeated softly to herself. "Well then, Dick, suppose Arthur offered you a motor-bicycle—"

"I say, may we have that again, please?"

"Suppose Arthur offered you a motor-bicycle——"

"Look here, let's let that idea sink in a bit first."

I closed my eyes and leant back, while Lillian fanned me vigorously.

"No, it's no good," I said at last.



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

Comply cheerfully when necessity enjoins.

"But, Dick, we're only supposing."

"Oh well—go on."

"And suppose you refused it—"

"Great Scott," I interrupted, "do you think I'm an absolute idiot?"

"People are sometimes," said Lillian, very sadly. "I don't know why."

"But—a motor-bicycle—"

"Even with better things than that. Well, Dick, suppose Arthur offered it again, and you refused it again——"

I put my hands over my ears.

"Please, Lillian," I said, "I can't stand it. The mere thought is agony. It almost seems as though I *had* lost it. Don't go on."

"If the thought is agony, what about the actual thing?"

I had a sudden and tremendous suspicion.

"I say," I began excitedly, "you don't mean that somebody actually *has* offered you a motor-bicycle, and you've refused it?"

"It wasn't a motor-bicycle," said Lillian with a smile.

"Oh well, then——"

"But something almost as important," and she gave a little laugh.

"Look here, what *has* happened? Somebody offered you something?"

"Yes."

"A bracelet, let's say."

"Well——"

"And you refused it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I thought I didn't want it."

"And he offered it again?"

"Yes."

"He must have been very keen on your having it."

"He was—then."

"And you refused it two or three times?"

"Yes."

"And now you want it badly?"

"That's it," said Lillian. "And I don't expect he wants to give it to me now. He hasn't offered it lately. What do you think of it, Dick?"

"Just like a woman!" I said. "But I'm glad it wasn't a motor-bicycle," I added.

"Is that all, Dick?"

I thought for a little while.

"If you really want it badly, I should tell him. Tell him you didn't know your own mind at the time."

"But he may have changed his by now. That's the difficulty."

"Surely you can tell. Is he still decent to you?"

"Oh, rather—always."

"Then I expect he still wants you to have it. It sounds as though he's rather keen on you," I said jealously.

Lillian jumped up.

"I shall tell him."

"Tell him you didn't know your own mind. That'll be rather bad luck on you, you're generally so sure of it."

"Then I shan't tell him I didn't know my own mind," said Lillian.

"Well, you must say something."

"I shall tell him I didn't know my own heart."

I shot out of my chair.

"Dick," said Lillian plaintively, "*must* I propose to you?"

"You—oh—me—Lill—"

I think I shall put a row of asterisks here.

* * * * *

And again, Mr. Printer.

* * * * *

That author chap was quite right, you know. Once more, please.

* * * * *

Thank you.

Exactitude.

Tricycle wanted; three wheels; good condition.—Apply, &c.

FISCAL FACTS FOR FEARFUL FOOLS.

GENERAL ELECTION PAMPHLET SERIES.
No. 1 (AND LAST.—ED.)

UNDER Free Trade our exports of safety-bicycles, submarines and motor-cars have been enormously greater than during Napoleonic times.

Up till 1846—when Free Trade was introduced—an English football team had never been defeated by one from New Zealand.

The Peninsular War, the death of NELSON, and the French Revolution, all occurred under a Protectionist system.

Under Free Trade the world suffered from the Indian Mutiny, the Martinique Eruption, and the invention of the mechanical piano-player.

On desert islands—avowedly Protectionist communities—there are no unemployed or strike difficulties, disease is unknown, the death-rate negligible, food always abundant, and there is no congestion of alien immigrants.

With the exception of the chambermaids in hotels there is no slavery in modern Switzerland (a protected Republic).

A tariff has done nothing to promote the exchange of sardine tins between Formosa and Tierra del Fuego.

Bankruptcies of British industrial firms have been fewer in number under the present Free Trade Government than during any other Administration of the twentieth century.



A NORTH LONDON ANGLING CLUB IS OFFERING A FOUR-YEAR-OLD DONKEY AS THE PRIZE IN A FISHING COMPETITION. IT IS RUMOURED THAT THE DONKEY SEES NO REASON WHY HE SHOULDN'T ENTER AS A COMPETITOR ALSO.

A MODEST REQUEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, will you support me in my little project?

I have just spent so satisfactory a Christmas that I wish to bring forward the suggestion that instead of celebrating this festival once only during the year, we should observe it three times at least. You cannot, it has been said, have too much of a good thing; I would advocate having more of Christmas. The glow of happiness that this cheerful season brings to every well-constituted heart ought not to be confined to one or two days only in the whole weary and dismal three-hundred-and-sixty-five. There should be other opportunities too.

"A Merry Christmas"—what a charming aspiration! How seldom do our neighbours so far relax into friendliness as to wish us this kindly thing. Do they say "A Merry Easter," or "A Merry Whitsuntide," or "A Merry August Bank Holiday"? Not they. But at Christmas all self-consciousness is forgotten, all restraint laid aside, and every one is free and joyful. There should be more Christmases.

And the Post Office officials—how they work at Christmas and during the week or so before it! To work is to pray, says the old saw; and every schoolboy who ever had a copy-book knows that it is only the idle who are unhappy. How happy the sorting clerks, and the counter clerks, and the letter carriers, and the parcel-post men, must be at Christmas! Then let them have more of it, say I. It is absurd to limit pretty things like Christmas cards to one or two days in the year. Anything that gladdens life should be encouraged and multiplied. A Christmas card with a laughable picture and legend, or a seasonable cheery design, sensibly gladdens life. I should like to send and receive several every day.

And the shops. Why should all the gay brightness of the shops end with Christmas Eve, and never be seen again until the following December? I like gay shops. We can't have too many of them. Let us have two more Christmases at least in which to give each other pretty things. The shopkeepers would like it, and the delivering waggons would like it. The recipients would like it. In fact, I cannot see how any opposition worth considering can be offered.

The stations again. What a scene of good-humoured generous bustle they present just before Christmas! There is nothing quite like it during the rest of the year. There ought to be. The railway companies deserve it, the porters deserve it. The cabmen want it too. I would have two more Christmases, with all their excited departures and arrivals.

Lastly, the dear children! How the little rascals love Christmas! How they look forward to it, and plan for it, and enjoy every minute of it! Would you grudge them this pleasure ofttimes repeated? Surely you cannot. There should be nothing that anyone but a curmudgeon could deny the dear children. As for the charge of over-eating that is brought against Christmas—Pooh! A little over-eating does no harm. Youthful stomachs soon right themselves and are better than ever. Three Christmases, I say; or even four. Yes, four.

Personally I love Christmas. I resent nothing in it, not even being awakened by a brass band playing "*The Mistletoe Bough*" at four A.M. Why should I? It's a good time, isn't it? And I soon went to sleep again, all the happier for being reminded that Christmas was here. I should like to think that another Christmas was coming in March, and another in July, and another in October.

Yours cordially,
NOEL TREBBELL.

With the best wishes in the world for Christmas once a year, "Mr. Punch" will see MR. TREBBELL *farther before he lends his sanction to any scheme for repeating the dose before December 25, 1906.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Man from America (SMITH, ELDER), who gives a title to MRS. DE LA PASTURE's last novel, is of the conventional type of the American, lean, impassive, sententious, with "a rare smile," possessed of supreme business capacity, sedulously concealing generous disposition and a susceptible heart. The charm of the story lingers round the *Vicomte de Nauroy*, christened *Patrick*, family name *O'Reilly*. Descended from the ancient kings of Ireland, he carried his sword to France and won a patent of nobility from LOUIS PHILIPPE. In his old age he settled down to a quiet homestead on the border of Somerset and Devon, a happy circumstance, since MRS. DE LA PASTURE knows the country intimately and paints its varied beauty with skilful, sympathetic hand. A charming picture the Vicomte makes, whether in his garden, tending the flowers, or in the kitchen, making coffee with his own fat hand, and superintending the domestic arrangements of his single servant *Pélagie*, nurse to his two grand-daughters. It is round these girls the story winds its pleasant way, divagations that make the reader acquainted with many interesting folk. For my Baronite the French-bred Irishman, whether in country or town, is the chief delight. He is a fresh and precious addition to the portraiture of fiction.

Mr. A. G. BRADLEY, in his handsome volume, *In the March and Borderland of Wales* (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE), might have figured as a mere antiquary or as a mere pedestrian diarist. He has chosen to combine the virtues of both with the defects of neither. He unites scholarship with a personal quality; he avoids pedantry on the one hand, and trivial garrulity on the other. Look where you will you will find entertainment never far removed from instruction; while always he has a sympathetic eye for the beauty alike of scenes and associations; and is fortunate in being associated with an artist who is an amateur only in the sense that his labour is a labour of love. Mr. W. M. MEREDITH's lavish drawings are much more than supplemental to Mr. BRADLEY's descriptions. In reproducing historic architecture his first object is to give a faithful record of things seen, but often, and especially in landscape, his work is touched with a very charming imagination. Many who flatter themselves that they have exhausted the scenery of our island because they have covered all its advertised ground, should be grateful for this revelation of the beauties that lie beyond its beaten paths. So says My Nautical Retainer.

CARLYLE's description of the flight from Paris of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH and his hapless Queen is one of the most memorable of the flaming pictures that make up his history of *The French Revolution*. In the *Memoirs of Dr. Thomas Evans* (FISHER UNWIN) there is an episode which, described with less of sulphuric effect, is by its very quality of commonplace equally effective. Again a French Queen is making secret flight from revolutionary Paris. The Empress EUGÉNIE has, however, no "new Berline" such as was provided for the Royal fugitives of 1791. Driven in Dr. EVANS' private brougham, the party of four reached Lisieux, their horses tired out, and necessity urgent for fresh conveyance to carry them on to Deauville. It was raining heavily, and the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, still nominally Regent, had not an umbrella at her disposal. Dr. EVANS went ahead of the party in search of fresh horses. "The EMPRESS, Madame LEBRETON and Dr. CRANE, stepped in under the *porte cochère* of an establishment where carpets were made, on the left-hand side of the street." Here, apprehensive of every passer by, they remained, "the EMPRESS standing in the doorway, scarcely out of reach from the rain dripping from the building; Madame LEBRETON partly sitting on, partly leaning against a bale of wool in the passage behind." After half-an-hour's absence, Dr. EVANS rejoined them, and the journey was resumed more successfully than was that of the new Berline making its way through France 79 years earlier. This narrative of the escape to England of the EMPRESS is the most picturesque chapter in the history. But my Baronite finds elsewhere much that is illuminating of the character and disposition of the EMPEROR and EMPRESS.

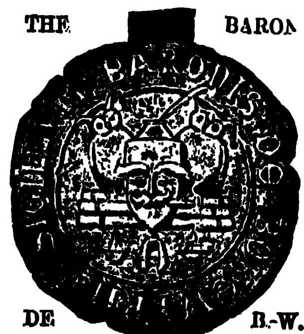
Admitting the axiom that the proper study of mankind is man, *Who's Who* (A. AND C. BLACK) is an admirable class book. My Baronite often wonders how busy men of wide correspondence and close touch with their fellows got along before this annual in its new form appeared. Growing in bulk with years, as prosperous folk are apt to do, it has, for the sake of convenience, shed some hundred or so of leaves. These are issued in a separate volume labelled *Who's Who Year-Book*. Fuller verge is thus left for the biographical notes, which now approach 1900 closely printed pages. A new addition to biographical *ana* is made by adding the motor and telephone number and the telegraphic addresses of the multitudinous *Who*. This last is especially convenient.

On the threshold of his eightieth year Mr. HOLMAN HUNT sits down to tell the story of *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* (MACMILLAN). The cover of the two portly volumes bears the monogram P.R.B., whose meaning the youthful conspirators, appalled by consciousness of the momentous character of the undertaking, entered into a solemn league and covenant to keep hidden from ordinary men. Mr. HOLMAN HUNT describes the work of the famous Brotherhood, of which he was one of three founders, as "the searching out a new perfection in life and lovingly teaching it to others." How this mission was accomplished my Baronite finds told in minute detail, which supplies many interesting biographical traits of painters who were boys together in the first decade of Queen VICTORIA's reign. As happened in the case of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, HOLMAN HUNT's father was opposed to his adopting Art as a profession. In obedience to the parental mandate, he entered a city office. But his passion for drawing and painting was irresistible, and, as in the case of FREDERICK LEIGHTON, eventually triumphed. The work is illustrated with two-score photogravure plates, reproducing the masterpieces of the Brotherhood.

Remembering some clever things done by Lord DUNSANY with pen and pencil whilst still with his regiment at Gibraltar, my Baronite turned with gleeful expectation to *The Gods of Pegana* (ELKIN MATHEWS). After honest endeavour he is bound to confess that he cannot make head or tail of the book. "My fault," as the executioner said, when he chopped off the gentleman's head and it fell to the ground.

Having lived for twenty years in Paris, performing the duties of correspondent for an American Journal, Mr. SHERARD has compiled his recollections. As his duties brought him into intimate connection with most of the personages who helped to make history in France in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, the book has especial value. Amongst the later comers on the stage who were known of the chronicler was OSCAR WILDE. Of the closing scenes in the tragedy of his life a simple touching narrative is to be found in the pages of *Twenty Years in Paris* (HUTCHINSON).

Wishing his friends generally a Happy New Year, the Baron delivers this as his act and deed, witness his signature and seal.



REMINDERS FOR HOSTESSES.

(*With apologies to "The World and His Wife."*)

A red-hot brick in a guest's bed is an excellent substitute for a hot-water bottle. In the best houses sprigs of holly are frequently placed in visitors' beds at this holiday season, and these pointed greetings are much appreciated.

Should a visitor seem bent on outstaying his welcome collect all the *Bradshaws* in the house and leave them in his bedroom. If this gentle hint be ignored send for the police.

If your guests persist in having all their meals in bed, fall in with their wishes, but privately instruct your servants always to upset a sauce-boat or a coffee-pot on the bed-clothes.

When seasonable games pall, you can easily make a house-party interesting and profitable by introducing the novel recreation of "whitewashing the cellars" or "painting the stables." The Duke of Bullocksmithy, so famous for his liberal hospitality and gay house-parties, has not paid a penny for this kind of renovation during the last five years.

If any guest complain of inattention or incivility from your servants, say how sorry you are that their stay in your house is uncomfortable, and ask them by what train they purpose leaving. You can easily get more guests—it is not so easy to get servants.

Never play Bridge on Sunday unless your opponents are such poor players that it would be flying in the face of Providence to miss such an opportunity.

Never count your spoons before your guests. In these days, when society is so mixed, some one is sure to regard it as a personal insult.

It will be a convenience to your guests and will relieve them from the tipping nuisance if you hang a box labelled "Servants" in your hall. Then you can either devote the contents of the box to charity (that charity which begins at home), or to paying the servants' wages, or if you are liberally inclined you may distribute some small portion of the money amongst your servants as your personal gift.



First Street-Vendor. "'Ow's business?"
Second S.-V. "Lookin' up a bit."
First S.-V. "Same 'ere. Must be doo to confidence in the noo Government."

Motto for a New Peer.—*Deus Vult* (The Lord Wills).

PRATTLE ABOUT THE POLLS.

Convicted murderers, suicides, and women are debarred from voting at a General Election.

It is not (perhaps) generally realised that the Member for the Orkneys is obliged to make a short sea passage when he visits his constituents.

Sailors on the China Station would not be in time to record their votes, even if they were ordered home to-morrow week.

There are several thousands of people still living who can remember the last General Election, but they are now considerably older. Many of them are non-smokers.

It has been calculated that if both parties had agreed to abide by the results of *The Daily Mail* election (recently concluded), candidates would be some hundreds of pounds in pocket.

Motor-cars and other vehicles will be used in many constituencies for the purpose of bringing electors to the polls. Pedestrians, however, will probably walk to record their votes.

Women are fond of decorating their pet dogs with the Party colours. The dogs have little voice in the matter, and of course no votes.

You can drag an elector to the polling-booth, but you cannot make him vote, and, as a matter of fact, to drag him at all would render you liable to an action for assault.

If a man has *two* votes and there are *two* candidates, and he gives one vote to each candidate, it is hardly worth while doing so.

ROUND THE POLITICAL BOOTHS.

I wandered vaguely through the Village Fair
Under a galaxy of flaming jets,
And heard the steam-fed music rend the air,
And saw the huckster spread his artful nets
Baited with trash
Designed to mobilise the credulous yokel's cash.

I was adjured to solve the Three Card Trick
(Peace, Plenty and the Knave so hard to "trace"),
Or try my luck and heave a loyal stick
At Sallies modelled by an alien race;
Or view with awe
"The British Lion couched on Preferential Straw."

"The Giant Free-Trade Loaf," that weighed a stone;
"The Largest-headed Non-religious Child;"
"The Very Fattest Peasant Ever Known;"
"The Leanest Landlord;"—all these prospects smiled
From gaudy booths
Plastered with posters stating palpable untruths.

The gaudiest bore the legend, large and free,
"Chamber of Tory Horrors!!" and, for sign,
A pictured compound, 4 ft. 6 by 3,
Chokeful of Chinese coolies from the mine,
Loaded with gyves
And brutal padlocks which completely spoiled their lives.

I heard the shout of one whose features shone
Despite his information, which was grave:
"'Orrible torchers now a goin' on!
Walk in and see the real live Chinese slave,
Cut to the core
By barbarous methods worse than what we gave the Boer!"

Thereat his mate, a man with honest eyes,
(How came he there among these cheapish Jacks?)
"Guv'nor," he whispered, "where's the good o' lies?
We know it's just a dummy daubed with wax;
Ain't it too tough
Ropin' 'em in to see this bit o' fancy stuff?"

"Never you mind, my boy," the boss replied;
You're 'ere to beat the drum and 'elp me shout;
We've got to get the silly fools inside
And then, well, chaunce it, if they find us out,
We stand to win,
Seein' we scoop the dibs before we let 'em in!"

But I that on my own had sniffed a fake,
Knowing by heart my "real live Chinese slave"—
I sought the Three Card Man, and planked my stake,
And instantaneously "traced the Knave;"
So to an alley,
And deftly pulverised an aged Teuton Sally. O. S.

"GRANDOLPH."

(Extract from the Recess Diary of Toby, M.P.)

The Kennel, Barks, Monday. The popular idea of Lord Randolph Churchill when, twenty years ago, he was still with us, realised him in the form of a political comet of extreme brilliancy but of no particular use to the solar system. Those who came in personal touch with him recognised that, beneath his sometimes reckless levity, there ran high purpose, directed by supreme genius, dominated by inflexible will.

This circle will find world-wide enlargement in the readers of Winston Churchill's Life of his Father, just published by Macmillan. Consanguinity is by no means a recommendation for the post of biographer. The family circle is lacking in the opportunity of perspective indispensable to the formation of true judgment of character and conduct. Exceptions are found in Lockhart's life of his father-in-law, Scott, and in Trevelyan's masterpiece, the Memoir of his uncle, Lord Macaulay. Winston Churchill has established a third exception to the rule. To begin with, whilst the mass of material is skilfully arranged, the literary style is admirable. Next, he is sternly impartial. When he extols the subject of his memoir, he is careful to present, from unimpeachable sources, the facts upon which he bases his judgment. Occasionally, more in sorrow than in anger, he admits that errors were made, and does not attempt extenuation.

The biographer has had access to the correspondence and memoranda that record the steps in Lord Randolph's glittering career, from its gay opening to its pathetic close. He uses his opportunity with characteristic courage and candour. Lord Randolph was a frequent, voluminous letter-writer. If he had an engagement to see Lord Salisbury in the afternoon he spent a considerable portion of the morning setting forth his views on the question which formed the occasion of consultation. Possibly he did this with deliberate intent of preserving a statement of his views at the particular juncture, to which end he pigeon-holed a copy of the document. Lord Salisbury was equally communicative to "My dear Randolph," writing long letters sometimes as often as thrice a day.

Not the least interesting feature of the fascinating story is disclosure of the predominant influence which, for fully a year of grave political crisis, the younger statesman wielded over the elder. When in June, 1885, Mr. G.'s Second Administration fell on the Amendment to the Budget moved by Hicks-Beach, Lord Salisbury was sent for by the Queen. The missive reached him at "4.45 p.m., Thursday, June 11," as he notes at the head of a letter written from Arlington Street, and straightway despatched to Randolph. Confronted by the duty of forming an Administration his thoughts swiftly turned to the youthful Captain of the Fourth Party, to whose skill, courage, and persistency creation of the amazing situation was mainly due. "Could you call on me to-night or to-morrow morning?" he writes.

Randolph was not disposed to cheapen himself by exhibition of haste to clutch at his share of the spoils. He waited till Lord Salisbury had made some way with the construction of his Cabinet, in which he proffered his young friend the Secretary of Stateship of India. Having through nearly five years girded at Stafford Northcote as an incompetent Leader of the House, Randolph was not to be bought off by a proposal however dazzling in its compliment to a private member. He declined office with Northcote as Leader in the Commons. Lord Salisbury pressed him to abrogate his prejudice. Personal friends urged him not to miss the chance supplied by offer of Cabinet office. He was convinced that in the interests of the party, and of the country—the terms are of course identical—Northcote's retention of the Leadership in the Commons would prove disastrous.

"What place will you give Randolph when your Government is formed?" a friend asked the Leader of the Opposition shortly before the crisis came.

"Say rather," Northcote replied with sorrowful intuition, "what place will he give me?"

He gave him a place in the House of Lords, whither Northcote retired broken-hearted, six months later to die in the Foreign Office, in the presence, almost in the arms, of his familiar friend, long time colleague, Lord Salisbury, who the day before, with undesigned brusqueness, had, in reconstructing his Ministry, superseded him at the Foreign Office.

In June, 1885, Randolph got his peremptory way in the



PEACE REIGNS AT MOSCOW.

THE CZAR. "*NOW*, I THINK, THE WAY IS CLEAR FOR UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE."



"HOW IS HER LADYSHIP?"
"THANK YOU, MADAM, SHE IS A LITTLE BETTER, ACCORDING TO TO-DAY'S *MENU*."

matter of shunting STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. In Dec. 1886, assuming an analogous attitude with respect to the refusal of OLD MORALITY (War Minister), GEORGE HAMILTON (at the Admiralty) to reduce their estimates, he was himself broken irretrievably, as it proved. He had long felt lonely in the Cabinet. It is true his Budget, whose secret is for the first time fully disclosed, received the consent of his colleagues. But it was lukewarm approval, plainly extorted by apprehension of what the imperious Chancellor of the Exchequer would do if he were thwarted. If the Premier alone had stood by his side, he would have fought on to the end. As it was, he made dignified retreat. Striding forth from the Cabinet Council Chamber, its door never opened to him again.

Over the most brilliant days of Lord RANDOLPH's career there hung the shadow of early death. He saw it without fear. But he recognised that as his time would be short it must be stirring. "An old man in a hurry," he bitterly called the octogenarian advocate of Home Rule, who survived him several years. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was a young man in a hurry, a hurry unselfishly, patriotically kept up with desire to serve his country. This truth is, not obtrusively, but indisputably, made clear in the story of the life of one who was a statesman at thirty-five, quiet in his grave at forty-six.

Mr. Punch and his young men have the satisfaction of reflecting that from the first they recognised GRANDOLPH's genius, and sustained him through most episodes of his career. He cherished the various cartoons which pointed turns in it. Several of them, from the master hand of JOHN TENNIEL, are, by permission readily given, reproduced in these volumes.

Literary "Revelations."

FOLLOWING on the allegation that the late Mr. WILLIAM SHARP and "Fiona Macleod" were one person, comes the rumour that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL is not only the same as "O. O." "Claudius Clear," and "A Man of Kent," but that he also veils his identity under other pen-names, including "JAMES DOUGLAS," "CLEMENT SHORTER," and "G. K. CHESTERTON." We are able to give this rumour an emphatic denial. Dr. NICOLL is actually not many more than four different people; a figure by the way which, at one time, was the cause of the foolish report that he was the disguised author of *The Four Just Men*.

A Few Mottoes for Books.

FOR *The Prodigal Son*, by Mr. HALL CAINE—
"In his hands the thing became a trumpet."

For *A Modern Utopia*, by Mr. H. G. WELLS—
"The little MORE and how much he is!"

For *Billiards*, by Mr. JOHN ROBERTS—
"Out, damned spot!"

RHYMES WITHOUT REASON.

We always call the fellow John,
His Christian name is really Jack,
And that is why we call him John.

Men ask, "When is he coming back?"
We say, "We didn't know he'd gone,
So cannot say when he'll be back.

"We have no grounds to go upon;
In vain our memories we rack
For facts to base a date upon."

One wonders, has he got the sack?
Some argue "pro," some argue "con."
Held: "That he *may* have got the sack."

* * * * * *

I'm thinking, how shall I go on?
This somewhat doth of Bedlam smack.
Perhaps I'd better *not* go on.

A CRUSADE AGAINST COMMERCIAL IMPOSTURE.

Mr. Punch, Sir,—Will you, who have ever been the champion of the guileless and distressed, lend your columns to expose a fraud practised weekly, daily, and in the evening editions?

Thousands of blameless matrons, innocent maidens, and spinsters of maturer years are being deceived by the treachery and falsehood of the fashion artists, who deliberately invest their models with attractions to which a respectable Englishwoman cannot hope to attain. What is the result? Useless expense, heart-breaking disappointment, and even occasionally the complete wreck of a happy home. I implore you to print the enclosed letters as an example and a warning.

(*Signed*) "Veritas" (*Curate-in-Charge*).

I.

Miss Finch, Sordello Lodge, Balham, presents her compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to forward for his inspection two illustrations depicting respectively, To right, a hat as



advertised by Messrs. ——: To left, the same after purchase by Miss Finch. It will be apparent that, in spite of certain superficial similarities in the two articles, the former picture is calculated to produce an entirely false impression.

P.S.—It was only after a protracted struggle that I succeeded in fixing the hat on at all. To show the falsehood of the whole trick, the letterpress informed me that to the "cache peigne" was attached a mass of curls the exact colour of the wearer's own. I ask you to look at it!

II.

Mrs. Podsnap, The Angles, Surbiton, writes (in the course of a somewhat lengthy epistle):

". . . . . My daughter's dress was copied *in every detail* from the illustration in a well-known lady's paper. It was made in my own house, under my own supervision, by a



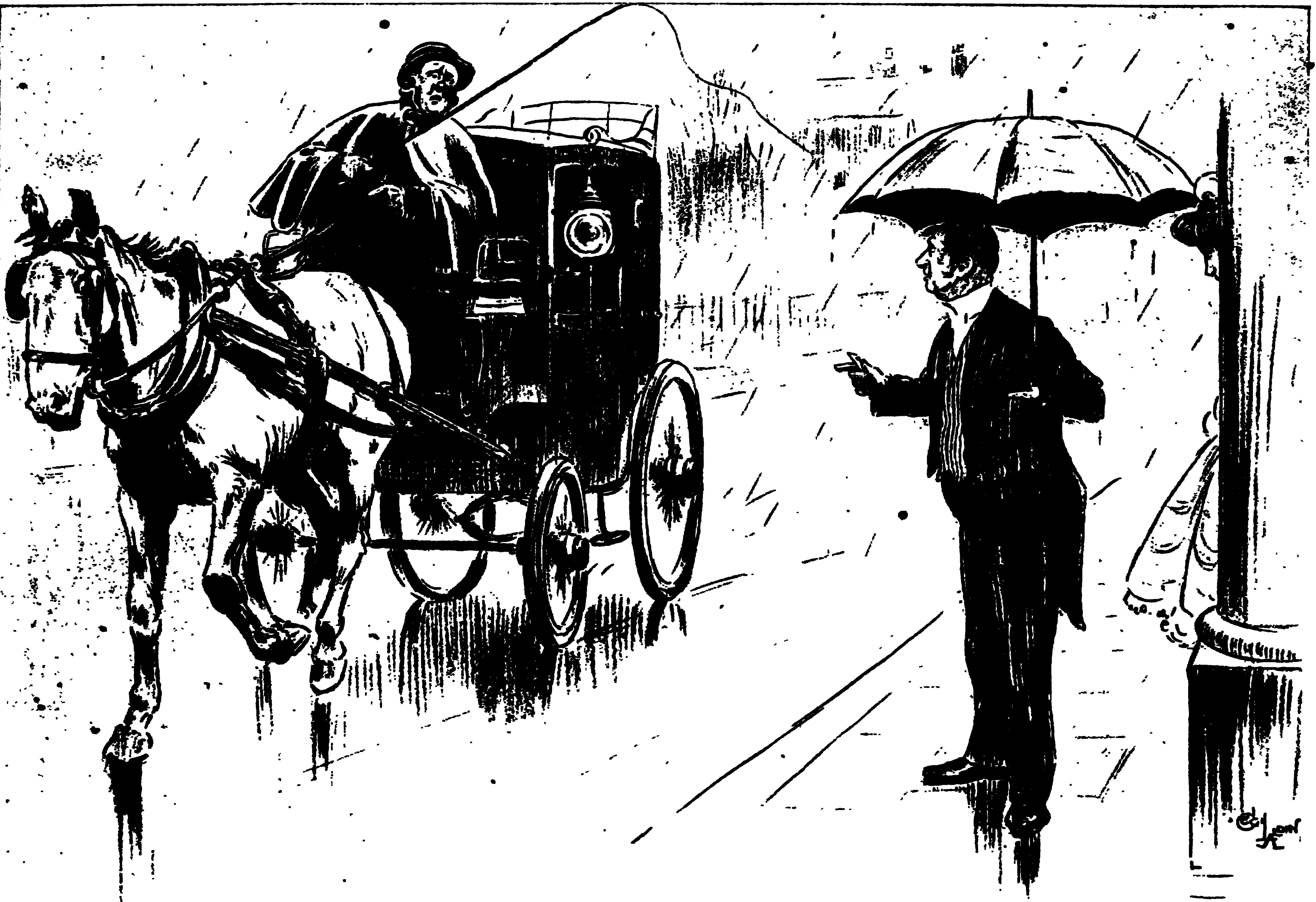
highly capable maid who has been with us for some years, and is a most superior and honest person in whom I have every confidence. I mention this merely to emphasise the lamentable fact that the picture as issued by Messrs. —— is false in every particular, though whether deliberately so or not I, of course, cannot say. For the rest, my two enclosures will speak for themselves."

ONE MAYER THEATRE OPEN.

Mr. Gaston Mayer "has drawn," not a bow at a venture, but several good houses last week, which was the first of his two months' French-play season. *La Souris* to commence with, and a varied list of plays is given us to go on with. While the grass grows, as we all know, the steed starves, and, warned by this old proverb, Mlle. Réjane has determined that, while her theatre is being built in Paris, she will not be "out of it" altogether, but will make time pass lightly, for all *cordially ententing* Londoners, by appearing in some of her favourite pieces at the New Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, Soho, which, in old days of burlesque and domestic drama, has known prodigiously long runs. The "Théâtre Réjane" in Paris, so the *Journal Amusant* informs us, "*remplacera en effet le Nouveau Théâtre qui, il faut l'avouer, est un assez ancien Théâtre;*" and the same authority adds, "*quoique situé rue Blanche, le Théâtre Réjane ne jouera pas de drames noirs.*" May that be equally the case at the Royalty!

A "Starring" Agency.

On Thursday last, at the Royal Institution, Professor Turner addressed himself (and at the same time his audience) to the consideration of the question "Are the Planets Inhabited?" The Professor, not being sure of his ground in the firmament, admitted that he was unable to act as agent for any one of the planets at present "to let." Directly one of them was in the market, he would immediately communicate the fact to his friends, and take their orders on the usual terms.



GO FARTHER, OR FARE WORSE.

Cabby (answering whistle). "WHAT I WANTS TO KNOW IS, WHERE ARE THE PARTIES GOING?"

Footman (reassuringly). "OH, THEY'RE NOT GOING FAR." *Cabby.* "THEN LET 'EM WALK!" [*Drives off.*

GETTING STIFFER.

(*An Acrostic Competition.*)

No new journal is now complete without an acrostic competition, and we offer the following scheme with specimen acrostics, a solution, &c., as likely to be of great assistance to any editor who contemplates such a competition. The Quarter should open with an announcement that prizes of a high value will be given to the solver of the greatest number of Acrostics. The First Prize may suitably consist of £100 in cash, a Life Annuity of £25 per annum, the remainder of the lease of a house in Cadogan Square, and a three-speed bicycle. The Second Prize might be £50 in cash and a cottage piano; and the Third a bound volume of the journal which conducts the competition.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

First of the Quarter. January 1.

Study the calendar, and you will find
That this has come, the old one left behind;
And many say, "I wish you *this*, old chappie,"
But here you must omit the usual "Happy."

1. A service to defend our Empire planned.
'Tis not the Navy, for it fights on land;
Think of the War Office and understand.

2. What's in a—*this*? So SHAKSPEARE used to sing;
'Tis chosen for you at your christening.

3. The isle from which NAPOLEON made escape,
His country's destiny once more to shape.

4. All wish for Peace, but wishes are in vain.
This comes at times with horrors in its train.
This we have lately seen with grief and pain
Of East and West upon Manchuria's plain.

Thirty days are allowed for the solution of the above. Five alternatives permitted for each light.

February 1.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC No. 1.

(1) A rm Y
(2) N am E
(3) E lb A
(4) W a R

Notes.—(2) Shakspearean quotation, "What's in a name?"
(3) NAPOLEON'S first place of exile.

Answers received, 17,321 correct; two incorrect.

March 1.

To Correspondents.—Little Popsy: We have decided to accept your plea for "Weather" instead of "War" for the fourth light in the first acrostic. Though we cannot consider that "weather" fits the light as neatly as "War," there is some weight in your contention that the weather in Manchuria would probably be inclement in character.

Muddlehead: We really cannot accept "Elena" instead of "Elba" for light 3. We would have been willing to overlook the unusual spelling of the island of St. Helena, but the fact that NAPOLEON did *not* escape from St. Helena, whereas he *did* escape from Elba, seems to us fatal to your plea.

April 1.

SPECIAL ACROSTIC.

The following Acrostic is set for the 17,304 solvers who tied in the First Quarter. Twelve hours allowed for the solution: no alternatives.

'Tis thus provincial virtue hoots
The visitor in varnished boots.

1. Cognate, I ween.
2. In Pliocene.
3. How very odd!
4. A tetrapod.

The lights are in no particular order, and two of them are reversed.

May 1.

Special Acrostic. The Editor regrets that he has had the misfortune to mislay the solution of the Special, and cannot clearly remember what it was, though he recollects enough to enable him to give a hint that the second light contains a reference to the metatarsal bone of the Hipparion. He can also, speaking from memory, confidently assert that none of the answers sent in was correct, or anywhere nearly correct. Another week is therefore allowed in order that solvers may again attempt the Special, the missing solution of which the Editor hopes to find before next month. In the event of a further tie a really difficult Quintuple Acrostic will be given.

Answers received, 0 correct, 5143 incorrect.

GOLF IN EXCELSIS.

IN view of the exceptional political importance of the visit of the four famous British golfers to Mexico, *Mr. Punch* has arranged with Mr. RAYMOND BLATHERWICK, the famous interviewer, who accompanies the party, to send a series of letters for exclusive use in these columns. The first instalment arrived yesterday, and ran as follows:—

New York, January 1.—We arrived to-day, after a somewhat stormy voyage, but it is satisfactory to relate that the illustrious quartet are all in excellent fettle for their Mexican campaign. The serious spirit in which they undertook to prepare themselves for the fray was apparent from the outset. JACK WHITE, a man of studious tastes, spent most of his time studying Spanish, with a view, as he owned, of being able to converse with President PORFIRIO DIAZ in his native tongue. ANDREW KIRKALDY, who is noted for his strong theological bias, had provided himself with several works on the Aztec race, and was much impressed by the theory which identifies them with the Lost Tribes, and often engaged in heated controversies with his fellow Scot, ALEXANDER HERD. ROWLAND JONES, a Welshman, and an ardent politician, was intensely interested in the speeches of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, as they were reported from time to time by wireless telegraphy. But exercise and training were not neglected. By an arrangement with the chief engineer the champions were able to get an hour's niblick play in the coal bunkers every morning, and ANDREW KIRKALDY had the satisfaction of driving over a passing iceberg from the hurricane deck. In the evenings the quartet sang part songs or practised putting in the saloon. ROWLAND JONES occasionally improvised some sparkling penillions, and JACK WHITE accompanied him on the castanets. In the early stages of the voyage ANDREW KIRKALDY'S appetite suffered from the motion of the liner, but his spirits were happily unimpaired, and his table talk was enriched by many brilliant *bons mots*. Thus, on nearing America, he asked, "Why was JACK WHITE?" and, pointing to SANDY HERD, immediately answered, "Because he saw Sandy Hook." This remarkable impromptu was at once marconigraphed to the White House, and caused a distinct slump in Mexican securities on Wall Street.

Washington, Jan. 3. I have just seen ROWLAND JONES, who tells me that the breakfast with the PRESIDENT was a great success. The only other guests, besides the golfing champions, were ELIHU ROOT and BOOKER WASHINGTON, and it appears that a slight awkwardness was caused when ANDREW KIRKALDY, who sat next Mr. WASHINGTON, asked him whether he thought that any American football team could hold their own against the "All Blacks," a question which his neighbour interpreted as bearing on the negro problem. However, Mr. ROOSEVELT intervened with his usual breezy energy, and diverted the conversation to the influence of golf on the popularity of statesmen, the proper pronunciation of the word Schenectady, the superiority of buckwheat cakes to Scotch scones, and the claims of Mr. ANDREW LANG to be regarded



"SCENT PER SCENT."

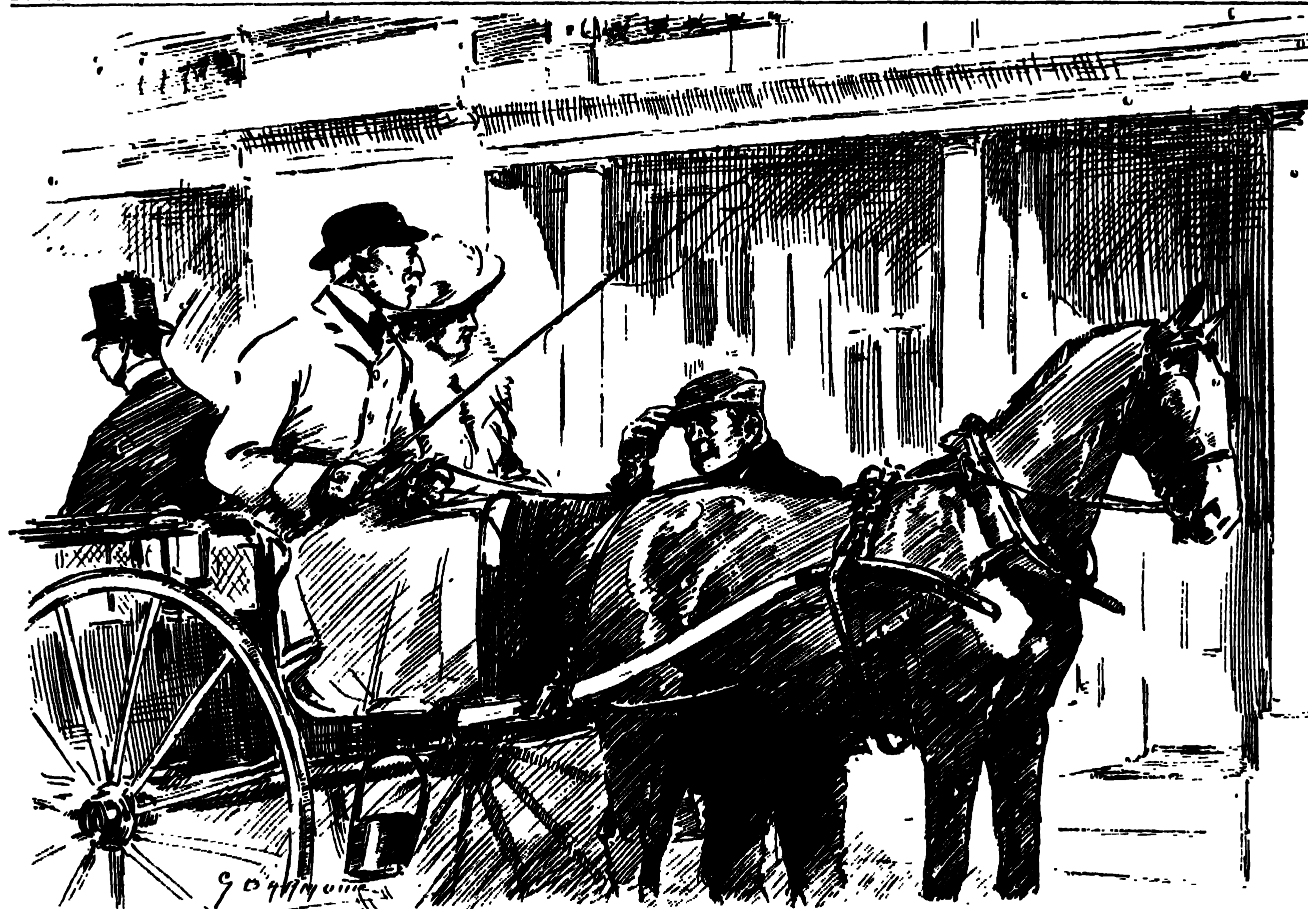
(*Vide article in "Punch," December 20, 1905.*)

Huntsman. "Well, I can't make out why there ain't no scent 'ere!"

Whip. "*Scent?* Why, what d'ye expect, when 'ere's all the Ladies a-flourishin' of their perfumed 'ankycheeves on the other side o' the Fence!"

as a serious historian. Andrew Kirkaldy, who, as a neighbour of Mr. Lang's, held decided views on this subject, said that when the Japanese took to golf they would be "juist a classical people." Jack White thought that the White House compared unfavourably with the Golf Club House at Sunningdale, but he liked the President's affability. "Not the build for a scratch player," he added, "but I dare say he would soon play as well as the Duke of Devonshire or Mr. James Bryce." Sandy Herd made great friends with Mr. Root, whom he enlightened on the Scottish Church question, and after breakfast the President instructed his guests in the use of the lasso, which he warned them might be needful in some of the Mexican back blocks.

Chihuahua, January 7.—We came on here this morning by special train, with outriders, after a short visit to the President at Mexico City. Don Porfirio was kindness itself, and insisted on changing hats, according to an old Castilian custom, with Jack White as they parted on the doorstep. The heat is something terrific, but we all wear sombreros with refrigerators and white Nainsook trousers. On our arrival we were met at the station by a deputation of Toltecs, accompanied by the Chapultepec band playing on zumpangos, mulucs, cauacs, and other Aztec instruments. After a hurried lunch at the hotel, we proceeded to the links, where a large crowd was awaiting our arrival. Four singles had been arranged in which the British contingent were opposed by local professionals, but I regret to say that on this occasion none of the former showed their true form. For this untoward result, however, the peculiar conditions of the game readily accounted. To begin with, the caddies are mounted on mustangs, which proved so disconcerting that Rowland Jones, a man of highly-strung Celtic temperament, invariably missed his tee shot. Andrew Kirkaldy's opponent was a sinister-looking mesocephalic Aztec named Mictlanteuctli, whose name alone, as Andrew put it, was as bad as giving a stroke a hole, while Jack White was equally paralysed by his association with a Toltec brave, whose patronymic was Ixtlilxochitl. Sandy Herd was the best off, as he was matched with a Mexican Inca named Ramon Guttierez, who, strangely enough, preferred using a rubber-cored ball. At every second tee refreshments were served, consisting of octli or Aztec beer and hot banana fritters, and further delay was caused by Jack White's opponent, who insisted on bathing in a small pond which formed the chief hazard of the thirteenth hole. Guttierez, the Inca mentioned above, surpassed himself by his bunca play, but as a rule the local men scored more by the failure of their opponents than by their own brilliancy. There is talk, however, of a human sacrifice in our honour to-night, and to-morrow morning we move on to Jalapa, where an exhibition match will be played for the benefit of the amateurs of the Tezcatlipoca golf club.



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

Ex-Convict (meeting Gaol-Governor in the Street). "'MORNING, SIR. 'OPE YOU'RE WELL, SIR. THOUGHT YOU'D BE GLAD TO 'EAR AS 'OW I'D GOT A JOB, SIR."

Governor. "VERY GLAD, I'M SURE. BUT—ER—WHO ARE YOU? I DON'T SEEM TO KNOW YOU."

Ex-Convict. "LAW BLESS US, SIR, O' COURSE YOU KNOW ME. I WAS STOPPIN' WITH YOU LAST CHRISTMAS!"

THE SPOOK'S LAMENT.

["I believe," said Mr. B. A. COCHRANE, an authority on the subject of dreams, to a *Daily Express* representative, "the night time of the body is the daytime of the soul. It is then that the soul leaves the body and has experiences in the spirit world. You may meet with dead friends and see their condition" . . . *To have dreams, however, which are free from the fantastic and horrible, a light easily digestible diet is, he thinks, necessary.*]

WHEN by the stern decree of Fate
  This mortal coil was cast,
We used to think our future state
  Depended on our past.
Directors never watered stock,
Horse-dealers never faked a crock,
The rascal lawyer never stole,
Lest evil should befall his soul.

What golden chances in my time
  Have I contrived to miss
For fear lest my career of crime
  Should jeopardise my bliss.
How often when the fun was fast
Have I with dread been overcast,
Slunk from the room and whispered "No!
I'll be no gay Lothario!"
And much has virtue eased my fall!
  As far as I can see
I might have had the fun for all
  The difference to me.
'Tis chance, as we poor spooks now know,
Apportions either bliss or woe,
For out upon it! our *régimes*
Depend on other people's dreams.

Old SMITH—the pig!—goes out and dines;
  He always over-eats,
And mixes half-a-dozen wines
  With half-a-score of meats.
He sleeps, he snores, he dreams, and he
Elects, of course, to dream of me,
And I become the thing I seem
To SMITH in his delirious dream.

Then BROWN—the tenderest of chaps,
  Who leaves the lambs unhurt,
And dines on lentils, with perhaps
  A fig for his dessert—
BROWN dreams of me and I become
An angel in Elysium.
It's chance that sends us low or high—
A fig for all desert, say I.

Then let the wicked man no more
  Be diddled into grace
By hoping that he thus will score
  In some post-mortem place.
The joy or woe of spooks, it seems,
Exists but in our neighbours' dreams,
And thus our luckless lot depends
Upon the diet of our friends.

WE are sure that *The Morning Post*, in announcing certain *matinées* at which the major portion of the best seats were to be reserved for "the children of members of the profession," did not mean to cast any reflection upon the latter when it said: "As such children are not easily distinguishable from other children, they are requested to bring their parents with them."

IT is stated that Sir EDWARD GREY, in order to obtain that proficiency in the French language which a Foreign Minister should have if he is to be able to converse fluently with the Ambassadors accredited to the Court of St. James's, is about to join ABIE WALKLEY'S *Je-ne-sais* students.



SONS OF HARMONY.

C.-B. (*to* JOHN REDMOND). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, THIS IS NOT A DUET! YOU CAN GIVE YOUR SHOW LATER ON."



Parson. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. STUBBINS. IS YOUR HUSBAND AT HOME?"
Mrs. Stubbins. "'E'S 'OME, SIR; BUT 'E'S A-BED."
Parson. "HOW IS IT HE DIDN'T COME TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY? YOU KNOW WE MUST HAVE OUR HEARTS IN THE RIGHT PLACE."
Mrs. Stubbins. "LOR, SIR, 'IS 'EART'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S 'IS TROWZIZ!"

ELECTION WISDOM.

I.—COUNSEL TO CANVASSERS.

You cannot make it too clear whether you come on behalf of the Free Trade candidate or the Fiscal Reform candidate. It would be a great pity if you worked hard to win a vote for Free Trade and all the while the man thought you were advocating Protection.

If you are canvassing for a Free Trade candidate promise higher wages, shorter hours, and cheaper food.

If you are canvassing for a Fiscal Reformer promise cheaper food, shorter hours and higher wages.

When calling on even the humblest cottages be careful to knock at the door, to take off your hat on entering, to wipe your boots on the mat, to ask after the health of the family, and to say of the infant in arms, "Well, that *is* a baby!" If you do all this with any kind of spirit you need not refer to politics at all. Just name your candidate and go. If there is no mat you must apologise for bringing dirt into the room.

Don't offer money for votes. It is no longer done; at least, not so crudely.

Remember that it is quite useless today to canvass without promising to send your motor to convey the voter to the polling booth. Horses are out of it.

The first rule in canvassing is—promise everything. It is also the last. Remember that you are promising not on your own behalf but your candidate's. If there is any trouble afterwards it will be his trouble, not yours.

II.—A WORD IN SEASON TO LADY CANVASSERS.

You will do well not to remember too vividly the famous story of the beautiful Duchess of GAINSBOROUGH and the butcher. The vote was given less because the kiss was a kiss than because the lady was a Duchess; and recollect that it is not definitely known which way the butcher voted after all.

III.—ADVICE TO CANDIDATES.

Do not mind repeating yourself. It

has been done ever since oratory was invented.

While speaking, if you are out of matter, say "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN." The uproar, either of adulation or execration, that will ensue will give you time to collect your thoughts.

If you are a Free Trader and are so foolish as to desire a reputation for wit, refer to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN always as "The Right Honorable Gentleman" with immense scorn in your voice.

Shake everyone by the hand and offer them cigars from your own case. You can keep a few special ones for your own consumption in a side pocket.

When you are going to make a joke, say so, otherwise they won't know when to laugh. If you can't make jokes, refer to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as "JOEY" and it will do just as well.

You will be wise if you ascertain very carefully the position of the railway station in case you want to make a hurried and not too conspicuous departure. To be seen, on the night of the poll or the morning after, asking the way to the station, is not conducive to dignity.

IV.—WRINKLES FOR VOTERS.

It is no use holding out to the last minute, as they did in the good old Pocket Borough days, for a five-pound or even a thousand-pound note. England is going to the dogs.

When the Free Trade canvasser comes, promise to vote exactly as he tells you, and say how glad you are that the gentleman has called to clear your mind on two or three matters that were puzzling it.

When the Protection canvasser comes, say how glad you are that the gentleman has called to clear your mind on two or three matters that were puzzling it, and promise to vote exactly as he tells you.

Do all you can to put your cross against the man you really want to support.

V.—A HINT TO CHAUFFEURS.

If you find, from the conversation in the car, that one of the voters whom you are conveying in the Free Trade interest is really in favour of Protection, and is, so to speak, stealing his ride, procure an accident at once and arrange that he is so badly hurt that he will not be conscious again till the next day. Stick at nothing. Remember *Mr. Weller's* story of the bridge and the coach-load of the wrong colour.

More Commercial Candour.

"——'s Watch.
Warranted,
5*s.* 6*d.* each.
There is *no movement* in these watches."

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. V.—HOW TO DRESS ON £10 A YEAR.

OUR subject divides itself naturally into two parts.

First, How to Dress. It will be readily acknowledged, modern conditions of life being what they are and the climate of the United Kingdom not invariably sultry, that dress of some sort is a necessity for all of us. The ancient Britons are said to have thought otherwise, and to have been content to stain themselves with a dye called woad. The effect would hardly satisfy modern requirements of fashion, and woad would now be considered quite a fast dye. The next development of dress in primitive times, however, was destined to last to the present day. This was the custom of wearing skins of animals as articles of attire. In the early days of our rough island story this fashion was universal, and the statue of BOADICEA on the Thames Embankment would be more archæologically correct if the Warrior Queen were represented in a sealskin jacket and her two daughters with some little article made of mink or grey fox, instead of the nondescript draperies, ill-adapted for carriage exercise, which the sculptor has assigned to them.

Clothes, so named from the fact that they *clothe* the human frame, are adapted to two ends, warmth and decoration. Dr. JAEGER, a well-known scientist, still happily with us, first made the important discovery that warmth and beauty in clothing are not incompatible. His hygienic padded boot is the last word in unobtrusive smartness, and he has shown that it is possible for what is known as underwear to be *chic* without inviting pulmonary trouble. Dress from top to toe in woollens is Dr. JAEGER's advice, and his own portrait, freely reproduced, represents him doing so. While the photograph is not that of a mere *flâneur*, Dr. JAEGER compares favourably in appearance with any smart Guardsman or man about town who may be seen in Pall Mall or at a Church Parade, and his sense of hygienic superiority, especially on a hot summer day, must afford him a satisfaction to which those butterflies of fashion are strangers.

Let us now illustrate our subject by two concrete examples. First let us suppose the case of a lady wishing to purchase a ball-dress. She must begin by deciding on a pattern, and here she will be helped by the advice of most of the daily and weekly newspapers published throughout the United Kingdom. She decides to follow the taste, let us say, of the Editor of *The Daily News*, and by a diligent study of the pages devoted to the subject of ladies' dress in that journal finally selects the costume she prefers. The dress itself will not be procurable at the newspaper office, which confines itself to producing the design. In order to have it carried out she must go to a dressmaker. And one word of caution is necessary at this point. It is not etiquette to wear a costume of the same pattern as one made for Royalty, and if any member of the Royal Family who follows *The Daily News* in matters of dress should have happened to select that particular costume another must be chosen. There now follows the operation of "trying on." When the dress has advanced a certain way towards completion, the lady tries it on. The dressmaker also occasionally tries it on, but not until she comes to make out the bill. When the dress is quite finished it remains only to wear it and to pay for it. As it is a ball-dress, it should not be worn to any great extent out of doors in the morning. The payment will be made out of the £10 a year set aside for the purpose.

We will now consider the case of a gentleman wishing to buy a new tweed suit. The newspapers do not vie with one another in offering him advice upon the subject, but a few of them do retain the services of a "sartorial expert" laying claim to the rank of Major, who will with great confidence recommend a tailor, generally one carrying on business in Fleet Street, a thoroughfare widely renowned for the smart appearance of those who frequent it. The purchaser will proceed, *mutatis mutandis*, in the manner indicated in the former example. When he receives his bill he may be surprised to find his simple brown suit described as "One Heather Mixture Fancy Check Cheviot Lounge Coat, lined through Silk, one Do. Do. D.B. Waistcoat, one pr. Do. Do. Trousers," but he must not allow himself to be put out by this figurative language. Every social clique has its passwords.

The few hints we have given, may serve as a useful introduction to a more extended study of an important and far-reaching subject. That is why we have given them.

P.S.—The question of dressing on £10 a year presents no difficulties. Set aside that sum to expend upon clothing, and when you have spent it stop dressing.

A Chance for the Faculty.

THE following important communication has been forwarded to us. We particularly call attention to the effective simplicity of the writer's method of dating his composition.

"BERNE, date of the post-mark.

"GENTLEMAN,—We have the honour of informing you that our GRAND-CATALOGUE is just out and lies for the gratis-forwarding at the disposal of the in- and outlandish medical circles."



MINISTERIAL MILLINERY.—No. 3.

Mr. H-rb-rt Gl-dst-ne, Sir E. Gr-y, and Prof. Br-ce.

DAWN.

The shadows and the shrouding gloom have ceased;
A golden sea of glory floods the East,
With bars of crimson lined;
Now Day has ris'n triumphant over Night;
I know it is so by the streak of light
Which filters thro' my blind.

Sunrise! and men's sad hearts grow glad and gay
To greet the golden promise of the day
And all the good to be;
Yet, I confess, this much-belauded dawn
(Excuse me, while I just suppress a yawn)
Hardly appeals to me.

I do not rush to greet the thing with zest,
While Hope insurgent agitates my breast;
I could not if I tried;
But I remember with a boding fear
At this especial season of the year
'Tis precious cold outside.

This is the painful hour when in my soul
Comfort with Duty struggles for control
To arbitrate my lot.
Well, since yon streak of light proclaims the day,
The question must be faced without delay,—
Shall I get up,—or not?

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Views thrown on a screen are to be a feature in the Electioneering tactics of several candidates. Others expect to derive more profit from throwing a screen on their views.

Certain Post Office employees who were suffering from overwork and did not find themselves very well suited with the Heir of Derby are hoping to benefit by a change to Buxton.

Mr. John Burns, who believes in a proper division of Labour, wishes it to be understood that he (J. B.) will always furnish a liberal supply of steamboats if the Prime Minister will be responsible for a liberal supply of peers.

The season in which the coming General Election is to occur has made the following form of appeal very popular:

Vote for —— and a Happy New Year.

As in the case of that other formula—

Vote for —— and now we shan't be long!—

the virtue of this contract, from a candidate's point of view, lies in its vagueness. Happiness depends so much upon the taste. The electorate should demand some more explicit and universally recognisable boon, such as

Vote for —— and a fine day to-morrow!

Is Marriage a Lottery?—"Draw for ——'s Widow and Children. Winning No. 480."—*Liverpool Echo.*

A LITTLE MOTOR-SHOOTING IN THE MIDLANDS.

(*From the "Field" of* 1915.)

The chill sunrise of a November day was just appearing between the curtains of my bedroom window, when I awoke to find a native pulling my bedclothes vigorously. He was in a high state of excitement, and exclaimed repeatedly "Car, car," in a tone of mingled alarm and pleasure. "Shay 's bin in t' leene," he added, waving his arms about. My somewhat slight acquaintance with the vernacular of the district enabled me to interpret his words to mean that a motor-car had lately been observed in the neighbouring lane, and I lost no time in rousing D., my companion.

This was indeed the prospect of a welcome change from the poor sport which we had been having hitherto. D. and I had arranged to take our short leave from the regiment in what we both consider the most enjoyable form of sport, namely shooting motor-cars. At one time, I need not say, it was as easy to bag motor-cars as partridges, but since the rural councils, actuated by the amount of damage caused by these machines, offered a price for their destruction, they only appear very rarely, and it has become increasingly difficult to meet with them.

D. and I had spent nearly a week in the neighbourhood which, for my own reasons, I do not want to particularise, without getting the opportunity for which we looked. Day after day we had carefully examined the landscape with our field-glasses from a convenient hill. Day after day experienced local volunteers had investigated the high road for the spoor of a car, but no success had rewarded our efforts. On one occasion, it is true, we sighted a splendid Daimler, of, I should say, at least 60-h.p., which about corresponds to a "Royal" in deer-stalking, but it was out of shot. D. had a better chance at it than I had, but he only wounded it very slightly in the tail light, and it unfortunately got away.

Our native guide led us to a corner of an adjacent lane, and in a muddy spot pointed out what were unmistakable traces of an enormous car. The interest displayed in our plan of campaign by the peasants was remarkable. Crowds of willing yokels came to act as gillies, anxious to carry our express rifles, and offering suggestions of a more or less inane nature. We eventually decided upon baiting a trap for the monster, and at the end of a long straight stretch of road we stationed an elderly rustic, somewhat hard of hearing, and an enthusiastic student of cloud shapes. Wandering about in the middle of the road, with his eyes fixed upon the heavens, his oblivion to all that was passing rendered his presence a bait which no ordinary motor-car could, we hoped, resist. In case however this attraction proved insufficient we placed in his neighbourhood a nursemaid, with a reputation for being easily flustered, and entrusted to her care a perambulator containing an infant, instructing her at the same time to lead another child by the hand. These preparations completed, we concealed ourselves in two trees, and rifles in hand awaited the event. We dismissed, as well as we could, our crowd of attendants, so as not to alarm our quarry. This proved a difficult business, as our conclave was perceptibly increased every moment by natives who came with terror-stricken faces and stories of the damage and destruction wrought by the motor-car. As testimony one young farmer brought broken pieces of harness, due to the gymnastics of a nervous and highly-bred horse who had encountered the car in a lonely lane. Another displayed with tears in his eyes his aged grandmother, whose nerves had been irretrievably ruined by the sudden apparition of the car near her cottage door, where she seems to have been ruminating in the sunshine. Though fortunately escaping herself without physical injury, owing to her presence of mind in running into the house and bolting the door, she described her alarm as something she would not easily forget. All informants reported the car as at least 80 h.-p., and our appetites were whetted by the thought of the imposing appearance which the bonnet of this monster would make when suspended upon the wall of the mess-room at the depôt, with a suitable inscription beneath, saying when and by whom it had been shot.



THE STRAP-HAMMOCK.

(*As supplied on the Underground Trains de Luxe.*)

What seemed to me, in my state of nervous tension, an intolerably long wait, was interrupted by my loader touching my arm. I turned and saw that he had his hand to his ear. Sure enough I heard presently the distant throb of a motor-car. I peered between the leafless branches of the tree and saw our intrepid old man moving aimlessly to and fro in the road. Presently the distant throb grew louder, though the car was approaching very quietly, and I looked to see that my express was loaded and ready.

In a second or two the car came in sight into the road. It was white in colour, and long and low in shape. Sighting my rifle to 150 yards, I aimed with a coolness which surprised myself at the change-speed lever. Experience has convinced me that this is the surest way of stopping a car, though I know opinions differ on the point. Many have been the smoking-room arguments to which I have listened. D., for example, follows the practice of aiming at the tyres, and then, following up the wounded car, planting the *coup de grâce* from a safe range in the carburetter. But this seems to me an unsportsmanlike method, as one dislikes the idea of causing more trouble than is necessary to the car, and an expanding bullet planted at the base of the change-speed lever is quite effective.

Upon this occasion, however, we both missed the finest chance of our lives. I suppose I miscalculated the speed the car was travelling, for I only grazed the radiator with my first barrel, and smashed the number-plate with my second—poor shooting indeed, but the light was none of the best. D. was even less fortunate; his favourite shot at the tyres was absolutely useless, as they were studded with some metal which seemed to render them bullet-proof. The infuriated motor dashed past us at redoubled speed, and was out of sight in a few moments. We did not consider it prudent to follow it, as it might return at any moment, and stopping a charging motor on the open road is no joke. We both thought it was a Mercédès, but were not sure.

It was some slight consolation to us that D. on the following afternoon bagged with a fortunate right and left a brace of small de Dions, which he came on quite suddenly as they were climbing rather a steep hill. But the recollection of losing that big car still haunts us.

CHARIVARIA.

THE flood of election oratory is now at its height, and numbers of British electors are fleeing to Russia for quiet and peace.

Mr. WYNDHAM, M.P. has likened Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to the clown in the pantomime who touches up every class and every interest with a red-hot poker. JOHN BURNS, too.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has issued an election address, and a Life of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The latter is a very creditable performance.

A hen belonging to Mr. T. TANNER, of Great Somerfield, Wilts, has laid an egg weighing 12 ozs., which, when it was broken, was found to contain another egg. This is the sort of useful prodigy which one would expect to appear at election time.

Owing to Dr. EMIL REICH's having thoughtlessly stated in the *Grand Magazine* that English women are too cold, husbands are now being pestered by their wives to buy them a new set of furs.

The British Ambassador at Berlin has given a treat to the chimney-sweep apprentices of Berlin. It is significant, as showing how the tension of feeling between the two countries has relaxed, that not a single German newspaper referred to this as an indirect encouragement to the Blacks in South-west Africa.

A Commission now sitting in Berlin is trying to find some means of rendering cavalry horses invisible in warfare. The simplest solution, of course, is to go without them. But it will be remembered that this experiment, made by us in the early days of the South African struggle, fell short of complete success.

The Chief Constable of Surrey has been authorised to obtain a uniform for himself at an estimated cost of £52 7*s*. To prevent his being stolen for the sake of his fine clothes, he will, we understand, be surrounded by a strong posse of police whenever he walks abroad.

The theory is now being advanced by a Continental doctor that the fact that ladies are not allowed to swear is responsible for a vast majority of the attacks of nerves from which the gentle sex suffers, and it is suggested that Expletives should be taught at every girls' school.

A schoolboy at Kaspoevar, in Hungary, having failed in an examination on the works of KAZINCZY, a local writer, fired a revolver at KAZINCZY's statue. This is not encouraging to those who are anxious to see a statue erected to the memory of EUCLID.

A hair specialist declares that baldness is contagious. It is certainly hereditary, to judge by the head of the average baby.

The police, who are sometimes absurdly touchy, are objecting to the expression "Police trap," and it is possible that "Copper mine" will take its place.

A correspondent in last week's *Punch* is anxious for further explanation as to the report that a police constable had been seen "running in a West-end street," as reported in this column. Surely he exaggerates the importance of this event, for one of the most common—and annoying—sights in London is a street being taken up.

It has long been the boast of this country that no class is so utterly submerged that it will not ultimately get justice. Sir GEORGE GIBB, the new Chairman of the District Railway (and we sincerely congratulate the Company on their admirable choice) has promised to consider the case of the Strap-hangers, which some humane persons have brought to his notice.

One more complaint against the District Railway (and then we shall hold our peace till Sir GEORGE GIBB has had a fair chance of correcting the astounding blunders committed in the course of the initiation of the new system). "Choleric" writes to complain that there is frequently no important official on the platform to whom to express one's opinion of the line after being kept waiting for some thirty minutes. We think this safety valve should be supplied.

Such Frenchmen as feared a war with Germany have received great comfort from a report in the *Staatsbürger Zeitung* that the KAISER has declared that in the event of hostilities he himself would act as Chief of the General Staff.



AN IDYLL.

"SOFT EYES LOOKED LOVE TO EYES WHICH SPAKE AGAIN."—*Childe Harold.*

FROM *The Tiverton Gazette*:—

"To Messrs. ——.

SIRS,—I have used your —— Drinks for more than three years, and have not lost one calf, even though the land is much addicted to the production of that fatal malady."

Can he mean Varicose Veins?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S *Recollections* (MACMILLAN) supply a useful page in the varied record of the Home Rule question. It is here presented as viewed from within by one of the men who have largely helped to keep it going during the last quarter of a century. Mr. O'BRIEN glories in presenting the Celtic nature hot-blooded and not ashamed. He loves Ireland with heart and soul, hating England with equal fervour. Of all English statesmen, the one for whom he cherishes the bitterest animosity is Mr. FORSTER, the Chief Secretary who, on quitting Ireland, by pure accident escaped the fate by which Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH was done to death. For Mr. GLADSTONE, who, espousing the Home Rule cause, wrecked his party and exiled himself from Downing Street, Mr. O'BRIEN has not a word of grateful acknowledgment. Whilst he does not defend the section of the National Party who practised murder and rapine--he laments the Phœnix Park murders as "one of those fiendish strokes of fate which one is tempted to believe to be Ireland's peculiar heritage," he traces the virility of Parnellism to the accession of men who earlier served apprenticeship in the Fenian Brotherhood. On Mr. DAVITT, in particular, he lavishes warm encomium. There are many interesting notes personal to PARNELL, more especially during his residence at Kilmainham which Mr. O'BRIEN proudly shared. The political notes are varied by some touching references to the author's mother, whom in her last illness he was, by special permission of Mr. FORSTER, permitted regularly to visit. My Baronite long knew the Member for Mallow in the House, and occasionally had remarks to make upon "the headlong shouting, wildly gesticulating way that," as Mr. O'BRIEN frankly admits, "became his appalling elocutionary manner." The confidences of these *Recollections*, freed from the mask of blood-curdling manner, reveal a man who, if self-opinionated and truculent in tone, was neither a time-server nor a self-seeker, his action directed solely by desire to serve what he honestly regarded as the interests of his country.

The Baron sees before him a divided duty in dealing with *The Sands of Pleasure*, by FILSON YOUNG (GRANT RICHARDS). To notice it, or not? Well, after quiet deliberation, he has decided in favour of the first alternative. It is a curiously clever piece of work, which, if not placed absolutely on the Baron's "Index," must be marked "*caute legendum*." Any reader in the course of perusal, arriving at Chapter IV., page 175, will come across the following passage: "*There was a cool freshness in the air*," and taking this as a text the Baron is bound to confess that there is, about this novel, "a cool freshness" which is less invigorating than startling. The commencement of the tale is dull; the finish, Book iii, "The House on the Rock," unsatisfactory. Mr. FILSON YOUNG, in his luridly brilliant "Book ii," describes halls of dazzling light, but bids us protect our nostrils from the sulphurous smell of the flames, while we note the forced gaiety of the professional votaries of pleasure in the revolting *Cabaret des Néants*, and in other holes of nocturnal "amusement," where the doings of the "gay" set would make the repentant shades of *Tom, Jerry, the Oxonian, Kate*, and her "chums," put in a claim to be considered, by comparison with such a lot, as fairly good angels, save for a little damage to their wings. From nights of wearisome pleasure in Paris, always going at the pace that kills, the change to the rest and quiet in the pure air, forest, and open fields of Barbizon, is indeed a sensibly soothing relief. Here, refreshed, we can stand with MILLET'S simple peasants as they piously recite the evening's *Angelus*. How we loathe Paris now! The story of *Toni* is ordinary, but pathetically true. *Richard Gray's* sudden passion for this poor, lovely, lost girl, a waif and stray in silks and satins, is strongly painted. Then the awakening of this man, and his accidental visit to a Trappist monastery in Cornwall, is a most effective contrast. But *cui bono?* To whom is it to be recommended? Yet, in its way, it is a powerful book.

The Baron congratulates Mr. WILFRID WARD on the first number of the "New Series" of *The Dublin Review*, now under his judicious editorship. Evidently he designs catering for the general reader as well as for the ecclesiastical and literary student. This is most wise. Amongst such articles as will be popular with the majority are to be found a very amusing one by Lord LLANDAFF, giving, from his own personal experience, some sketches of an Irish Election, and, for all interested in Education, a brief, but most interesting paper, by Abbot GASQUET, O.S.B., descriptive of his recent visit to the United States. The name of Mr. W. S. LILLY among the contributors is a guarantee of good work, while an article headed "MANNING and GLADSTONE, The 'Destroyed' Letters," is calculated to whet the appetite of those who are looking forward to the forthcoming life of the Cardinal, by the Rev. F. KENT, wherein we shall see that, after all, the above-mentioned documentary evidence was *not* "destroyed," but, like "*Le petit bonhomme,—vit encore*." Of course, *The Dublin* is, first and foremost, for a Catholic public, but its new Editor will be well advised to increase its value and extend its usefulness by going outside the charmed circle, and availing himself of the services of many ready and willing writers. Cannot Mr. WARD discover a modern "Father PROUT," classically poetical, humorous, and quite up-to-date?

Granting certain improbabilities, which readers of *A Vendetta in Vanity Fair* (HEINEMANN) will easily discover for themselves, the Baron can recommend this novel of ESTHER MILLER'S as a good story, well told, stimulating and amusing.

In *The Premier's Daughter* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW have given us a good melodramatic novel. The cleverly complicated plot is worked out in a thoroughly interesting scheme of action and dialogue. The writing is occasionally careless: perhaps ALICE got lost in Wonderland and CLAUDE did a bit on his own account; or while CLAUDE was lounging in an easy chair, smoking a cigar or pipe, ALICE, pen in hand, took up the narrative and continued it in a style that happened at the moment to suit her own fancy. Be this as it may, ALICE and CLAUDE, or ALICE or CLAUDE, do just now and then drop into what used to be known as a "*London Journal* style," as for example when "*Chevenix* waved the footman from the room," and "when red flame seemed to dart into *Paul Carew's* dark eyes, and the pupils dilated. Then he threw his head back"—but here the Baron pauses in his quotation to inquire "when his head was thrown back, who caught it?" The Baron congratulates ALICE and CLAUDE on so far departing from orthodox lines as to allow a decidedly unprincipled little woman "with a past, rather fast," to marry an elderly amatory Colonel, and to live mundanely happily (as probably the majority of such people do) ever afterwards. The man, too, the protagonist, who has been deeply wronged, never gets right again, and comes to utter grief. Altogether the novel renounces the ordinary scheme of poetic justice, and sets before us ordinary results arising quite naturally out of extraordinary complications.



CHARIVARIA.

To obviate the unseemly sight of women interrupters at Election meetings being forcibly ejected, the proposal has been made that at every hall a mouse should be kept, which could be let loose if necessary.

A letter posted at Yarmouth in 1872, addressed to a Nottingham fishmonger, has now been delivered to him. This speaks well for the energy of the new Post-master-General in working off arrears.

An American inventor has declared that within twelve months everybody will be able to fly, and the CZAR is cheering up.

It is feared that owing to the omnibus companies, on whose horses the War Office has a claim in time of war, taking to motors, it will be necessary for the State to maintain a much larger reserve of draught animals. This will mean a great loss of interest on capital tied up. It is thought, however, that it may be possible to get over this difficulty by increasing the number of wars.

Hard things are occasionally said of our commercial morality, but frankness in advertising certainly seems to be on the increase. Our attention has been called to an announcement concerning a certain firm's "Fresh Butter" which states:—"We have regular supplies of the finest butter the world produces arriving every week, bought months ago before the advance."

The announcement that huge bones have been discovered in Dead Lodge Cañon, Canada, is we hear, causing an immense influx of dogs into that part.

The title of Mr. H. A. VACHELL's new book is to be *A Face of Clay*. This is prettier than *Putty Face*.

And a song has been published entitled, "*I Hid my Love.*" This again is prettier than "*I gave my Love a hiding.*"



FAINT PRAISE.

Squire (interviewing Keeper about his next shoot). "WE MUST HAVE ANOTHER GUN, THOMAS. WHAT ABOUT THE RECTOR? IS HE ALL RIGHT?"

Keeper. "WELL, SIR, 'E'S A MODERATE FAIR SHOT AT ANYTHING THAT'S NOT MOVIN'."

During a wedding at Templeton, Devonshire, last week, a cat made her way through the spectators and sat down by the altar, from which position she quietly surveyed the proceedings. It has been surmised from this that a certain section of the cat population are contemplating the introduction of more ceremony into their own marriages.

One would scarcely go to America for a poetic and fanciful idea, but our cousins across the Atlantic have invented a new word for a public dinner which will take the place of that clumsy expression. It is "Chewfest."

The *Daily Mail* is responsible for a new form of Election madness. It is vulgarly known as dash-dottiness.

Judge of the surprise of the gentleman who wrote to *The Globe* last week with a grievance against *Punch*, upon finding that his communication, which was signed with the request, "Everything in its proper place," was not resting in the waste-paper basket.

A Conservative paper publishes an article entitled, "Do not spoil your vote." It cannot be too clearly understood that the advice given is not intended for Liberals.

The average female brain, we learn from a lecture by Dr. HOLLANDER, is about five ounces lighter than the male brain. It is astonishing what a number of men one meets who, no doubt from motives of gallantry, lead one to believe that the matter is the other way about.

MIN YUENG, the late Korean Minister in France, has been long in doubt whether etiquette requires him to commit suicide in consequence of his Emperor's having placed his country under Japanese control. It is not improbable that he may let himself off with a caution.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's decision to make a beginning of disarmament, even if no others follow our fine example, continues to be applauded in all the Chancelleries of Europe—except, curiously enough, those which we had looked upon as being peculiarly friendly to us.

WHY NOT OMIT THE NEXT PARLIAMENT?

(A Suggestion for the Prime Minister.)

[An Irishman, being anxious to learn French, and hearing that the great difficulty was to master the first six lessons, said that in that case he would begin at the seventh.]

Sir,—If I rightly grasp the situation—
Now that the Chinese fake begins to pall,
One lonely issue lies before the nation,
And by it you propose to stand or fall.

To England, making plaint with lips aweary
Of Foreign Tariffs grown a shade too warm,
Your answer runs—*Quieta non movere*,
You take, in fact, the motto, *No Reform!*

Sir, you may claim to have your cogent reasons,
Some may be wrong and others almost right.
But you can hardly spend six solid seasons
Over the policy of sitting tight.

Tariff Reform may be the merest lumber
Meant to be locked in limbo on a shelf,
But just to sit upon the key and slumber
Is scarce an occupation in itself.

When you have spoiled the publican and parson
(A month or so should prove enough for that),
And cancelled certain title-deeds by arson,
Won't the remaining time fall rather flat?

The glorious scheme to which your life is wedded,
The noble plan whereon your heart is set,
For which the bravest want to go bald-headed—
Home Rule, I hear, is not to be just yet.

Although you tell us you will not be happy
Until the prize is yours, and you attain,
It's not, you say, at present on the *tapis*,
But floating somewhere in the Great Inane.

You've sworn to Redmond (else he must have chucked you)
That you would not allow an hour's delay,
But for absurd conventions which obstruct you,
Stupid impediments that block the way.

"Not yet!" you cry; "the auspices are hostile;
But, though for six brief years it's not our game
To champion your abused and alien-boss'd isle,
We shall be thinking of you all the same.

"Those obstacles (we can't tell how) will vanish!
Wait till we touch our *second* spell of power"—
(*Hasta mañana*—as they say in Spanish)
"And then will dawn the psychologic hour!"

But how should Time advance your vessel shoreward?
Nothing that helps can happen in between.
Far better put the sleepy dial forward,
And jump the vacant years that intervene.

Why tarry for the hope that hugs the distance?
Why wait till this next Parliament is done?
Why not ignore the futile thing's existence,
And start *instanter* with the next but one? O. S.

A Pluralist.

From advertisements for House Servants in *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"Strong, healthy Christian Girl. After 6."

After six what? Soldiers? Policemen? And how will she find time to pursue her house-duties with all these other pursuits to keep up?

THE RENASCENCE OF HYSTERIA.

(In the manner of Mr. James Watts-Douglas in "The Morning Leader.")

Last week I painted a portrait of the real "C.-B." Here is a companion portrait of the real "A. B." It is not an imaginary portrait, but an impression drawn straight from life, without party prejudice or political bias. Place: Queen's Hall. Time: eight P.M. The audience is packed. The stalls are snowy with male plastrons and female décolletages. (Can't I write?) Obscurely wedged among the congested nonentities on the right is Sir Edward Clarke, fierce-eyed, his stern lips grinding together like the upper and the nether millstone. You can hear the noise all over the hall.

Suddenly a tall, lithe, lean man glides into view. It is Mr. Balfour. There are heavy pouches under his dark eyes. Dark pouches. I don't mean tobacco pouches, although, no doubt, he smokes. Cigarettes I expect though, heavily drugged. These pouches make the eyes sombrely mournful and delicately sad. I think of *Hamlet*. Yes, Mr. Balfour is *Hamlet*. By Jingo, he is *Hamlet*; or is he *Benedick*, or *Malvolio?* or the undecided *Mr. Kingsbury?* No, he is *Hamlet*. Just *Hamlet*. As he floats by like a shadow in a frock-coat, I long to see him in doublet and hose, talking to the skull of *Yorick* instead of to Sir Edward Clarke. He has the *Hamlet* temperament, the subtle brain playing in the subtle face, intellect fingering features that are carved into a tenuous preciosity of contour. The contrast between the visage of Sir Edward Clarke and the visage of Mr. Balfour is violent: it is the lily and the lion, the rapier and the rock, the sword and the pen, the lady and the tiger, the honeysuckle and the bee. The contrast between Mr. Balfour's face and other faces is marked too. You would never, for instance, mistake him for C.-B., or General Booth, or Little Tich. This is very wonderful. Meanwhile Sir Edward Clarke, the old lion, goes on grinding his lips together. They are bleeding now. Bleeding.

The cheers light Mr. Balfour's face with a boyish smile that shows the white teeth under the silken moustache. *Hamlet* becomes *Prince Charming*. I long to see him in pantomime. In tights. How exquisitely he would kiss the sleeping beauty! Stay, he is *Romeo* and *Paolo, Pelleas* and *Tristan, Launcelot* and *Lohengrin*. He is everyone I have ever read about. He is *Aylwin*. He is Watts-Dunton. He is too fragile, too fine, too sweetly nice for the platform. Lord Randolph Churchill called him *Postlethwaite*. He is *Postlethwaite*. Even this polite mob shocks his fastidious senses. He ought to live in a rosery, singing songs to his guitar. Darnley, Rizzio, Mr. Hewlett, Cinquevalli, Chesterton—why does Mr. Balfour's face fill my mind with images of romantic phantoms and ineffectual angels? He is a Rossetti lover, a Burne-Jones knight, a figure in a Morris tapestry. Is Mr. Chamberlain "*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*"? or is he Mrs. Beeton? Are the "roots of relish sweet" the roots of Fiscal Reform? Has the knight been lulled to sleep? You needn't answer these questions. Needn't.

But enough of Keats and allegory. Mr. Balfour is on his long legs, and I yield to his glamour. While he speaks, my thoughts roam in the Italian Renaissance among the Medicis and the Borgias. For I have read, you know! I may be writing in a halfpenny Radical paper, but I'm literary, I am. I know a good thing when I see it. Is this man modern? Is he a twentieth-century reincarnation of some suave and supple Florentine? or is he of to-day, a real up-to-dater, like me and Harold Begbie and Bart Kennedy? We're the chaps to give you red-hot impressions. We know. We can write too. Just see what comes now!—The infinitely crafty face is moulded and modelled into bland, polished contours and fluently blending curves. The whole man is sinuous. His brindled hair pomades sleekly to the nape of the neck in waves that end in rippling undulations. His face is all ovality, and the line of the jaw from ear to chin is a flowing swerve. [*Jam satis.*—Ed.]



THE SHRIEKING SISTER.

The Sensible Woman. "*YOU* HELP OUR CAUSE? WHY, YOU'RE ITS WORST ENEMY!"



DUTY FIRST.

Her Ladyship (who is giving a Servants' Ball—to Butler). "We shall begin with a square dance, and I shall want you, Wilkins, to be my partner."

Wilkins. "Certainly, m'Lady; and afterwards I presoom we may dance with 'oom we like?"

PLATFORM GOSSIP.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

The importance of the Platform frock in the education of the masses cannot be too warmly insisted upon, for it is no exaggeration to say that the fate of the Empire may depend upon the hang of a skirt, the sit of a sleeve, or the tilt of a hat. Canvas, of course, is the obvious material for campaign wear, quite irrespective of party, but the general policy of one's men-folk may be adequately illustrated in the particular style and cut of one's gown. Thus, the wife of the Unionist should affect the Empire style in blues and purples, while the fair antagonist of Chinese labour will choose a "Liberty" gown in golds and yellows, with the coiffure braided and a fan in evidence. The pretty Protectionist will be well advised to wear an "overseas" wrap, so much in vogue with our Colonial sisters, and display a good show of jewellery made in Birmingham. The *chic* corselet-skirt and bolero in Irish guipure will indicate sufficiently that the wearer is fighting for Home Rule policy, while the graceful three-decker skirt and cut-away coatee, trimmed gold passementerie,—will be found a convincing argument against any reduction of the Navy.

Upon arriving on the platform the fair campaigner must, after having ascertained the exact whereabouts of the nearest exit, make quite sure that her seat is so placed that the speaker on rising does not in any way obstruct the view of the crowd, for a recent *fiasco* is still fresh in the public mind where the most inspiring costume on the platform was effectually concealed behind the speaker's table, and the seat lost in consequence.

The mood of the audience, however, in these strenuous days, is not always sympathetic, and it is therefore advisable to keep a stout umbrella by the side of one's chair ready to be put up the moment that the electors become over lavish with their offerings. Never wait till the platform is stormed, even though you are in the right. Twenty yards is the regulation limit to keep between yourself and the hooligan hecklers, though this course may necessitate a continual retirement on your part. Platform millinery should be of crushtoqueable kind, and though belts in soft suède and *panne* are always modish and charming, the stiff leather variety with silver studs and a long buckle may be found to contribute to a victorious meeting.

Athletics for Women.

Is not this carrying the craze a little too far?

"Young Lady Wanted, to help in the house and vault bar; £16 to begin. Address Hotel &c."—*Derby Daily Telegraph.*

A SPECULATION IN FUTURES.

(BY A HOPELESS TORY.)

A CORRESPONDENT named Mr. PITCHETT STRONG informs *Mr. Punch* that, after many years of work on the lines originally indicated by Mr. H. G. WELLS, he has managed to construct a Time Machine. He claims to have made a successful trip last Monday into the year 1914. But let him speak for himself:—

"When I started the machine I tried to go forward to next pay-day, as I was short of cash, but I overshot the mark and found myself in a strange room reading *The Times* of April 1, 1914. Luckily I made short-hand notes on my cuff from the summary column. Luckily, I say, for after a few minutes the machine reversed and landed me back in 1906. The regulating mechanism needs perfecting, and this means expense. If you, *Mr. Punch*, will advance a few hundred pounds I will make you a millionaire. Think what this machine can do for you. It can save you the cost of artists, contributors and staff. Your week's work can be done in half an hour. You simply let the machine take you and a Kodak into the middle of next week. You can then buy next week's *Punch* at a bookstall, snapshot it page by page, return to the present week, give the films to the printers, and tell them to do the rest."

To prove that he is speaking the truth, Mr. PITCHETT STRONG forwards a transcript of the notes from his shirt-cuff, and offers to produce the shirt itself if desired. *Mr. Punch* declines to be made a millionaire at the expense of his young men; but if any of his readers feel disposed, on the evidence given above and below, to have a flutter, Mr. PITCHETT STRONG will no doubt let them in.

From "The Times" of April 1, 1914.

Lord BURNS, who has been suffering from a severe attack of gout, is now convalescent. His medical advisers have prescribed a cruise in the Mediterranean Sea. The offer of the London County Council to lend him a steamboat has been declined, his Lordship preferring his own yacht.

Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN delivered at Pimlico last night an address on "Tariff Reform." He concluded with an appeal for closer fellowship between England and her colony.

LECTURE.—At St. George's Hall yesterday afternoon Lord KITCHENER, dressed in the now obsolete Khaki, resumed his chromo-biograph lectures on "Reminiscences of India." His original references to Mr. MORLEY have been expunged.

SPECIAL ARTICLES are published to-day on "A Plea for the Resuscitation of the Navy," "The New County Council Buildings in Trafalgar Square," "The Problem of the Unemployed—XII.," and "Limitations of English Suzerainty over the Peninsula of Hindustan."

THE CITY.—On the Stock Exchange, Consols closed strong at 35½. There was a brisk demand for foreign gilt-edged stocks. Several parcels of industrial securities changed hands, the Continent buying coal and ship-building shares freely.

AUSTRALIA.—The dispute with China has been settled by the prompt action of the Chinese Navy. Admiral LI LO's threat to bombard Melbourne induced the Australian Foreign Office this morning to accept the ordinance prohibiting subjects of the island Republic from entering Chinese territory.

NORTH AMERICA.—Emperor THEODORE THE FIRST opened the Panama Canal yesterday. In his speech he referred to the recent peaceful annexation of Canada. HIS MAJESTY added that judicious and persistent application of the Monroe Doctrine would enable the Empire of North America both to extend its boundaries and to shorten its title. A cablegram of congratulation from the Emperor of GERMANY was received in silence.

RUSSIA.—The unrest in Moscow is becoming serious. A general strike is threatened, the Reform Committee deeming this to be the most effective method of breaking the power of the bureaucracy. Seditious doctrines have permeated the Manchurian army, rendering its return a possible source of danger. Count WITTE is about to promulgate his new scheme of government. MAXIM GORKY's rooms have been searched, but no compromising papers were found. The TSAR remains at Tsarskoe Selo.

In the English House of Commons, yesterday, the Leader of the Opposition introduced a motion affirming that Mr. REDMOND's simultaneous occupation of the posts of Prime Minister in both the English and the Irish Governments was a breach of constitutional usage. There was no debate, the motion being negatived after the closure had been applied at the instance of Sir KEIR HARDIE, who led the House in the absence of Mr. REDMOND.

In the Irish House of Commons, yesterday, Mr. REDMOND announced that order now reigned in Ulster. He read a dispatch from General FLAVIN, reporting the extermination of the last of the Orange guerilla bands. They had taken refuge in a ditch and refused to surrender. It is probable that General FLAVIN will be made a Field Marshal for his services.

The Rent Recovery Bill was read a second time.

MR. JOHN BURNS DAY BY DAY.

Jan. 8.—The Right Hon. JOHN BURNS speaks for three hours at Haggerston on the peremptory need of municipalising county cricket and providing old-age pensions for disabled professional football players.—Mr. JOHN MORLEY, speaking at Arbroath, deplores the growing addiction of the British to spectacular athletics.

Jan. 9.—Mr. JOHN BURNS, supporting the candidature of Mr. BIRRELL at Bristol, speaks for two hours and three-quarters on the urgent necessity of legislation abolishing every kind of public vehicle plying for hire except electric tramcars. "The motor car and the motor bus," remarked Mr. BURNS in the course of an eloquent peroration lasting for upwards of forty minutes, "have done more to disintegrate the primordial and paramount solidarity of our sociological system than any other invention since HANNIBAL blasted the Alps with vinegar and overthrew the serried phalanxes of the Roman legionaries on the sanguinary field of Thermopylæ."—Sir EDWARD GREY, speaking at Berwick, predicts a great future for the motor in facilitating the distribution of country produce.

Jan. 10.—Mr. JOHN BURNS, supporting the candidature of Sir JOHN GORST at Cambridge, denounces the fetish-worship of the classics as one of the most inveterate and pestiferous delusions which have thwarted the progress and fettered the imagination of this dear old country of ours. "Had I," remarked Mr. BURNS, "spent half the time habitually wasted by the profligate and effete scions of our mattoid, our cryptogamous, our eviscerated aristocracy on obtaining an infinitesimal smattering of the obsolete and obliterated jargons of the Forum and the Agora; had I stuffed my head with the platitudes of CICERO, the imbecilities of HERODOTUS, and the contorted sophistries of ARISTOTLE, I should have sunk into the limbo of the unemployed, Battersea would never have inscribed my name on her heart, and the Local Government Board would never have known its most strenuous and its most sesquipedalian chief." (*Great cheering, during which* Mr. BURNS *resumed his seat, after having spoken for four hours and a quarter.*)—Mr. BRYCE, speaking at Donnybrook, congratulates the Gaelic League on their linguistic propaganda, but warns them not to neglect the classics or to think that any culture is complete which has not assimilated the Greek spirit.

Jan. 11.—Mr. JOHN BURNS, replying to a correspondent who had asked his opinion as to the value of uniforms, fills six columns of *The Daily News* with an impassioned manifesto on the iniquity of sartorial extravagance in the Navy, the



MOTORING PHENOMENA—AND HOW TO READ THE SIGNS.

Army, and the Church. "I feel sure," writes MR. BURNS in the concluding paragraph, "that you can count on the present Administration to abolish once and for all this insufferable pageantry of cocked hats and shovel hats, lawn sleeves and gold lace, gaiters and gewgaws."—MR. HALDANE, speaking at Stirling, states that as long as human nature remains human, the State would have to resign itself to a certain amount of unnecessary expenditure on the decorative side of the soldier's dress in peace time.

Jan. 12.—MR. BURNS, speaking at Poplar from nine P.M. till one A.M., declared that the Liberal Government would be faithless to the sacred trust imposed upon them by the democracy if they did not enforce a strict vegetarian diet throughout the Navy, reduce the establishment by 10,000 men, and confer the rank of Admiral upon all Captains of the L.C.C. steamboats.—Lord TWEEDMOUTH, speaking at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the same night, declared that the Government were determined at all costs to maintain the Navy at the highest level of efficiency.

Jan. 13.—MR. JOHN BURNS, who was the principal vocalist at a smoking concert given under the auspices of the Rotherhithe Amalgamated Republicans, made a brief speech of some two hours' duration, in which he recommended his hearers to abjure all pomps and ceremonies, retain their bowlers in the presence of Royalty, and stick to blue serge. Returning home in the small hours he finds a Windsor uniform awaiting him, and tries it on to the accompaniment of the Battersea Boanerges Brass Band.

Jan. 14.—BURNS night, antedated to suit electioneering exigencies. Consternation throughout Battersea and at the Local Government Board on discovering that the popular impression is that MR. BURNS' Christian name is not JOHN but ROBBIE.

SOMETHING LIKE A GRIEVANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I note with acute satisfaction that *The Globe* has raised its voice against Saturday polling on the ground of the increasing tendency amongst the "better classes" to spend their week-ends away from home. Nothing serves better to drive home an argument than a concrete example; let me therefore give you my own experience. I have votes in five constituencies, and in no fewer than four polling takes place on a Saturday. What is the result? I am placed in the painful dilemma of either neglecting to discharge the duties of citizenship or breaking long-standing engagements with two titled hostesses, who on successive Saturdays have counted on my joining their house parties. What constitutes the peculiar hardship in my case is that, on the occasion of my previous visits to these stately houses, I won heavily at baccarat each time, my winnings averaging close on £90 per week-end. I have heard it stated that in some constituencies the working man's vote—in spite of the Corrupt Practices Act—costs about 30*s.* a head to the candidate. A sum in simple division reveals the fact that, instead of getting any remuneration for my votes, they cost me £45 apiece, to say nothing of travelling expenses. Hitherto I have belonged to the "better classes," but I am so disgusted with the flagrant injustice of the present electoral system that I seriously think of emulating the example of Lady WARWICK, "rising superior to my environment" and joining the ranks of the Socialists.

Faithfully yours,
PLANTAGENET MONEY-GRUBBE.

A POLITICAL NECESSITY.

I DO not suppose that I should ever have learned the secret of his profession if I had not happened to save his life one day when, having slipped upon the muddy asphalte in Victoria Street he was about to be run over by a bus. His office was close to mine, in the same building, but its externals gave no clue to what passed within it. For a time I thought him a high-class money-lender, judging from the number of affluently-dressed gentlemen, usually arriving in hansoms or motor-broughams, who habitually called upon him—invariably wrapped in gloom when they arrived, as invariably wreathed in smiles when they departed. I abandoned this theory when I saw that many of his visitors were Cabinet Ministers and other politicians of wealth and position, whose names are as household words. But I never found a satisfactory one with which to replace it.

The fact that I had saved his life gave me some claim to intimacy, and thus it was that he trusted me with his secret. One evening we happened to discuss the moral and mental effect of politics on politicians. As an earnest student of the daily press, I hazarded, perhaps on insufficient grounds, the opinion that politics, taken in excess, were almost as fatal to the moral qualities as over-indulgence in alcohol. He listened with a thoughtful smile, then slowly replied: "Yet it was party-politics which saved me from—from myself, and made me what I am, respected, loved, the idol of a legislature, the welcome friend and counsellor of some of the greatest men in England. I am in earnest. Listen, and I will tell you the history of my regeneration. Ten years ago I was a cab-driver. I was not a good cab-driver, in any sense—I was a man of low moral tone. I had more than a hankering after strong drink. I was quarrelsome. My appearance was unwholesome. I found few fares, naturally enough, and I was never satisfied with what they paid me. One day—it was in mid-winter, and foggy—I picked up a fare in—in Prince's Gardens, I think it was, and drove him to one of the great political clubs. When he paid me, giving me, let us say, eighteenpence, I was not satisfied—and told him so. From a boy I had prided myself upon my flow of language—I should have called it 'lip,' once—and that morning I had made several attempts to wash the fog out of my throat.

"My fare, who had turned away, stopped and listened, at first in anger, afterwards, it seemed, in thoughtful admiration. When I had finished my remarks he asked me to repeat them. I did so, with some added heat, and I think I must have excelled myself. Evidently delighted, he handed me a sovereign and his visiting-card, telling me to call upon him that evening. To cut a long story short, he proved to be an eminent politician, who was about to contest a by-election. Certain of the expressions which I had let fall had struck him as likely to be of great effect if applied, with slight modifications, to his opponent. He offered me liberal terms to act as his coach in the choice of epithets. He won that election—handsomely. His gratitude was extreme. He gave me introductions to many of his colleagues, in view of the approaching General Election. Since then I have never looked back."

"But did not your moral character become still more debased?"

"On the contrary. The constant necessity to rack my brains for new and telling terms of abuse has given me such a distaste for it that in private life I long since became the mildest-mannered of men. In order that my imagination might always be ready to respond to any calls upon it, I abjured the use of alcohol. I am now a total abstainer. Enforced contemplation of the mendacity to which the most honourable of men are driven under the stress of party-feeling has so repelled me that nowadays—I would not deceive an income-tax collector."

"And your advice has been regularly taken?"

"Judge for yourself. I have changed the whole spirit of electioneering; the arguments of would-be parliamentarians have nowadays, thanks to my teaching, become purely unparliamentary. After one course of lessons the merest tyro is qualified to—to blister a cab-horse. Such terms as—but, thank Heavens, the days are long past when I would have sullied my lips by repeating them out



Election Canvasser. "WHAT DOES YOUR HUSBAND THINK OF THE FISCAL QUESTION, MRS. HODGE?"
Mrs. Hodge. "WELL, SIR, WHEN 'E'S A TALKING TO A PROTECTIONIST 'E'S A FREE TRADER, AND WHEN 'E'S TALKING TO A FREE TRADER 'E'S A PROTECTIONIST, AND WHEN 'E'S A TALKING TO ME 'E'S A RAVING LUNATIC!"

of professional hours. To-morrow afternoon the Right Hon. Mr. SURFACE is addressing a meeting. I have two platform-tickets. Come with me and judge for yourself. I tell you I have elevated it to an exact science. It has been uphill work, requiring a world-wide organisation. I employ permanent staffs of translators to place the latest novelties of the Mexican guacho, the Neapolitan lazzarone, and the Cantonese sampan-man at the service of my clients. My office has private telephonic connection with Billingsgate. I employ a fully-equipped corps of corner-boys and toughs in New York. I—in fact, I perform a public service—not, I trust, unworthily. I have hopes" (here his voice sank to a whisper)— "that some day—if I survive the overwork of the General Election—I shall be raised—as others have been—to the Peerage."

I do not know if every word he told me was true. After hearing Mr. SURFACE's speech—and reading some others—I am inclined to believe him.

THE DOG'S DAY.

I NEVER made pretence to fame
Nor elevated social station;
In fact I have no sort of claim
To anyone's consideration.

In ordinary times I live
Despised and cut by Fortune's minions,
And not a creature seems to give
A thought to me or my opinions.

But now I jubilantly find
That I can make the biggest gun dread
The workings of my subtle mind,
Just as I did in 1900.

The unapproachable *élite*
No longer seem a trifle chary
Of smiling at me when we meet:
They almost grin, this January.

And when, reclining at my ease,
I air my evanescent glory,
Behold before me on his knees,
Cringing, the proud patrician Tory!

Instinctively I understand
The prejudice he has to smother,
When, seizing my plebeian hand,
He calls me "Friend" and almost "Brother."

And when his wife, with vision bent
Upon the interesting sequel,
Relaxes into argument,
I treat her kindly, as an equal.

They long to take me for a ride
On Polling Day inside their motor,
Because—I utter it with pride—
I am an honest British voter.

Oh, bless the measure which increased
The franchise and (not very often,
But once in seven years, at least)
Caused such distinguished folk to soften!

If only these Elections could
Be Generally held half-yearly,
I almost fancy that I should
Be one of them or very nearly.



OUR ELECTION—POLLING DAY.

Energetic Committeeman. "IT'S ALL RIGHT. DRIVE ON! HE'S VOTED!"

A LUMINOUS PRONOUNCEMENT.

(*As it strikes a Quondam Sceptic in Pre-election Oratory.*)

["Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN" (says *The Daily Mirror* of Jan. 11) "made a momentous admission at Liverpool. According to the tape, he said he had never in his experience known a party in which there was such Jmsqj w68-ib6rfmqc6jgrrjc6bgddplacq6uf6bgqapcn8l aw6gll6¾as in his progressive party."]

I'M much obliged to you, C.-B.,
And to your tape-machine
Which states your party's policy
So plainly on the screen;
Till now I've somehow failed to see
What Liberals *really* mean!

I'd noted that your posters ban
In somewhat puzzling way
The yellow *slaves* who darkly plan
To *dominate* S. A.
Your views are—how I wish they'd scan!
Jmsqjwb8ibbrfmqc6J.

When you and HALDANE greet my ear
With speeches that perplex,
When for the Army's fate I fear,
And contradictions vex,
Your Cabinet will—now 'tis clear!—
Vkgsnopj8sqrlljsvknqwX.

And whether Home Rule's to the fore,
Or 'tis a Bugaboo,
(Sir EDWARD GREY and several more
Think differently from you);
Your words my peace of mind restore:—
"Grrjc6bgddplacq6uf6bgQ."

Re Disestablishment I'm glad
To see a like reply,
And Education made me sad
Until I read your "pie;"
As to my *vote*, I'll merely add:—
"Djyuseeqhgre7ehninh4myI?"

ZIG-ZAG.

MR. PUNCH'S ELECTION RESULTS.

DETERMINED not to be outstripped by any of his contemporaries in the matter of Election news, *Mr. Punch* has made arrangements which will enable everybody in London to learn, in the shortest possible time (consistent with accuracy), the decision of each constituency. It will not be necessary for those who wish to make use of the facilities which will thus be placed at the disposal of all London to learn any complicated system of dots and dashes. They will not have even to leave their homes. There will be no gazing at revolving search-lights, or magic-lantern screens. The news will be brought to their very doors. The only things essential to a full enjoyment of the service are a knowledge of the alphabet and the ability to count. If you are so equipped, send your address (name is unnecessary), together with a small fee to cover the cab fare between your house and *Mr. Punch's* office.

These are the only conditions. To all who comply with them will be dispatched a special night messenger who, by merely knocking at your door, will provide the information asked for. He will spell out the name of the successful candidate in raps with the knocker. Thus, A. will be represented by one rap; B. by two, and so on. The messenger will be instructed to knock as loudly as possible, so that in the event of the news arriving late there will be no need for subscribers to stir from their beds.

In case of misunderstanding, the name will be repeated on payment of an additional fee proportionate to the number of letters involved. Subscribers who have no knockers are recommended to suspend a flat-iron from the door-knob, or to leave a hammer on the step chained to the railings to guard against theft. Good flat-irons and hammers can be purchased from most ironmongers.

THE convivial season is, apparently, not yet over. Mr. S. J. SOLOMON has just been made a full R.A.



LETTING HIM IN.

ARTHUR B. "H'M! LOOKS LIKE A LONG BREAK. I'M AFRAID I RATHER LEFT THEM FOR HIM."



HUMOURS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION IN IRELAND.

Jarvey (who is driving Political Canvasser). "IS IT HERE TIM ROONEY'S LIVIN'?"
Boy. "IT IS. BUT HE'S DEAD."
Jarvey. "OCH, THIN, TELL HIM WE DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM."

EAR! EAR!

"THE wonder of Manchester at the present moment," wrote the *Chronicle* last Thursday, "is WINSTON CHURCHILL. Crowds press him, crowds follow round him, crowds threaten to smother him with affection. His popularity has become a peril to himself and a danger to the public peace. After his first meeting to-day the crowd was so great that one man fell down and lost half his ear under the feet of the crowd. Coming out of the Memorial Hall this afternoon an elderly gentleman tumbled down and nearly met the same fate."

These statements require a little extension. Why the half of an ear? the uninitiated reader will naturally inquire. How was it known so precisely what was the fate that the elderly gentleman so narrowly missed? The reason was this: The brilliant and dazzling young candidate had just remarked, in the manner of MARC ANTONY, "Friends, Mancunians, countrymen, lend me your ears!" Had he said legs, or arms, or uvulas, there is no doubt, such is the compelling fascination of his personality, that these also would have been at his service—either in full or in moiety. But he happened to say ears, and you see the result.

Down here, in the South, we can have no notion of the extent of the enthusiasm of what the *Chronicle* wittily calls Cottonopolis. It is terrific. "I come to bury BALFOUR, not to praise him," is another of the hero's wonderful adaptations of SHAKSPEARE which nearly wrecked the city.

Having obtained the half-ear so nobly placed at his disposal by the Manchester hero, Mr. CHURCHILL, we ought to add, handed it back with the most charming smile in the world, beneath which women fainted in thousands. "Wear it on your watch-chain, Sir," cried the strong men. And the marvellous youth gracefully refused. "No," he said, "no," as he sprang like thistledown into his 60 h.-p. All British Car, "no, no, no, never;" and in a moment he was gone. "Three cheers for Mr. HALFEAR," cried the crowd with true Northern readiness, and henceforward that will be his name in Manchester, which is divided into Halfearites and Balfourites implacably.

"FISCAL CANDIDATE" writes:—"Can nothing be done to stop this sort of thing? I have just seen a poster bearing a representation of myself in the act of snatching away a loaf of bread from a crowd of famished workmen. Why, *I wouldn't dare to.* It is *most* misleading, and also tends to incite to violence. Thus, a small boy, after staring hard at me, suddenly yelled, 'Crikey! It's 'im!' A rough crowd immediately collected. Someone threw a cabbage, and my position was very soon rendered untenable. When I reached my hotel and examined my wounds, I found that I was heckled all over!"

THE COMPLEX LIFE.

["Tiresome and aggressively good people worry themselves and others by cultivating what they call the 'Simple Life' by elaborate complexities of simplicity."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

"JACK, my dear," said MARY JANE,
"Your face is growing quite coarse and plain;
Your cheeks are puffy, your once slight figure
Is growing perceptibly bigger and bigger;
You walk too little, you drink too much,
You eat rich things that you never should touch,
I've written down here," said my anxious wife,
"A few short rules for a Simple Life.
Please follow them, love, and they 'll soon restore
The darling old Jackums I used to adore."
I know my MARY, and meekly took
The big, black, bulging exercise-book,
And I set to work with a resolute frown
To study the rules she had written down.

I'm always to wear a wool that's grown
In a place called Ballymalaymalone.
It smells of herrings and oil; the stuff
Is prickly and tickly and coarse and rough;
It shrinks to nothing as soon as it's wet;
It's almost incredibly hard to get.
And when I have got it I've next to find
(The task is not of an easy kind)
A tailor so lost to all sense of shame
That he's willing to make me a suit of the same
For a ten-pound note—he won't take less—
That's how we've simplified my dress.

Beef, mutton, lamb, the succulent chop,
The ruddy steak I am to stop;
No chipped potatoes am I to crunch
With a savoury morsel of bird at lunch.
My MARY JANE prescribes instead
A very particular whole-meal bread.
I search the City, near and far,
From Aldgate East to Temple Bar;
I try the Cri, the A.B.C.,
The Club, the Pub, and the B.T.T.,
But I hunt in vain, till I'm all but dead,
For this very particular whole-meal bread:
Go where I will, I am still pooh-pooh'd—
That's how we've simplified my food.

The easy chair on the Turkey rug,
Where I used to be comfy and warm and snug,
Has been condemned by MARY JANE
As bad for the body and bad for the brain.
So I sit, a figure of abject woe,
On a curious horror of *art nouveau*,
With a wiggly seat and a curly back,
Suggesting the Grand Inquisitor's rack.
Pipes and tobacco are both taboo;
My books and shelves have departed too,
For books mean dust, and dust means brooms,
And brooms mean maids, and maids mean rooms,
All which together mean trouble and strife
Which can't form part of the Simple Life.
So now we spend the best of the day
Cooking the meals and clearing away,
Scrubbing the floors and making the bed,
And polishing grates with black, black lead,
With never a minute to polish a "pome"—
That's how we've simplified the home.

Remarkable Intuition.

Strange Caller (during Election Time, pleasantly). Good afternoon! Are you Mrs. WILKS?

Mrs. Wilks. I be, Sir; but I dunno 'oo 'e 's votin' for.

YOUNG WITCHES OF ALDWYCH.

THREE years ago *Blue Bell*, a novel kind of extravaganza, was produced on the stage of the Vaudeville; at which theatre (evidently suggesting, to the acute ear of Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, "Aldwych Theatre") it achieved so exceptional a success as to attract, it is probable, the attention of sharp-witted Mr. BARRIE to the scheming out of *Peter Pan*, wherein with its "kids" and big dog, there is, at starting, some affinity to *Blue Bell*, with its "kids" and cat. TENNIEL's immortal illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland* may be held responsible for all this latest form of extravaganza. Since Miss *Blue Bell* first appeared she has grown considerably, the numbers on the stage have been multiplied, and not a few "numbers," musical ones, have supplanted the old ones, or have been politely introduced. There is an indescribable "go" about the entire entertainment. It is peculiarly a children's piece; received with bursts of laughter by the growing-ups, and with smiles by the grown-ups. In this improved and amended version Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS has not eclipsed himself, but he has cut himself out of the piece to a certain extent, as he is absent from the stage for quite half an hour, during which the children's greatest favourite, Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, has a very pretty song, of course encored, and a dance, but not much else, as time and stage of the Aldwych Theatre are fully occupied by a great variety show of all sorts of figures, pretty or quaint, and by such clever dancers as DOROTHY FROSTICK, MAUDI DARRELL, and Mr. JOPLIN's eccentric footmen, Messrs. MURRAY KING and BERT SINDEN. Though, as a rule, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, like Time, waits for no one, being always on the move, yet in this piece he disappears as completely as ever did *Rip Van Winkle*, whom, turning up again after his adventures on the Katskill Mountains, he rather resembles on re-appearing as the *Sleepy King*. But Mr. SEYMOUR or SEELESS (with his eyes shut) HICKS, whether as ragged, not *Dandy, Dick* or the *Sleepy King*, is uncommonly wide awake, being full of life and school-buoyancy. He makes no end of puns, some excellent bad ones, in the course of the dialogue, but rattles them off so quickly that the audience has scarcely time to catch them. If you stop to laugh at one of SEYMOUR HICKS's puns you miss five others equally absurd. He does some conjuring and fancy shooting, which, in conjunction with ELLALINE TERRISS, are amusing, but not so taking to playgoers as used to be their burlesque imitations of well-known actors and actresses. A merry piece for Christmas time, or any time, with pretty music by Mr. SLAUGHTER, and telling songs by Messrs. HOPWOOD and TAYLOR. One great feature, winning three encores, was the performance of Miss BARBARA DEANE's charmingly and humorously sung music-hall medley.

BY GEORGE!

A GOOD, strong, sturdy fist, delivering, in form of letter to somebody, as nasty a one in the eye of our only JOE as any one of that astute politician's thorough-going admirers would *not* wish him to get from such a knuckle-duster as that of Irony Master GEORGE MEREDITH. Had time permitted, a medal, recording the Epistle of GEORGE to a SOMERSET who was standing for Croydon, might have been struck, showing how S(ame) GEORGE fought Dragon JOSEPH of Protection, though here GEORGE would be himself a protector, *i.e.*, of Fair Free Traderess. What may come of it, another medal might subsequently record. In the meantime every one (and not the medal) is struck by the Georgian vigour. "*Le 'Grand bonhomme' vit encore!*"

FROM the *Morning Post-Bag, Jan.* 11:—

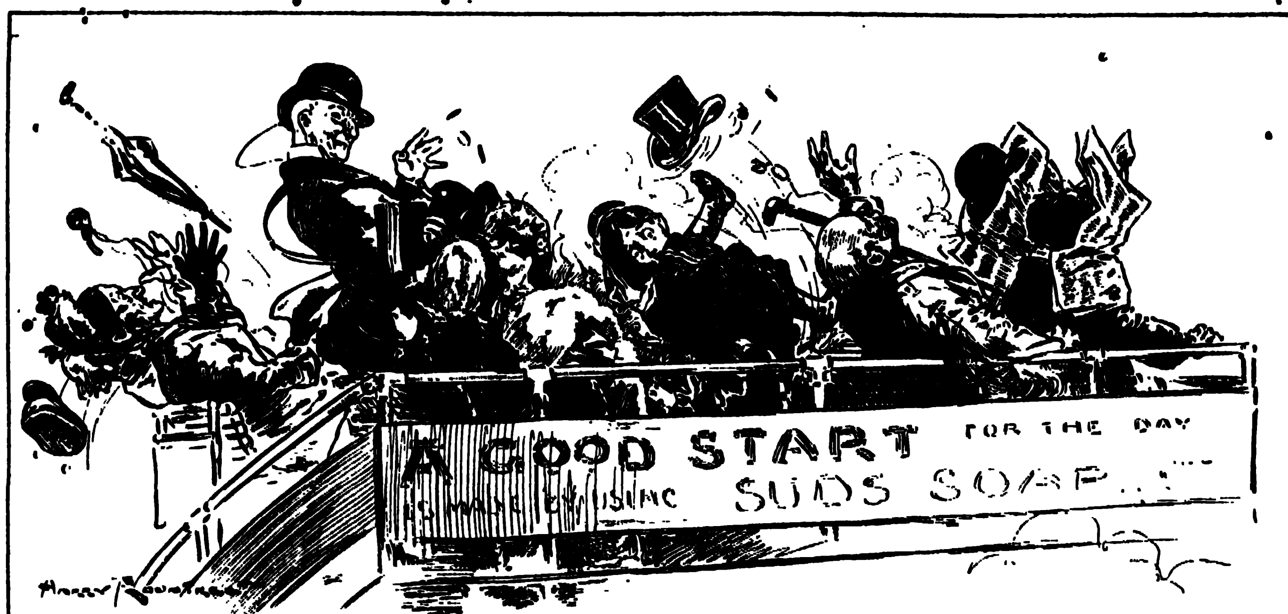
"We are authorised by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to state that during the absence of the Court from London the quarter-past twelve o'clock service on Sundays in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, will take place at twelve o'clock."



APPROPRIATE "LOCAL COLOUR" IN THE GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.

No. 1.—THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

An interesting rumour has reached our artist that the clerks and officials of the Local Government Board are adopting a suitably plebeian costume during working hours in order to be better in keeping with the tastes of their new Chief. The idea is a good one, and capable of extension. We propose to extend it.



THE START.

A PALÆOLITHIC IDYLL.

He had wooed and won her with his trusty stone hatchet, after the manner of his age. Perhaps, in the exuberance of his affection, he had hit out harder than was needful, for she certainly lay very still, and her long, black tresses were wet with something red. However, with the cheery optimism affected by our early ancestors, he felt sure that everything would come right in the end, and muttering to himself that all is fair in love and war—the phrase, by the way, was a trifle worn even then—he seized the inanimate body, pitched it over his shoulder, and set out for the damp and evil-smelling cave which he called his home. On reaching it he strode over the pile of huge bones which marked the entrance, tossed his burden into a corner, and flung himself ravenously on the raw thigh-bone of a mammoth—for he had lain in ambush for the maiden many hours and was an-hungered.

A noise outside the cave made him look up, and his eyes met those of a huge, shaggy creature, clad like himself in the skin of a wild beast, and brandishing a club of immense size.

The figure approached menacingly.

"The woman," he growled, in the simple language of the period; "give her back to me."

The cave-man turned to where he had thrown his new possession, and saw that the maid had come to herself, and was playing with a string of brightly-coloured shells, which formed the only attempt at a scheme of decoration in the primitive bachelor's den.

Her eyes were glittering, and she gave no heed to the noise without.

Quickly the younger man looked round for his hatchet, to receive his future father-in-law in the manner prescribed by the etiquette of the day. It was not there. He must have thrown it down and left it at the spot where he had revealed his love. A cry of rage escaped him, but without his weapon it was useless trying to thrash out the matter calmly, and calling to the woman he pointed to the entrance and muttered "Go!"

But she stirred not, nor turned her eyes from the sparkling shells.

The angry father clambered over the bone-heap, and seizing the woman by the hair began to drag her away. In a trice she had shaken him free, and thrown her arms round the owner of the cave. Nestling her head coyly upon his shoulder she cried:—

"I love him, and nothing in this world shall part us. He has won my heart, and I am his for ever"—or words identical in effect.

A bewildered look spread over the dull face of the older savage. Clearly the matter was beyond his comprehension. But, wiser than most of his modern descendants, he had never pretended to understand women, and with a grunt of disapproval he turned away.

Left to themselves, the woman, her arms still encircling her mate, began to murmur those sweet nothings which have done duty on the like occasions unto the present day, while the man resumed operations on the mammoth's bone.

Then the woman's gaze went back to the shells.



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

THE MOST MANIFEST SIGN OF WISDOM IS A CONTINUAL CHEERFULNESS.

Mother (*whose children have had an education superior to her own, to her small daughter, whom she is in the act of smacking*). I'll learn you not to contradict me!

Small Daughter (*between her sobs*). *Teach*, Mother, *teach*.

PARABLES FOR PARTIZANIES.

I.—The Puzzled Elector.

"And lastly, in conclusion," said the Chairman impressively, turning a basilisk glance upon the simple-minded Elector in the third row, "unless you record your vote for my honourable friend,"—and with a proud wave of the hand he indicated a stout gentleman with a big watch-chain, who sat beside him on the platform,—"you will strike a blow at the heart of our beloved country which will spread dismay through the length and breadth of the land."

And the simple-minded Elector swallowed a cough-drop down the wrong way in his embarrassment, and shuddered at the responsibility that had been thrust upon him.

"Me friends," said the human windmill with the red tie, as he stood on a kitchen chair in the Park, "it is for you to decide. 'Umanity awaits your verdict. Will you play the recreant knave? Will you look back now, with your 'and already grasping the ploughshare? Will you spread dismay through the length and breadth of the land?"

And again the simple-minded Elector shuddered as he thought of the great part he was called upon to play. Anyway he seemed doomed to wreck the Scheme of Things.

The General Election came and went, and the simple-minded Elector, who had been too nervous to record his vote, observed, with no small degree of relief, that the sun rose and set as usual, and that cakes and ale were still procurable upon the customary terms. The length and breadth of the land had, in fact, very stoutly concealed its dismay.

Moral: Whichever Party gets in, Nature, assisted by *The Daily Mail*, will still look after the Universe.

II.—The Man with No Backbone.

There was once a Worthy Citizen who grew roses in his back garden, abhorred snails, and wished his country well; but he did not go much beyond this.

Now this man had a Neighbour who read leading articles, argued in railway carriages, and wrote letters to Editors beginning "Sir, — Surely in this so-called twentieth century,"—you know the sort of letter.

And the Neighbour despised the Worthy Citizen, calling him a Mugwump and an Invertebrate Mollusc, because he was not a Party Man; and often he would look over the garden fence when the excellent man was watering his roses, and implore him to cultivate a backbone.

"Aha!" he said, one evening, his face irradiated with a noble enthusiasm, "what do you think of the Party now? What about the movement for the Compulsory Clothing of Cannibals? Grand, enlightened—eh? That will be a Plank of the Party Platform at the General Election. You'll have to join us now."

And at last the Mugwump was stirred to the soul, and was converted to the Party; and forthwith he began to make himself a nuisance in railway carriages, where he frightened nervous passengers by the violence of his speech; and he went to meetings where he said "Hear, hear," and "Shame," quite loudly, and nearly always at the right places; and he wrote letters to the daily papers, beginning, "Sir,—Surely in this so-called twentieth century——"

In due time, when the General Election drew near, this Worthy Citizen looked over his garden fence, his face irradiated with a noble enthusiasm, and said to his Neighbour who had converted him: "Aha! Now at last the forces of reaction will be routed, the mists will roll from the mountain tops, and we shall have that Act for the Compulsory Clothing of Cannibals."

But, to his great astonishment, he found that his glowing periods were received with chilling disapprobation.

"Of all fools," said his neighbour, the Party Man, "I hate a fool with no backbone. You must know that that no longer constitutes a Plank of the Party Platform, and to raise the question now would be to wreck the Party."

"Not a Plank?" faltered the unhappy proselyte.

"A Plank!" shouted the other. "It's a Pitfall!"

"But—but," persisted the foolish proselyte, "it would be a step upwards on the glorious ladder of Human Progress, the beginning of a Golden Dawn,—I have heard you say so a thousand times."

But the neighbour only vouchsafed a snort of disgust, and vanished; and thereafter he always referred to the Worthy Citizen as "that pitiful wobbler, Jones."

Moral: Grow roses.



Elsie. "What's that, Daddy?"
Father. "A Cow."
Elsie. "Why?"

More Prattle about the Polls.

The fixed determination of a few old-fashioned people in Kilburn *not* to learn the Morse Alphabet ("in order to obtain results of Elections at the earliest possible moment") is thought to be carrying the Simple Life to an extreme.

Lord Knollys has intimated that it is the King's desire that his portrait shall not be used in connection with the Election. Agents on both sides are said to be much exercised as to the attitude to adopt with regard to the use of postage stamps.

The excuse of the Manchester lady who threw a red herring at Mr. Balfour that she "thought it would be useful for him to draw across the trail," has been held to be insufficient.

"A Little Learning, &c."

To the correspondents who have written to correct him, and rashly stated that the line "Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again" does not occur in *Childe Harold*, but in *Waterloo*, or *The Eve of Waterloo*, *Mr. Punch* begs to point out the danger of reading the poets in tabloid form. Names become attached to these tabloids by irresponsible scissor-men. The Waterloo passage happens to occur in Canto iii of *Childe Harold*.

Under Lord Althorp (Hon. "Bobby" Spencer) the Lord Chamberlain's Department is said to be showing unusual signs of activity. The new chief insists upon collar-work, and is himself setting a very high pattern.

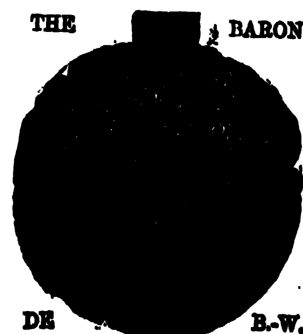
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is only one Venice and but one MARION CRAWFORD. In *Gleanings from Venetian History* (MACMILLAN) the two are wedded more happily than ever was Doge and Adriatic. Mr. CRAWFORD knows his Venice, every palace, every monument, every water-way, and loves it as if he had in his veins the blood of a CONTARINI, a FOSCARI, or a FOSCARINI. "Venice," he writes, "is a form of beauty, and must be looked upon as that and nothing else; not critically, for criticism means comparison, and Venice is too personal and individual, too unlike other cities to be fairly compared with them; not coldly, for she appeals to the senses and to the human heart, and craves a little warmth of sympathy; above all not in a spirit of righteous severity, for he who would follow her story must learn to forgive her almost at every step." In this spirit Mr. CRAWFORD approaches his task, which traces the history of Venice from the date—to be precise, at noon on March 25, 421—when the city was founded by fugitives from the ravenous Goths, to the time when NAPOLEON III. bestowed it upon Italy. This was a happy undoing of the work of his uncle who, 69 years earlier, by the Treaty of Campo Formio, sold the Venetian provinces to Austria for the price of Romagna. The story, trailing, from time to time hurtling, through fourteen centuries, is skilfully condensed, and picturesquely told. The two volumes are adorned by over 200 sketches by Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL, work that is worthy of its inspiration. See Venice (like Naples) before you die. Failing opportunity my Baronite advises the reader, as the next best thing, to possess himself of this delightful book.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's *They*, the Baron thinks, was published in 1904, unillustrated. This new edition of it, brought out by Messrs. MACMILLAN in 1905, possesses a considerable advantage over the former, being very effectively illustrated, in colour, by F. H. TOWNSEND. The precise meaning of "*They*" is probably known to the author, though not a few of his readers may experience some difficulty in giving the plural pronoun its correct application. Was it suggested to the inventive mind of R. K. by some recollection of RIDER HAGGARD's *She?* If so, having hit upon so original and happy an idea, why not follow it up with novels entitled respectively "*Ye*," "*We*," "*He*," "*It*," "*You*," "*I*," and "*Them?*" Yet, do what RUDYARD may, he will never equal the Indian stories that first brought him into notice and won for him popularity. In this present book the author has some quaint ways of attempting picturesque expression, as, for example, when he says, "a road changed frankly into a carpeted ride." A road acting "frankly," or even hypocritically, in any way would indeed be something for even a traveller who sees the strangest sights to record. Mr. KIPLING shows himself in this book a keen observer, not only of children, but of butlers, as is proved by a subtle touch or two in his sketch of the principal domestic in the service of the occupier of "The House Beautiful." This delightful aristocrat (*Mr. Muzzle*, in *Pickwick*, is plebeian by comparison) condescends to accept a seat in the wandering visitor's motor-car, and, on quitting him, to indicate the right route to wherever the traveller may be going. Whereupon, naturally enough, the generous stranger offers this superior Butler a tip, which this transcendental personage instantly declines with thanks. Then the generous but mistaken motorist says, "I beg your pardon," and repockets "*the British silver.*" Here you see RUDYARD's sly satire. At one touch he shows you the meanness of the tipper and the dignity of the untipped. Imagine that Butler's remarks as he subsequently soliloquised, when the car was well out of sight and its occupant out of hearing. "*Me* take a paltry five bob! *Me* demean myself to anythink hunder 'alf a quid in gold! Rather not! I likes gentlemen as *is* gentlemen!" The Baron sincerely regrets that Mr. TOWNSEND, who has marvellously succeeded in selecting subjects for illustration, should have allowed this Peer of the Pantry to escape him. Mr. TOWNSEND's illustration of *The Children in the Wood*, three of them, is charming in every way. They are such a timidly daring trio, and the wood is so evidently tangled, uncultivated, and so full of mystery for these elves. Another effective picture, and a deeply pathetic one, too, full of real human sentiment, is that of the young blind woman, seated in the wood, conversing earnestly with the perky motorist concerning the "repair-kit" which he has spread out on a rug. By one of his crafty touches RUDYARD KIPLING, exhibiting this gentleman as grammatically careless, evidently wishes his readers to accept him as a scion of ancient British lineage. "'Is that you,' she said, 'from the other side of the county?' He replies, 'Yes, it's me—from the other side or the county.'" Clearly a tip-top aristocrat, "regardless of grammar" as were the noble guests in the Ingoldsby legend, who all cried, "That's him!" And now the Baron must shut up—the book, and with his "soul torn open within him" must bid it farewell, pausing just to draw attention to one of its cleverest illustrations (it is among the earliest) representing a little boy, frightened by an approaching motor, running for all he's worth (and he's worth a lot) out of the picture, seeking safety with the sympathetic reader.

Morocco happens to be of exceptional interest just now, for, as a French White Book makes known, in the peaceful summer-time it came nigh to being a fresh *casus belli* between two ancient adversaries. In *Life in Morocco* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) Mr. BUDGETT MEAKIN tells all that can be known about a country which the majority of British tourists are content to sample at Tangier. Long sojourning in the country, Mr. MEAKIN is able to describe not only street scenes but home episodes. Bearing this authority in mind, it must be admitted that of all peoples on the earth this ancient race, that once conquered Spain and has left behind it Grenada, and other peerless monuments of architecture, is the most hopeless. "The most eastern lands," Mr. MEAKIN says, "may be described as slip-shod. But there is no country in the world that may be more accurately described by that epithet than is Morocco." From household to Government the way of doing things, more generally leaving them undone, is the same. Everything is left over till to-morrow, the *mañana* of modern Spain. A rich, undeveloped land, favoured physically and geographically, politically stagnant, cursed with an effete administration, fettered by a decrepit creed. That is the author's summing up of the state of things in the dusky empire over which Germany and France have of late snarled at each other. Nevertheless Mr. MEAKIN is enthusiastic about the attractions of the land, a splendid patch of the gorgeous East. My Baronite is struck with a Moorish proverb that heads one of the chapters: "Manage with bread and butter till God sends the jam." A nation that cherishes the philosophy underlying this axiom cannot be altogether hopeless.

"I wants to make your flesh creep," says W. SAPTE, Jun., echoing *Joe*, not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, when introducing us to *Hosts of Ghosts* (all for one shilling at the *Family Reader* Office!), which, the Baron is bound to say, contains some real thrillers. The best is *The Black Lace Shawl*; original, interesting, and decidedly pathetic. The Baron objects entirely to the grim cover of this book: deterrent not attractive.



IN THE HOUR OF DEFEAT.

(*By our Social Sleuthhound.*)

IT must be many years since political excitement or ballotitis, as Lord "POOPIE" WIMBLE wittily calls it, has clutched London society so tightly by the throat as during the past week. The news that the flashlight signals so lavishly organised by the proprietors of *The Daily Maelstrom* were beginning to work emptied the smart restaurants night after night long before full justice had been done to the menu. Prince IGOR DANICHEFF left an Imperial *méringue*—a dainty to which he is peculiarly addicted—untasted on Monday night, and ADELGISA Lady BULGER, with her two pretty girls, left their coffee and *crème de menthe* untouched on Tuesday in their anxiety to learn the fate of the Hon. RUPERT BULLION.

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Election excitement was, of course, at its zenith at the Southcliffe, where the managers, however, maintained perfect impartiality, decorating the restaurant in blue, red, and yellow, this chivalrous compliment to the claims of Labour being greatly appreciated by the German waiters. On Tuesday night the orchestra played a new "chopstick" waltz by a well-known Rand magnate, which was encored several times. Though nearly everyone present was more or less intimately affected by the Unionist *débâcle*, the courage and cheerfulness displayed were worthy of the noblest traditions of the plutocracy. Lady "SQUIFFY" BLANDAMER shed a few natural tears when the return of Mr. JOHN BURNS was announced on the electorophone, but otherwise the fortitude of the company was unimpaired and unimpeachable, and indeed reminded me of the attitude of the French *noblesse* during the Reign of Terror. Mr. GWILYM FOLLETT, undaunted by the sinister triumphs of Socialism and Secularism, went off in the best of spirits to preside at one of his gramophone recitals at the Amazon Club; Sir LUCIUS BLUMBERG and Lord BERNCASTLE discussed the merits of the Pelota players at Olympia with perfect calm; and MIRANDA Lady BALCONICH answered queries about her daughter Lady SKIBO, whom she has been nursing through a protracted attack of double whooping cough, with a serenity which CATO himself might have envied.



Mother. "NOW, DEAR, SAY YOUR GRACE, AND RUN ALONG TO THE NURSERY."
Mabel (who has just been refused a second mince-pie). "THANK GOD FOR A *FAIRLY* GOOD DINNER!"

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Since writing the above yesterday, I am bound to confess that I have somewhat overestimated the wonderful powers of recuperation displayed by the best representatives of English society in the face of the appalling calamity which has befallen them. To-day I learn with deep regret that Mr. GWILYM FOLLETT had a rather serious breakdown at his gramophone recital last night. While he was expounding the construction of the machine with his usual eloquence, a thoughtless member of the audience observed in a stage whisper, "Don WHISKERANDOS is in for the City." This unfeeling reference to Sir EDWARD CLARKE was too much for the lecturer, who burst into tears. Several Amazons fainted, and were only revived by the presence of mind of HILDEGONDE, Dowager Countess of YATTENDON, who plunged her ostrich-feather fan into the fire and promptly applied it to the nostrils of her inanimate clubmates. On inquiring at Mr. FOLLETT'S chambers this morning I was glad to hear that he had passed a fair night, but he has been ordered to Monte Carlo as soon as he is fit to move, and his doctor, Sir PHIPSON TABB-LLOYD, has absolutely forbidden him to see the papers or hear a gramophone for at least three months.

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Sad news also reaches me of Lord ENO STOLLBERG, who was so much upset by the defeat of Sir ALBERT ROLLIT that he has not drunk any champagne for four days. Lady SLAZENGER has indefinitely postponed her Bridge dinner, which was fixed for Sunday (yesterday) night, and Sir REUBEN SZLAPOWSKY has dined at home three nights running, a thing which has not happened since his second marriage. Yesterday everyone turned into the Park at an unusually early hour, but, although the weather was delightful, evidences of depression were everywhere noticeable. Pretty Mrs. NEBULY COATES was in semi-mourning—her cousin, Sir HUGO BLIMBER, was defeated by a Socialist in the Saffron Hill Division on Friday; Lord OTHO BOFFIN wore no buttonhole, and Mr. HECTOR MACSLEIMER created a most painful impression by wearing one black and one white spat.

THE COMING OF THE NEW DEMOS.

(A FAREWELL TO THE BEATEN SIDE.)

DEMOS has spoken from the judgment-place;
He should have heard you, but he howled you down;
This is the end—you get no further grace;
This is your patriot's crown.

The voice is changed from that which spoke of late,
Which in the lone hour called you, not in vain,
Laying within your hands the country's fate,
To stablish her again.

And they that put that burden on you then
May see her now, her path of peril cleared,
Once more a name upon the lips of men,
Honoured and loved and feared!

You leave a record which shall bear the light
When History delves for Truth in after days,
Not as the sudden mob condemns at sight,
Or stints its grudging praise.

Meanwhile the heart of gratitude is cold;
A young new Demos, born of yester-eve,
Big-mouthed and blustering, overbears the old,
Waiting for no man's leave.

Every inhuman name that he can spell
He prints in red for all to know you by,
Citing his gods to prove he would not tell,
Nor yet believe, a lie.

He paints your lurid portraits on the polls:—
"Drivers of slaves that oust the white man's brood!"
"Bigots that bind in chains our children's souls!"
"Filchers of poor folk's food!"

Had you been Czars to drain the people's blood,
Or sought to earn a country's dying curse,
Dragging her remnant honour through the mud,
He could have done no worse.

His hooligans are out with stones and dirt;
And in the darkness you must hide your head,
Nor look for Chivalry to salve the hurt,
For Demos reigns instead.

Not much it helps to know that those, ere long,
Who lent him aid and did a mutual deal,
Will find their henchman, grown a shade too strong,
Stamping them under heel.

Little it serves that they, your old-time foes,
Who found him useful for their present ends,
Must seek you soon and plaintively propose—
"Please save us from our friends!"

But let this solace keep your hearts resigned—
That, till a second lustre's course is through,
The noblest heritage you leave behind
Demos can scarce undo.

O. S.

The Survival of the Deadest.

"PROTECTION is every day receiving its death-blow."—*The Lynn News.*

Election Oratory at Devonport.

DEMAGOGUE. "An' what about this 'ere Aliens Bill? The Tories have stopped all foreigners from coming 'ere, and this very evening I actually saw a Devon man pushing a chipped potato cart! Why it's enough to make the blood of an Englishman boil in his veins." [*Loud cheers.*

"WHY I LOST."

[NOTE. The cost of telegrams under this head from defeated candidates specially invited to contribute will be refunded; but they must cover not more than two reasons, and be terse at that.]

A. WIRES: "(1) I was easily the worse man of the two. (2) Chinese Labour."

B. wires: "(1) I was too strong. Everybody voted for the weaker side. Gallant fellows. (2) Big Loaf Cry."

C. wires: "(1) Mislaid my notes every time. (2) Pendulum."

D. wires: "(1) My opponent had no wife to help him. This in confidence. (2) Education Bill."

E. wires: "(1) My adversary behaved far too honourably. I could make nothing out of him. (2) Trades Disputes Bill."

F. wires: "(1) Spent all my time canvassing the ladies. Only found out too late that they hadn't got the suffrage. (2) Japanese alliance."

[This telegram is too long.—ED.]

G. wires: "(1) Kept forgetting people's names. (2) Entente cordiale."

H. wires: "(1) Family pride prevented my condescending to argument. (2) Overbridge Trams."

I. wires: "(1) Never could guess the babies' sexes right. Ended by calling them all 'It.' Fatal thing. (2) No other reason.

J. wires: "You have addressed the wrong man. I got in."

PARABLES FOR PARTIZANIES.

III.—"PODGER FOR EVER!"

HE wore his neckgear, though not from choice, in a state of unstudded ease; his left eye was blacked, and the small of his back was jammed firmly against a sharp angle of the Jubilee Memorial in the Market Square. But still he waved the tattered remnants of what had once been a four-and-ninepenny hard felt, proudly, exultantly, over his head; and his spirit was stern and high as he shouted "PODGER for Ever!"

And PODGER, a dull and none too honest drysalter, bobbed and bowed on a balcony, as he wagged a fat forefinger at the crowd, and thanked it for returning him to Parliament.

And after the Borough Elector had adjusted his poultices and plaisters that night he fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

He dreamt that Spring came, with its primroses and house painters; and PODGER still wagged a fat forefinger, and talked of tariffs. Summer came, with its roses and blow-flies; and PODGER stood before him and talked of tariffs. Winter's frosts and thaws burst the water-pipes; and PODGER sat by the fireside, and talked of tariffs. Boys grew up and became men; girls grew up and became Bridge-players. Ages passed, æons passed; from London came a rumour that the Thames Steamboats showed a working profit, and the Aldwych Island Site was let; but still PODGER wagged a fat forefinger in front of the Borough Elector, and talked, not very eloquently, of tariffs.

And the Borough Elector implored the Fates to forgive him, but was ruthlessly reminded that he had asked, in plain but impassioned language, for an eternity of PODGER—"PODGER," in fact, "for ever."

Then, in the chilly dawn, he woke, and asked himself whether PODGER was really worth a black eye after all.

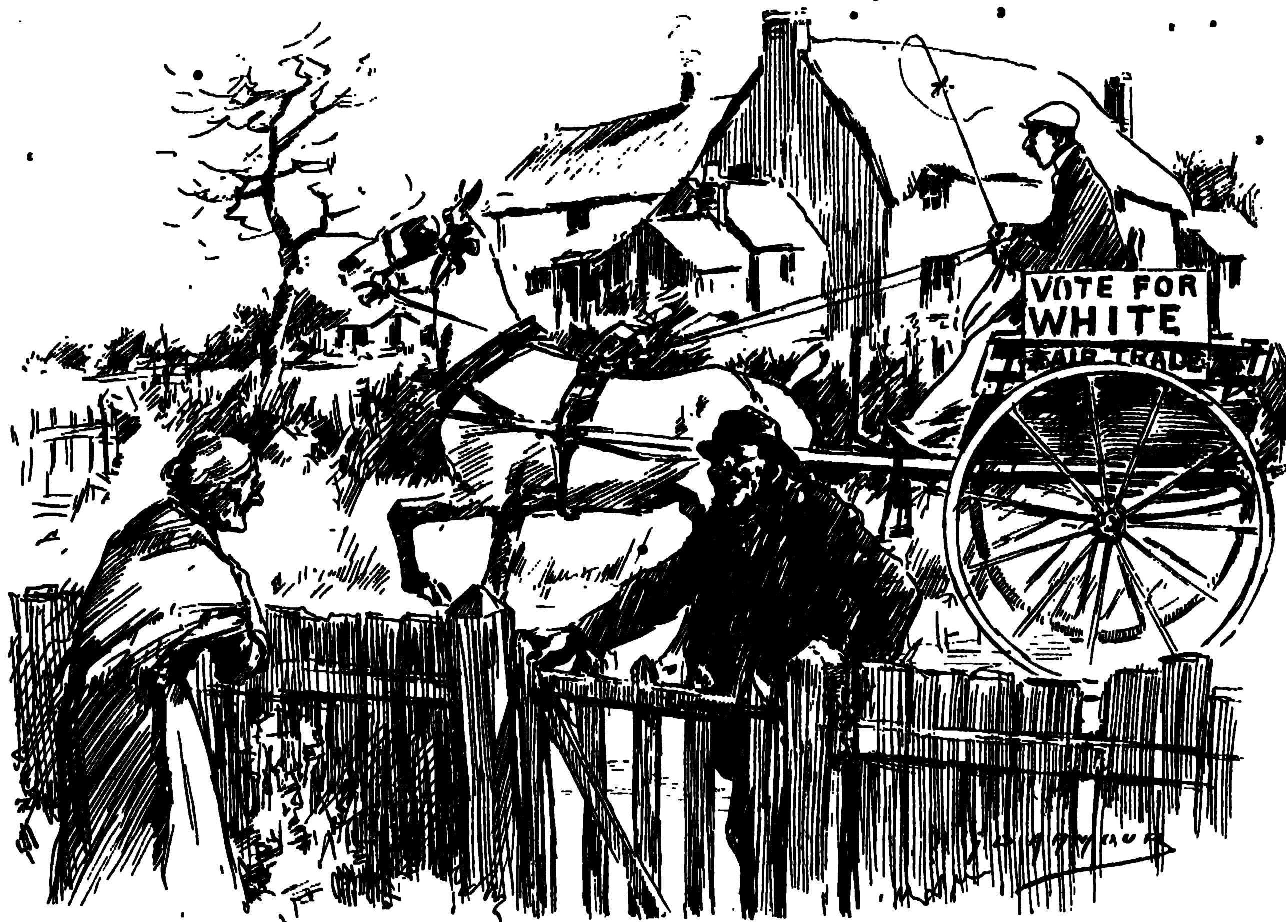
Moral:—Try and cultivate a sense of Proportion before next General Election.

THE barking of a terrier in Kensington the other night led to the discovery of a burglary in the next street. "A Constant Reader of *The Spectator*" thinks that the sagacious animal must have got wind of it by wire-haired telegraphy.



A NEGLIGIBLE QUANTITY.

Mr. J-hn R-dm-nd. "WELL, MY WEIGHT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER MUCH *NOW!*"



HUMOURS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Fond Mother. "Law, Jarge, you do be a swell drivin' in a carriage!"

Jarge (returning from the poll). "Haw! haw! I bin druv theer in a yellow motor car, and I bin druv back in a blue kerridge, and I ain't bin and voted for neither of 'em. Haw! haw! haw!"

THE MAIDEN'S PROGRESS.

[" 'Statistics show,' declares the Secretary of one of the largest women's clubs in New York, 'that between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five, more women commit indiscretions than at any other period . . . . all the world knows that the old fools are always the worst fools.' " *Daily Express.*]

When I became a *débutante* my soul, I'd have you know,
Was whiter and brighter than newly fallen snow;
No shadow of a naughtiness, no thought that was not good
Dared enter that centre of modest maidenhood.
With awe I heard the curate's word, and when the worthy vicar
Sang (out of tune) "That night in June," my trembling heart
beat quicker.

It shocked me to discover how my elders would behave
At dances. What glances! What bold bad smiles they gave!
I shuddered when I saw them sitting out upon the stairs
With tall men and small men in chaperonless pairs.
I shrank away from such as they—my modesty the reason—
And shyly hied to Mother's side through all my primal season.

Before my second year had passed a subtle change began;
Grown older and bolder I rather fancied Man.
A mild flirtation held a joy, a desperate delight
That thrilled me, and filled me with ecstasy and fright.
A dash of spice I found was nice, and though, of course, we
know it
Was very sad and bad and mad—still I began to go it.

My vices gained upon me; fast they grew and faster yet;
Half frighted I lighted my maiden cigarette;
I smoked it up the chimney so that Mother might not know,
Hand shaking, heart quaking, and nerves all on the go.
And as I blew the smoke into the chimney's black abysses
"Has girl," I thought, "been ever brought to such a depth
as this is?"

Time fled. My evil habits grew, and with each passing year
My scruples—apt pupils—were taught to disappear:
I played at Bridge and billiards, and discovered that
Chartreuse,
When yellow and mellow, one ought not to refuse.
And yet more strange, a further change—I cannot tell what
wrought it
In course of time the worse the crime the milder still I
thought it.

And now that I am fifty odd, the virtues which of old
I cherished have perished. I'm absolutely bold.
I stick at nothing. Long ago the still small voice within
Stopped crying and trying to prate to me of sin.
Not only vice I think is nice, but virtue an obsession.
In short, the sum is this—I've come to years of indiscretion.

The rumour that the Labour Party will be led in the House of Commons by Lady Warwick from behind the grille is the talk of all the East-End clubs.

TRAVEL-TALK.

(Overheard at Cook's.)

Lady Violet de Parme (*languidly, to deferential assistant*). Yes, one really *must* go away somewhere at this time of year. What places have you got? .... Riviera? Pau? Oh dear no! *Much* too banal. One meets all the people one knows at home. So *boring*. I want somewhere absolutely novel .... Spain? Yes, Spain might do. Show me a couple of months' tour in Spain .... Yes, that seems a little more interesting .... Interpreter? Oh, of course, they speak *Spanish* there, don't they? .... Thanks, I thought so. No, I don't know that I would *care* about going about with an interpreter. They jar on one's *nerves*. Don't you think they would understand French or Italian? .... Yes, I *know* they would understand me in the big towns, but I want to go to somewhere *absolutely novel*. Have you any other places? .... Sicily? Yes, Sicily might do. Italian, isn't it, or is it French? .... Thanks, I thought so. Would one have to eat Italian food, or could one get English food at the hotels? .... Yes, but I don't *care* to go to the overdone parts. I want somewhere absolutely novel.... In the south of the island, you say. Oh, Sicily's an island, is it? .... Then that would mean *another* crossing somewhere, I suppose? .... Thanks, I thought so. How long would the crossing take? .... I really don't think I would *care*, though, to make another crossing in a small boat. And Italian food, too! I never *could* endure garlic. Haven't you any other places? .... Upper Egypt? Yes, that might do. Show me some places in Upper Egypt.... No, I don't know that I would *care* about travelling up the *Nile*. Isn't there any other way? So many parvenu Americans on the boats, I am told. So *loud*. They jar on one's nerves.... Charter a private what? .... Oh, dahabeeah! No, I don't really think I would *care* about travelling on that kind of animal. So *jolty*. They would get on one's nerves. Haven't you any other places? I want somewhere absolutely novel and fashionable.... The Desert? Yes, the Desert might do. D'you arrange about the caravan tickets, or is it caravanserais? .... Thanks, I thought so. Show me some places in the Desert.... Biskra? Oh dear no! My friend Lady SAHARAH SANDYS went there last year, and she told me it had become *quite* trippery.... Well, possibly it was Biarritz she went to. D'you know which it was? .... No, I suppose you would *hardly* remember. I *rather* think it was Biskra. Perhaps you had better show me some other places.... Sidi-Caïque? Yes, Sidi-Caïque sounds more tempting. Have they any decent golf links there? .... Or an English doctor? .... Any good motoring? .... Yes, I suppose the roads *would* be bad, as you say, but if it's no use to take over our motor, I don't *know* that I would *care* much about the Desert. D'you think there would be any Bridge going? .... Aren't there any fashionable people there this year, then? .... Yes, I know quite well that I said I wanted somewhere right off the beaten track, but I want a place where one would meet nice people, and find golf and English cooking. *Surely* you understand what I am looking for? .... Yes, yes, I suppose it *is* a little difficult to find these things together, but, after all, your agency is for finding out those sorts of places for us, *isn't* it? .... Then I suppose I shall have to stay in England after *all*. *Good* morning!

THE FEAST OF FRIENDSHIP.

[A writer in *Macmillan's* has noted that "by a curious inversion the less friendly our guests happen to be the more lavish is our display of hospitality. Our intimates and dearest friends get pot-luck."]

WHEN BROWN invites me home to dine
  In formidable state,
I note the choice, expensive wine,
  The quantity of plate,
The costly courses that they bring,
  The culinary feat
Exemplified in ev'rything
  They offer me to eat.

I heave a surreptitious sigh,
  Which indicates regret,
Because I know that BROWN and I
  Are merely strangers yet.

With worthy ROBINSON as host
  I have a plainer meal.
The circling bottle cannot boast
  Such splendour in the seal;
We have a monster piece of beef
  On a gigantic dish,
And often, to my great relief,
  We skip the soup and fish.

I gather, from these homely ways,
  That I am getting on
(To use a plain, familiar phrase)
  With worthy ROBINSON.

But when I dine with dear old JONES,
  We revel at our ease
On bottled beer and mutton bones,
  And half a pound of cheese.
There is no plate, the cloth is soiled
  With unconsidered stains;
The cabbages are badly boiled,
  But nobody complains.

When JONES, God bless him! offers me
  A meal of odds and ends
(Without the least apology),
  I know that we are friends.

AN "IDDY UMPTY" IDYLL.

[For the Morse Code, used by the *Daily Mail* to announce Election results, the words "iddy" and "umpty" are commonly employed in the services in preference to "dot" and "dash."]

THEY were walking arm-in-arm along the Embankment about 11 P.M.

They had just become engaged, but even their new-found happiness had not been enough to quench their political enthusiasm; and by putting their heads close together they had acquired the Morse Code so as to be able to take it in like ordinary print, without consciously stopping to decipher it.

"Darling," he said, as he gazed into her lovely eyes, which at that moment were lit up by the 100-ampère searchlight from the Chelsea Power Station, "Darling, I can scarcely believe that only yester -iddy—you promised to be my own ickle- iddy umpty- my very own--umpty iddy—wife! You have made me the happiest -iddy- man in the whole—umpty -world! Here's an --umpty—seat, let's sit down. Now my own umpty--there's no one looking, may I give you one iddy—kiss?"

"Oh, JOHN dear, no, you mustn't really, don't be so iddy iddy otic! Well, just one. Do you really love your little -umpty --girl so much?"

"You know I do. I worship the very umpty iddy—ground you walk on. Yes, darling, I do; these are not merely --iddy-- empty words. I mean it."

"I think you do, dear. Tell me, what did your kiddy iddy - brother say when you told him? Did he iddy umpty—seem pleased?"

"Did he—umpty—? Rather! I should think he- iddy well did! And how does your sister BIDDY--iddy umpty like *me* for a brother-in--umpty—law?"

"Well, dear, I don't want to make you conceited, but she said if I hadn't taken you she would have jumpty- iddy --umped at you herself-- Oh, dearest, look, that's surely another Liberal gain!"

A Sinister Coincidence.

"A CAST-IRON Tory" calls attention to the fact that on the morning of the Manchester poll *The Lancet* appeared with the following statement:—"The Royal Commission has appointed Dr. —— and Dr. —— to make enquiries as to the number of feeble-minded persons in Manchester and district."

"Gentleman, about to marry, wishes to recommend his Housekeeper for a similar post."
—*Irish Times.*

THERE is always something charming in this desire, so prevalent with engaged people, that others should be "as happy as we are."

MEMS ABOUT MEMBERS.

(*With acknowledgments to a large number of contemporaries.*)

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE lives largely on food.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, when he wishes to know the time, looks at his watch.

Mr. JOHN MORLEY, although he has written a life of GLADSTONE and represents Montrose Burghs, has rarely if ever been to the North Pole.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has not slept in a cradle for more than half a century.

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON considers it unlucky to break a leg on a Wednesday.

Mr. HALDANE, besides being a personal friend of Lord ROSEBERY, rarely ventures forth without first putting his boots on.

THE KING-TROUT.

HE was the Monarch of the pool,
Unmatched for size and beauty,
Who taught the subjects of his rule
Their dangers and their duty,
How lures may come in feathery garb,
To Trout-life prejudicial,
And how to shun the cruel barb
That stamps the artificial.

Of food he claimed the lion's share
With self-assertive suction,
And yet they loved him for his care
And affable instruction.
One day when lecturing on "MAN,"
His cunning eyes a-twinkle,
Said he: "To thwart his murderous plan
I'll offer you a wrinkle.

"Upon the bank his footsteps' thud
Descends in thunderous measure;
I stick my head into the mud
And wag my tail with pleasure.
He goes at last, I've had my fun,
And so resume my dinner,
With here a sedge, and there a dun,
And now and then a spinner.

"But when the Mayfly decks the stream
Oh, then be doubly wary!
His advent is the dazzling dream
Of Troutlets' 'Little Mary.'
No shadow to *his* glory clings,
His robes display no shoddy;
I love the shimmer of his wings,
The savour of his body."

An interruption happened here;
Its end was sad but speedy.
A forward Yearling dared to jeer,
And called the King "Old Greedy."
To what a tragic sequel led
The punishment that followed!
The Monarch grabbed that Yearling's head
And then—oh, monstrous!—swallowed.

He paused awhile, dismayed, and dwelt
In horrified contrition,
But soon observed how pleasant felt
The course of deglutition.
At last his meditations found
In stern resolve an outlet:
"From now henceforth may I be drowned
If I'll eat aught but Troutlet."

He kept his vow, until the prey
Grew difficult to capture,
Then saw a sight one summer's day
That filled his heart with rapture.
A crippled Trout! He blessed his luck
Behind the weed-bed's tangles,
Swooped on the bait, and found he'd struck
A couple of triangles.

Long was the fight, and strong the Trout,
The tackle proved still stronger;
The youngsters watched him netted out,
And feared their King no longer.
Up spoke the leader of the crew,
A malapert half-pounder,
"Though great in many ways, it's true,
He was a greedy bounder."

He died: but still he lives on land
In oft-repeated stories
That tell the lure adroitly planned,
And all the battle's glories;
Each incident from A to Z,
Each leap, and rush, and jigger;
And strange it is that, though he's dead,
His weight grows yearly bigger.



Farmer Hodge (*who has just had his hair cut*). "YOU BE A FURRINER, I 'LOW?"

Assistant. "YES, SIR, I AM AN AUSTRIAN."

Farmer Hodge. "YOU SPEAKS ENGLISH VERY WELL."

Assistant. "OH, YES, I HAVE LIVED SOME TIME IN ENGLAND. I ALSO SPEAK FRENCH, GERMAN, RUSSIAN, AND ITALIAN."

Farmer Giles. "WELL, GEORGE, THERE AIN'T NO DOUBTS ABOUT IT THESE 'ERE ALIENS OUGHTER BE KEP' OUT. THEY KNOWS TOO MUCH FUR US."

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

A SKETCH ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 13.

SCENE—*Aldwych.* TIME—*about* 9.30. *A large crowd is waiting for the results of the first day's pollings, which an enterprising Morning Paper has undertaken to announce by means of a magic lantern upon a screen. No results have come in as yet, but the suspense is beguiled by a cinematograph, which would be more entertaining if it were a trifle less indistinct. The presentment of a coquettish but elderly spinster, grimacing and making great play with a fan, and supposed to be saying "Give me your vote!" leaves the spectators cold.*

Conservative Spectator (*to Liberal Ditto*). You won't'ave it *all* your own way, *I* can tell yer. Look at the number o' seats you've got to win afore you wipe out our majority! If you git in, it's about all you'll do. And you won't stay in long.

Liberal Spec. Don't you worry yerself about *us*, ole pal. You'll soon see what *we*'re going to do, and that's sweep the board, unless I'm much mistook (*the name of the Morning Paper suddenly blazes out in electric letters above the screen, which bulges with importance. Then a message appears—"Gravesend on the way. We will try to give you results hot as they come in. Are we up to date?" The lights go out, and the screen turns grey*). You'll lose Gravesend for a certinty.

[*Gravesend result is thrown on the screen.*

Cons. (*jubilant*). Not *much* we 'aven't. PARKER's won, easy. The country ain't come round to C.-B. *yet!* 'Ooray! Well done, Gravesend!

Lib. (*slightly dashed*). It's "No Change" any 'ow. You ain't got much to 'oller for, so far. 'Ere's Dover comin' now and if WYNDHAM ain't turned out

[*The Dover figures are announced.*

Cons. There you are again, you see! WYNDHAM's *in.* And by an increased majority! If *that*'s what you call sweepin' the board

Lib. (*depressed*). Well, you've on'y kep' the seat, after all. I never said the first day's pollin's would show much difference. It's the counties *I* look to. (*Salford, North, result appears.*) Now then, what d'yer say to *that?* A Liberal Gain! 'Ooray! 'Ooray! Somethink *like*, that is!

Cons. You make the most of it, Cocky, it'll be all you'll git to-night. We ain't 'eard from *London* yet, and there's the six divisions at Manchester to come they'll go solid for Tariff Reform, and why? Because they see 'ow Free Trade is ruinin' their (*North-west Manchester result announced*) Oh, well, WINSTON CHURCHILL, you're welcome to '*im.* You'll find 'im a fair 'andful afore you've 'ad 'im long.

[*An interval, during which the cinematograph represents various thrilling scenes from the home life of an interesting and popular young hero known to Fame as "The Fat Boy of Peckham." The Fat Boy is shown reading the enterprising Morning Paper, going through his gymnastic exercises, and taking tea with a friend of his own age, to the joy of the crowd, which applauds him enthusiastically.*

Amanda. The Fat Boy ain't tryin' to git inter *Parliment*, is he?

Amandus. Not 'im. 'E'd 'ave to grow a bit thinner *fust.*

Amanda (*puzzled*). Then what are they showin' 'is pictures for?

Amandus. I dunno. Unless it's because they think '*is* food orter be taxed.

[*Here the Fat Boy modestly makes way for announcements of further Liberal Gains, which are received with uproarious cheers.*

Lib. Good old South-west Manchester! There's *another* win for the Liberals!

Cons. No, it ain't. That's a *Labour* Gain, that is!

Lib. Well, what's the difference?

Cons. They'll let you know *that* later on. Ah well. We shall hear that BALFOUR's in presently—*his* seat's safe enough.

[*The* Fat Boy *reappears in the act of receiving instruction from his* Schoolmaster.

Crowd (*with its proverbial fickleness*). We don't want no more Fat Boy! Take 'im 'ome, and give us some more vict'ries!

[*The screen obligingly responds with the announcement,* "BALFOUR *Beaten.*" *Demonstrations of delight. Shouts of "I wouldn't leave my little 'ut for you!" "Pore ole* JOE!" *&c. Passengers on tops of passing buses stand up and wave their hats, and are frantically cheered by the crowd below, as they are borne on with the air of Roman Generals who have been accorded a triumph.*

A Spectator (*whose previous remarks have been mostly in Yiddish*). Goot beesinis! BALFOUR can go avay and blay now at de golluf.

[*He smiles with natural pride at the completeness with which he has assimilated the humour and politics of his adopted country. Another interval, occupied by a cinematograph dimly illustrating "Work and Play on a French battleship."*

A Young Radical (*radiant, but raucous*). See, they're 'aving a gime o' leap-frog. That's to show their rejoicin' over the Lib'ral vict'ries. Good ole British Navy!

Cons. As it 'appens, they *ain't* British—they're Frenchies. And there won't be no leap-froggin' in the British Navy when they 'ear of this—you may lay yer life on *that!*

The Y. R. Cheer up, Matey. You've got Gravesend and Dover—be content with them, and don't be too greedy. 'Ullo, 'ullo! Another Lib'ral Gain! . . . And another! We're wipin' the floor with you, *we* are! You'll 'ave to change yer politics now and turn Lib'ral afore you go 'ome to-night.

Cons. No, I shan't—it won't alter *my* views whatever 'appens. Why *should* it?

Bystanders (*sympathetically*). 'E's right there. *Let* a man 'ave the courage of 'is opinions, *can't* yer?

Y. R. (*waiving this point as the cinematograph starts on a somewhat irrelevant journey along the Canadian Pacific Railway*). Look at 'em all bein' left be'ind. (*He apparently alludes to the telegraph poles.*) There goes pore BALFORE, tryin' to get rid of 'is Chinese pigtail! 'Ere comes JOE—don't 'e look down in the mouth? There's the Official Receiver comin' next. Oo's this? Why, it's Ole BILL BAILEY, I declare, orf to South Africa to fetch some Chin-Chin-Chinamen to deprive the British workin' man at 'ome of 'is job! (*The bystanders have hitherto failed to appreciate the precise point of these slightly cryptic sallies, but the reference to "Ole Bill Bailey" at once establishes the* Young Radical *in the position of a popular humorist, and his further efforts are received with growing favour. The cinematograph vanishes abruptly, and another result is announced. "No Change." The circumstance that the C is printed a little apart from the following letters affords the* Y. R. *a fresh opportunity to display his humour.*) See what it sez! "No C hanged." No Conservative hanged. Well, they *orter* be anyway! (*At first this witticism falls slightly flat, but, after about the seventh repetition, he is encouraged by finding it received with a roar of laughter. More Liberal victories are shown on the screen and are received by a group of disgusted young Tories with cries of "'Elp! 'Elp! 'Elp!" and fervent chanting of one of the responses from the Litany.*) You can't 'elp *yourselves*, *you* can't. 'Cause you've none of you got votes. I '*ave.* I've a card in my pocket now invitin' me to support the Conservative Candidate. Which I sharn't do. Which—I—sharn't *do!* (*A smart brougham passes on its way to "take up" at a neighbouring theatre.*)



AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Young Wife. "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY COOKING? DON'T YOU THINK I'VE BEGUN WELL?"
Husband. "UM—YES. I'VE OFTEN HEARD THAT WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE."

Let 'im through, 'e's come to drive pore FANNY 'ome 'e 'as.
[*The Liberal majority in the crowd is vastly diverted by this keen thrust.*

A Seedy Person with no sense of humour. Go 'ome yerself, instead o' makin' yerself 'oarse torkin' rot!

Y. R. I see what *you* are. You're a Member o' Parliment in disguise—a aristercrat, that's what *you* are.

S. P. (*furious at this imputation*). 'Ere, lemme git *at* 'im. I'll mike 'im prove them words. Callin' me a aristercrat!

Bystanders (*interposing*). No, no. No voilence 'ere! 'E didn't mean nothink by it.

Y. R. It's awright, ole sport. I was wrong. I see now as *you* don't belong to the Gentlemanly Party.

S. P. (*mollified*). I accep' yer apology as 'andsomely as what you've orfered it. Shike 'ands. [*Peace is restored.*

Cons. (*as nineteen Liberal and no Conservative gains are announced*). I've 'ad enough of standin' about 'ere. I'm for—but you ain't out o' the wood yet things'll go better for us o' Monday.

Y. R. Hor-hor! *You* ain't down'earted—oh, no. But I s'y—we *are* moppin' you Tories up, and no mistike, eh? I expect CAMEL-BANNERMAN is larfin' fit to split by this time.

Amandus (*to* AMANDA). Well, I've enjoyed myself a lot better than if we'd gone to a music-'all, ain't you?

Amanda (*who hasn't*). I never *was* partickler partial to them biographs meself——

[*The last result for the evening is announced, and the crowd gradually disperses, with the pleasant anticipation of enjoying similar gratuitous entertainments for several nights to come.*

F. A.

A Forgotten Reform.

["The worthy Lord BANNATINE died in 1833, the year after that sort of thing was rendered impracticable by the passing of the Reform Bill."—*Daily News.*]

THIS was something like a reform, and it is a thousand pities that the application of this particular section of the Act should apparently have gone out of fashion.

["The match between the M.C.C. eleven and eighteen of Middelburg and district ended in a victory for the winners." *Reuter.*]

HERE's a cheer for the victors, the victors who win,
And a cheer for the vanquished who lose;
Who won or who lost, does it matter a pin?
Let us cheer for the news that is *news*.

A CORRESPONDENT encloses the following communication, which he has received from the Hon. Sec. of a working men's club:—

"DEAR SIR, We shall be very pleased if you will consent to be a honorary subscriber to our club."

This sounds a little like the "Free Food" which you can have by paying for it.

TIME—11 P.M., JANUARY 13th.

Slightly Hilarious One (*to perfect stranger*). 'Ere, is your name BALFOUR?

Perfect Stranger. No, it's not.

S. H. O. (*coaxingly*). Go on; say it is!

P. S. All right. My name's BALFOUR.

S. H. O. (*triumphantly*). Then 'ow's 'ORRIDGE?



Giles. "HOW LONG WULL IT TAKE TO GET TO THE POLL, MASTER?"
Chauffeur. "OH, I'LL HAVE YOU THERE IN ABOUT THREE MINUTES."
Giles. "OH - I SUPPOSE YOU COULDN'T DRIVE THE LONGEST WAY ROUND, COULD 'EE NOW?"

THE WORM TURNS.

["It is all very well to abuse schoolmasters, but what can you expect at the price? In the best preparatory schools £120 a year, resident, is considered adequate pay for a first-class man, and things are not much better in the public schools. How can a teacher fail to become narrow when he cannot afford to buy books, to travel, or even to belong to a good club? As to his being outwardly conventional, what professional man dare be otherwise?" *Letter from a schoolmaster who has been spending his holidays in digesting a volume of* KAPPA's *articles on Education, republished from "The Westminster Gazette."*]

A HARMLESS if not necessary pedagogue,
I am, in self-defence let this be said, agog
  To learn how I my post may best adorn;
But having read the things that men like "KAPPA" write
I feel I can no longer hope to map aright
  My course. Why was I born?

For I am one, of such there is no sparsity,
Who did not do so badly at the Varsity,
  And on the whole I get on well with boys.
Moreover, just to touch on matters physical,
I'm not a dipsomaniac or phthisical,
  And life has had its joys.

In short, I always thought until quite recently
That I was really doing very decently
  Except so far as filthy lucre goes.
(And as to that, I may perhaps interpolate
That I have had but little cause to chirp o' late
  At what my pass-book shows.)

Well, to resume (confound these trisyllabic rhymes),
I could not think of any very shabby crimes
  That rendered me unfit to teach our youth;
In fact I was a mass of self-complacency.
Now to my mentors I must make obeisance, I
  Have learnt at last the truth.

A whitewashed tomb (such is the charge I see composed),
Full of dead BOHNS and other matter decomposed,
  I set to work to stunt the growing mind.
As for the usher's interests and views, he has 'em
Only for show, he knows no real enthusiasm,
  And there is worse behind:

In matters such as science and astronomy,
In letters and political economy,
  My ignorance is crass, Sir, simply crass!
A thin veneer of smug respectability
Fails to conceal my inward imbecility,
  In short I am an ass.

Ah well, it may be we are all past praying for,
But in this world one gets what one is paying for
  (That seems a fairly obvious remark);
And I for one, although exposed so crushingly,
Still mean to draw my salary unblushingly,—
  That of a third-rate clerk.



POLICY VERSO.



DEVELOPMENT.

Proud Producer. "There's an animal for you! Seventeen Championship Cups and two hundred Gold Medals! Eh? '*What is it?*' Why, the latest development of the Bull-dog, to be sure. Eh? '*Not like a Bull-dog?*' Why, of course not! Where would be your *Development* if it were? Why, Sir, in three more generations we'll have him tailless, earless, toothless, and web-footed!"

MUSICAL NOTES.

We are not surprised to learn that the resounding success achieved by the visit of the Leeds Chorus and the London Symphony Orchestra to Paris, under the talented conductorship of Sir Charles Stanford, is about to lead to several other similar manifestations of the desire to promote international or mutual understanding. Foremost amongst these is the patriotic attempt of the Teutonic colony in our midst to facilitate a pacific settlement of the Morocco *imbroglio*. To this end funds have been raised to enable the massed German bands of the Metropolis to proceed forthwith to Algeciras, where it is proposed to serenade the representatives of the different Powers continuously during the Conference. The programme has not yet been finally fixed, but we have the best authority for stating that it will certainly include the *Kaiser-marsch*, the *Delcassé-noisette* suite, and a new Triple Alliance concerto by Richard Strauss. Lord Avebury, who, as one of the pioneers of the Anglo-German *entente*, will join the expedition, has arranged Mendelssohn's "Bees' Wedding" for the occasion, and will, it is hoped, contribute an *obbligato* accompaniment on the honey-comb.

Another musical excursion, from which the happiest results are anticipated, is that contemplated by the Manchester Hallé orchestra to Birmingham with a view to bringing the benighted denizens of the Midland capital into unison with Cottonopolis on the burning question of the hour. Herr Dumperdinck has kindly consented to conduct the orchestra, and Mons. Hilaire Belloc will be the principal vocalist. Mr. Chamberlain is taking a lively interest in the visit of the musical Mancunians, and a reception committee, presided over by Mr. L. S. Amery, is preparing to give them a warm welcome.

Simultaneously with the tour of the Manchester band an expeditionary orchestral force has been mobilised at Birmingham, under the leadership of Mr. Jesse Collings, to serve the double purpose of filling the regrettable gap caused by the absence of the German bands from London, and of accelerating the repentance of those metropolitan boroughs which have deserted the banner of Tariff Reform. The Aston Villa Choir will form part of the force, and, though complete particulars are not yet available, it is understood that no foreign instrumentalists will be employed, and that, at Mr. Chaplin's suggestion, a special preference will be shown to performers on the Corno Inglese.

Another Infant Prodigy.

"Mr. Belloc was born in France, but at the early age of three months he was brought to England and educated in the orthodox way at Oxford."—*Daily Mail.*

An "Earnest Inquirer" writes: "I see a book by Mr. Walter Crane advertised, entitled *Ideals in Art*. Should it not be "I deal in Art?" I may be wrong, but I do not think so."



"GLUE WON'T DO IT, GENTLEMEN!!"

[At one of his Election Meetings Mr. Balfour, speaking of the probable difficulty Sir H. C.-B. would find in keeping his Ministry together, said: "*Glue won't do it, gentlemen!!*"]

PAIRED.

I KNEW I was in for a romance directly I heard the bell ring. I opened the door, and a strange man fell over the mat, and dropped into the hall settle.

"I c-came," he began to pant, "ab-bout your vote."

"Not at all," I said. "Have a drink, won't you?" My flat is on the eighth floor, and there is no lift; so I always have to begin like this.

"My name," he went on nervously, "is TOMPSON. I just came to see whether you could promise to vote for our man, Mr. BLEWE, to-morrow."

"So Mr. BLEWE is the man to vote for?"

"Mr. BLEWE, and more work, higher wages, a united Empire, peace with all the world, economy, reform, less taxes, more— —"

"Please," I said, "just a moment. I can't keep up with you. A united Empire, peace with all the world, more work I say, I don't quite like that. More work; let's leave that bit out."

"More work for the working man. Why, that's the foundation of Mr. BLEWE'S policy!"

"Oh, I see. For the working man. Right you are. It sounds grand."

"Then we can rely upon your help?"

"Wait a bit," I said cautiously. "What's Mr. BLEWE going to do for *my* profession? Let's have that quite clear."

"What is your——"

"I am in the wool trade."

Mr. TOMPSON beamed at me. He seemed glad that I was in the wool trade.

"Why, my dear Sir," he said, "that is the one trade of all others that our policy will assist. Vote for Mr. BLEWE, and you'll be a millionaire in no time."

"But look here, with such a programme as yours your man is absolutely certain to get in. You needn't trouble about my vote. Wouldn't it be rather kind if I gave it to Mr. REDDE, just to cheer the poor man up a bit? I mean, where one *can* be chivalrous—without hurting the cause ——"

"We want every vote we can get," he said, "owing to the lies and misrepresentations of the other side."

"Ah, I see. Well, then——"

"Well, then, we can rely upon you?"

I considered for a moment.

"Would you mind coming back in a little while?" I asked him. "I must think this out. The fate of nations seems to hinge on me. It's rather trying."

"Well," said Mr. TOMPSON, "I have two or three people to see up here——"

"That's right. And then come in again." I took him to the door. "It's a fine day," I said; "mind the mat."

"It's a beautiful day," he said, falling over the mat.

Barely had Mr. TOMPSON left me, when there came another ring at the bell. I threw open the door.

"How are you?—have a drink," I said, automatically. "Oh, lord, I beg your pardon."

"My name is JENNINGS," she said with a smile.

"Anyone of the name of JENNINGS," I began idiotically, "is sure of a welcome in this house. That is—I mean——"

"No, we don't know each other, or anything about each other. I've come to ask for your vote and influence on behalf of Mr. REDDE."

I pulled myself together. "My influence," I said, "is small, but my vote —come in, won't you?"

"Thank you."

"So Mr. REDDE is the man to vote for?" I said, when we were seated.

"Mr. REDDE, and higher wages, more work, peace with all the world, economy——" She paused a moment.

"A united Empire," I prompted.

Miss JENNINGS gave me a beautiful smile.

"Why, you know!" she cried. "You are on our side?"

I smiled back.

"Less taxes, reform—" I went on.

"How you have studied the question!"

she murmured. "Then you will vote for Mr. Redde?"

"Wait a bit," I said cautiously. "What's Mr. Redde going to do for *my* profession? Let's have that quite clear."

"What is your——"

"I am in the iron business."

Miss Jennings beamed at me. She seemed delighted that I was in the iron business.

"Why," she said, "that is the one business of all others that our policy will help. Vote for Mr. Redde, and——"

"I shall be a millionaire."

"Yes," said Miss Jennings simply.

"But look here," I said; "with such a programme as yours your man is absolutely certain to get in. You hardly need trouble about my vote. Wouldn't it be rather nice if I gave it to Mr. Blewe? You see, the poor man—of course his agent will vote for him, and perhaps one or two relations I think it would be a friendly act, seeing that the cause is safe——"

Miss Jennings interrupted me.

"We want every vote we can get," she said, "owing to the lies and slanders of the other side."

"Ah, I see. Well, then——"

"Well, then, we can rely upon you?"

I considered for a moment. I began to feel rather a brute. Because, you know—— There was a ring at the door.

"Excuse me," I said; and I went and brought the returned Mr. Tompson in. Miss Jennings gave a little shriek. Mr. Tompson fell over a mat, and said "Bother."

"Mr. Tompson, Miss Jennings," I murmured, "Miss Jennings, Mr. Tompson, Mr. Jennings, Miss——"

"Ernest!" cried Miss Jennings.

"I knew his name was Ernest," I said to myself.

"Hilda!" said Mr. Tompson.

"Hilda," I repeated softly. I wasn't a bit surprised.

They both looked at me.

"I will go and vote," I said; and I went out and sat on the hall settle.

"This is a romance," I said to myself, "and I've done it." But it was very cold in the hall.

By-and-by the door opened.

"Well?" I said.

"Please we've paired; for the remainder of the Session," said Hilda. (I must call her Hilda now.)

"We're awfully indebted to you," said Ernest. "But for you——"

"Rot!" I said.

"And look here, I want you to vote for Hilda's man, will you? I'm sure if *she* thinks——"

"No, no, Ernest dear. He must vote for yours."

I stood up and coughed.

"I'm afraid I haven't got a vote," I explained.



Balfour. "Here, I say! Help! What on earth is it? Another of these awful Labour Members?"

C.-B. "Not exactly, my dear Arthur; this is just a *Clean Sweep*."

EVERY MAN'S WIFE HIS OWN AGENT.

I.

Mrs. George Pendluys to her friend, Mrs. Henry Saville (Jan. 7).

... Yes, hasn't George made a hit? *Sweet and Twenty* is the book of the season... I am so glad for the poor dear boy's sake. Oh, I do hope he will work hard and make lots of money. *Literally*, Mabel, I haven't a thing to wear and here is winter well on and I have no furs—and the drawing-room is so shabby... Worst of it is that George is so full of silly notions. He will *not* take his chance. He talks about the dignity of literature and the self-respect he owes himself as an author—and all that kind of thing. Mabel, dear, isn't it *frightful!* ... However, I'm determined that George shall use his chance. I mean to see that he gets all he can from the *sharks;* so I have appointed myself his private agent—Mr. Herbert Beauchamp, if you please...

II.

The Editor of "The Kingsway" to Mr. George Pendluys (Jan. 11).

... would be pleased if he could quote his terms for a short story of 5000 words to appear in the Easter Holiday number of *The Kingsway*. Copy to be delivered within four weeks from date. Cheque on publication...

III.

Mr. Herbert Beauchamp to the Editor of "The Kingsway" (Jan. 12).

... and in reply beg to state that Mr. Pendluys is at present on a motor tour with Lord Windermere and party. My instructions are absolute that Mr. Pendluys is not to be troubled with correspondence during his period of relaxation; but on his return to town I shall have pleasure in submitting your letter to his consideration...

Enclosure No. 1. Printed extracts from Press notices of *Sweet and Twenty*—now in its 15th thousand.

Enclosure No. 2. Portrait of Mr. Pendluys (non-copyright), with biographical and personal notes.

IV.

Telegram (Jan. 13).

To Beauchamp, The Grove, Chelsea.

Please wire present address Pendluys.
Kingsway.

V.

Telegram (Jan. 13).

To Kingsway.

Impossible instructions absolute PENDLUYS returning next week. BEAUCHAMP.

VI.

The Editor of "The Kingsway" to Mr. Herbert Beauchamp (Jan. 14).

. . . We are anxious to have a contribution from Mr. PENDLUYS in our Easter Holiday number, which at latest must go to press in six weeks. Could you therefore inform us whether Mr. PENDLUYS has a suitable story by him, and also give us an idea of his terms for such? . . .

VII.

Mr. Herbert Beauchamp to the Editor of "The Kingsway" (Jan. 17).

. . . I regret to say that, in consequence of the great demand for his work, Mr. PENDLUYS has nothing written that would be at all suitable. The opening chapters of a new serial which he has been commissioned to write for *The Marlborough*, the plots of a series of detective stories for *The Orb*, and the rough draft of an article for *The Quarterly*, are all that I can find among his papers. Regarding possible terms, I am only authorised to state that Mr. PENDLUYS has lately refused very tempting offers for stories of the length you mention. He is now shooting with the Duke of KILLIECRANKIE in the Highlands . . .

VIII.

Telegram (Jan. 18 11 A.M.).

To Beauchamp.

Please wire PENDLUYS offer of fifteen guineas for story. KINGSWAY.

IX.

Telegram (Jan. 18 2 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

Impossible instructions absolute PENDLUYS daily expected. BEAUCHAMP.

X.

Telegram (Jan. 18 5 P.M.).

To Beauchamp.

May we use portrait and notes in our March number? KINGSWAY.

XI.

Telegram (Jan. 19 10.30 A.M.).

To Kingsway.

Can use portrait and notes in March number. BEAUCHAMP.

XII.

Mr. Herbert Beauchamp to the Editor of "The Kingsway" (Jan. 21).

. . . I am directed by Mr. GEORGE PENDLUYS to state that he is quite unable to meet you in the matter of a short story for your Easter Holiday number. Already he has accepted commissions for work that will keep him fully employed for years to come. Should you be still anxious, however, for a story from his pen he can furnish you with one of the required length by April, 1908. Terms thirty guineas. Cheque on signing of contract.



Lady Canvasser. "AND WHEN WILL YOUR HUSBAND BE IN?"
Wife (stolidly). "I DUNNO, MUM. THERE'S NO BOUNDS TO 'IM!"

XIII.

The Editor "The Kingsway" to Mr. George Pendluys (Jan. 22).

. . . As already intimated, we are very anxious to include you in our Easter Holiday number. We are making special efforts to render this a great success, and anticipate a circulation of 200,000 copies. . . We enclose proofs of a portion of our March number, from which you will see that we are publishing your portrait and a special article, and indirectly are promising our readers an early contribution from your pen. . . Cannot you meet us in this matter? We are prepared to offer you the very exceptional terms of twenty-five guineas. . . . . Kindly wire reply.

XIV.

Telegram (Jan. 23—11 A.M.).

To Pendluys.

Awaiting reply urgent. KINGSWAY.

XV.

Telegram (Jan. 23—8 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

PENDLUYS dining with Authors' Club reply morning. BEAUCHAMP.

XVI.

Telegram (Jan. 24—1 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

Sorry cannot entertain proposal. PENDLUYS.

XVII.

Telegram (Jan. 24—2.30 P.M.).

To Pendluys.

Offer thirty guineas. KINGSWAY.

XVIII.

Telegram (Jan. 24—4 P.M.).

To Pendluys.

Awaiting reply telegram most urgent. KINGSWAY.

XIX.

Telegram (Jan. 25—10 A.M.).

To Pendluys.

Offer thirty-five guineas reply prepaid. KINGSWAY.

XX.

Telegram (Jan. 25—2 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

PENDLUYS lunching American Ambassador Carlton reply later. BEAUCHAMP.

XXI.

Telegram (Jan. 25—4.30 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

Terms impossible. PENDLUYS.

XXII.

Telegram (Jan. 25—5.30 P.M.).

To Pendluys.

Offer forty guineas cheque by hand by return. KINGSWAY.

XXIII.

(Jan. 26—10.30 A.M.)

To Kingsway.

As special consideration accept terms for story cheque awaited. PENDLUYS.

XXIV.

Mrs. George Pendluys to Mrs. Henry Saville (Jan. 28.)

. . . You will rejoice, MABEL dearest, to know that our little scheme is quite the loveliest success. The very latest triumph of HERBERT BEAUCHAMP is to draw *forty guineas* from a wretched magazine for a poor little story that already had been declined *all round*. Picture the blushes of my poor *dignified* boy! Do come round, dearest, *very soon*, and help me choose my winter furs.

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER is delighted to see from the way the General Election has gone that his appeal to Englishmen to show more friendliness to his country has not been without effect.

It is denied that Mr. BALFOUR, on hearing that the ex-Secretary of State for India was also out, sent him a wire, "Alas, my poor Brodder!"

The new Liberal paper, *The Tribune*, did not start by showing a proper regard for the feelings of its inferiors. Its first appearance was advertised in London on the backs of all bus horses — among whom are many Conservatives—without distinction of politics.

The Tribune, in its "Amusement Guide," classifies plays under the headings of "Costume Plays" and "Musical Plays." We think this is a trifle harsh. A certain amount of costume is still worn in musical plays.

A contemporary has been publishing a series of explanations under the title, "Why I Lost." It is satisfactory to learn that in no single instance was the defeat due to any shortcoming in the candidate.

The other day it was rumoured that the Russian Government, in order to divert attention from internal disorders, intended shortly to embark on another war. This rumour is now strengthened. The CZAR has announced his intention of holding a second Peace Conference.

"The *Kildonan Castle* arrived last week at Southampton with one of the largest cargoes of birds, beasts, and reptiles ever brought to this country," says a contemporary. It does not say much for the efficacy of the Aliens Act that the beasts and reptiles were allowed to land.

According to *The Lancet*, the employees on the Underground Railway, instead of presenting a dull putty-coloured complexion as was formerly the case, are slowly but surely assuming a healthier tone and colour. It is even thought that several who had given up all hope of being married may go off this season.

The annual report of the Medical Officer of Health for the County of London draws attention to the dangers that lurk in ice. It cannot be too widely known that a simple safeguard is to boil the ice before taking it.

The possibility of angling in the London parks is again mentioned by several papers as something of a novelty. As a matter of fact, for many years the finest stickleback fishing in the country has been enjoyed at the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens, and only last month a brute almost an inch in length was safely landed by a youngster.



First Sandwichman. "BILL, I WONDER HOW SOME OF THEM CHINESE 'SLAVES' WOULD LIKE THIS JOB AT A BOB A DAY?"

"Mr. ALFRED SUTRO," we read, "says that Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER would lend himself admirably as the subject of a great drama." We further believe that it is a fact that Mr. ROCKEFELLER has consented to lend himself in consideration of the enormous interest which the loan would ensure.

We are requested to state that the HORACE SMITH, aged ten, who was bound over last week at Kingston for robbing an automatic machine by using brass curtain rings instead of pennies, is not the police magistrate of the same name.

From July to the end of last year the Devon and Somerset killed eighty-seven stags. Their offence is not known.

The municipality of Nice has organised a troop of canine scavengers. Dogs have been trained to drag a cord with a brush at the end of it through the sewer-pipes. Alarmed at the possibility of being pressed into the service, numbers of dachshunds are returning in hot haste from the Riviera every day.

A sleeping-car recently fell fifteen feet from the elevated tracks at St. Louis. This just shows the danger of sleeping while on duty.

In America, up-to-date burglars are bringing into play a knowledge of electricity and chemistry, and it is felt that, seeing how arduous is the training which is now necessary in order to enable them to practise their craft with any degree of success, their sentences should be lighter when caught.

Dancing is now recommended as an aid to health. From high-jinks to hygienics is of course a short step.

Many horses were amused, the other day, to see a horseshoe attached to the back of a motor-car for luck.

Colonel's Wife (to Tenant). Now I hope you've voted for the Colonel. He would be very angry if he knew you hadn't.

Tenant (mysteriously). Can you keep a secret?

Colonel's Wife. Oh, yes.

Tenant. So can I.

A NEW light is thrown on the question of our trade relations with Canada by a leading article in *The Montreal Daily Witness*, as quoted by *The Western Daily Press*. "Great Britain," says the Canadian writer, "buys from us about twice as much as we sell to her!" He does not add on what basis the bills are made out, but it certainly looks very suspicious.

Of Bus Horses.

(As used to advertise the "Tribune.")

THESE weary workers, it is plain,
Can never now become extinct;
Henceforward they must still remain
To man inseparably linked.
If Vanguards drive them off, why then
They re-appear as sandwich-men!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Soprano (MACMILLAN), Mr. MARION CRAWFORD'S latest novel, is of curiously irregular quality. It opens briskly, making the charmed reader acquainted with two distinctly new and interesting characters. One is the *Bonanni*, the fat prima donna; the other, *Logotheti*, a Greek financier, transplanted to Paris. The latter is a fine realisation of the sensuous, cultured Greek, bringing the hereditary art instinct of a thousand years into everyday life at Paris. My Baronite recognises in this creation one of Mr. CRAWFORD'S most ambitious and most successful efforts. The account of the Greek's rough wooing of *Margaret Donne*, the budding prima donna, is done with vivid realism. It is all excellent, the story briskly rattling on its way up to the time *Margaret* attends rehearsals previous to her *début*. Then Mr. CRAWFORD seems suddenly to grow aweary of the puppets of his imagination, dawdles on through some uninspired chapters, and finally disposes of the whole affair by a melodramatic plot of abduction. He hints at intention of continuing the story. He had better begin again at the end of Chapter XVI., bestowing upon charity the four chapters that stand in the printed book.

In *The Winning of Winifred*- pity that "Winsome" is omitted as epithet to the heroine's name - Mr. LOUIS TRACY has given us a Romance of Bonnie Scotland Yard which will find favour with those who, remembering DICKENS'S masterly portrait of *Mr. Bucket*, delight in stories where the main interest is centred in the professional detection of crime. In this cleverly plotted novel, written in plain, unvarnished fashion, we are introduced to a grave-faced, elderly man, who, while seated in a comfortably furnished room of the Chief Police Office, has a peculiar way of peering at a visitor through his spectacles. This is one of the chiefs of the Criminal Investigation Department. Also we make the acquaintance of detective *Winter*, "whose process," as THEODORE HOOK sang about a tax-collector of the same name, "is summary" when dealing with such scoundrels as harass the Worried and Wirtuous *Winifred*. It is published by F. V. WHITE & Co.; but, as it is essentially a story about a police affair, it should have been brought out by CONSTABLE.

A delightful book of Devonshire Poetry quite a big tin of Devonshire Cream is *Up-Along and Down-Along*, by EDEN PHILLPOTTS, with illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I. (METHUEN & Co.). The first poem (inspired probably by "*La vie est brève, Un peu d'amour*,") arrests our attention and gives us the key-note of the composition. Mr. SHEPPERSON has set himself to illustrate the second line, "A li'l suckin'; a li'l sleepin'," which, taking it out of Devonian dialect, means that the babe is alternating refreshment and rest. Mr. SHEPPERSON represents a poor woman seated most uncomfortably, not to say dangerously, on a rocky projection, as she clasps to her breast with her right arm (invisible) a queer-shaped bundle, presumably her infant, while from under her left arm appears a something white, which may be either a dead ferret, a seagull, or an old rag. Should the woman lose her balance, then down go mother, baby and all, into the valley, hundreds of feet below! But to "Cockcrow," the second poem, the illustration of a landslip is admirable. It is, indeed, a fine specimen of Mr. SHEPPERSON at his best, as are also "A Devon Courting," No. III., and, but for its mystification of figures, No. VI., "Hymn to Pomona." Surely Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS does not wish us to believe that even the most private love affairs are conducted in so questionable a manner in any respectable Devon orchard? Are not all Devonshire orchards models of respectability? Every one of them is a Paradise before the fall of the apple. Isn't it so, Mr. EDEN?

In *The Silent Passenger* (JOHN LONG) G. W. APPLETON gives us a sensational story, humorously told. It is decidedly interesting until the complications become somewhat puzzling. But the tone of the hero, pleasantly recounting his adventures in the First Person Singular (which description represents him exactly), is so buoyant throughout all the tragic difficulties, that the reader, inoculated with the author's cheerfulness, cannot withhold his sympathy, but sincerely wishes him a satisfactory issue out of his many troubles. A great point in his favour is his fidelity to the unknown "lady of his love." In spite of evil report "his Heart is true to POLL." The Baron is sure that any lover of mystery will grapple with this story, and stick to it up to the climax. If then he is able to give a correct *précis* of this sensational plot, the Baron will regret that, in the appreciative student of Mr. APPLETON'S work, the public will have been deprived of the services of a first-rate detective.

Soul-Twilight (JOHN LONG), the title that LUCAS CLEEVE has chosen for her latest novel, is not, to the Baron's mind, a particularly happy one, if indeed it be happy at all. Its meaning is far from clear, nor is it elucidated by the story that the authoress has set herself to tell. A wife "with a hunted look," and her husband, who, after her stupid, mischief-making, self-imposed confession to him, "sits motionless with half-closed eyes," are the two principal characters. "They two alone in the dark, he and she." Fancy *that!* The story is only another well-arranged variation on the old original theme of the moral excise penalty imposed upon illicit passion that has been smuggled into the home, labelled "Love." It is well told; and although there be a waste of words, yet are there oases in the desert most refreshing to the earnest traveller. LUCAS CLEEVE presents us with two powerfully drawn types, *Coralie Maxwell*, "in society," and *George Conyers*, out of it. This writer's ladies have a way of "extending both hands" to visitors; *Lillian* does it, *Coralie Maxwell* does it: it is effective now and then: specially in strongly dramatic scenes, of which there are several striking specimens in this novel; otherwise such action is merely theatrical gush, meaning nothing. Why *Lillian's* father, a philosophic muddle-head, who seems somehow to have strayed out of an early Meredithian novel, and then lost his character, should be brought in, it is difficult to determine: he does not help the story, rather impedes its narration. The Baron recommends *Soul-Twilight*, not as LUCAS CLEEVE'S best, but as one of her second best, and worth the reading at that.



Looks Rather Black.

LAST Friday at Marylebone Police Court an electrician was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing, among other things, a pair of trousers which the thief averred he had found in the cellar. An unimpeachable witness, the butler, testified that the articles of clothing in question did undoubtedly belong to his master, Mr. Justice WALTON. Whereupon observed Mr. PLOWDEN, "The Judge does not dress in the cellar, I suppose?" The Butler did not reply. He neither affirmed nor denied. So perhaps the Judge did dress in the coal cellar, when studying *Coke*, or examining cases of *Lyttleton*. Whatever may become of the coals, so prudent a butler will never get the sack.

MOTTO FOR THIS AND FUTURE PARLIAMENTS.—"*Labor omnia vincit.*"

CHARIVARIA.

THE victory of the Liberals is really more extensive than many persons imagine. Not only did they poll more votes, but they are also said to have broken more windows, thrown more mud, and told - well, fewer truths, than all the other parties combined.

Mr. Justice GRANTHAM has enunciated a theory that the diminution in the number of criminals in gaol just now is due to the excitement about the Election. The huge Liberal majorities are certainly difficult to account for.

And there is no doubt of one thing, namely, that the Liberals understand the labouring classes better than their rivals do. The Tariff Reformers made the great mistake of offering the British Workman more work.

It is a nice question whether beribboned dogs are always a help to a candidate. A feature of at least one Election was a desperate fight between two of these quadrupeds, both of whom were decked out in blue favours.

In a wrestling match at the Lyceum, last week, SMITH defeated SMYTH. Here we have the General Election in a nutshell.

The National Liberal Club proposes to give a banquet to the Liberal and Labour Members. To preserve order, we understand policemen will be placed between the friends wherever they would otherwise be next to one another.

In addition to a Labour Party, we are apparently to have a Belabour Party. Colonel SAUNDERSON has been presented by some admiring Orange-men with a stout blackthorn.

The London County Council's steamboat policy has resulted in a loss of £51,205 to the ratepayers. And it is now stated that the efficiency of the L.C.C. will be seriously impaired by the election of a number of its members to the House of Commons. Nothing is said about the effect of this change on the efficiency of the House of Commons.

The announcement that the War Department intends to re-arm the whole of the coast-defence forts with 6-in. and 9-in. guns has caused a dear old lady to write and ask whether these are the new short rifles of which she has heard so much.

It is not the intention of the Admiralty, when the *Dreadnought* is launched, to issue details of this new battleship. We are, however, at liberty to state that she is far larger than a torpedo-boat.

We understand that, to avoid the inconvenience of overcrowding, King ALFONSO suggested that the representatives of the various newspapers should elect a committee of six to watch his courtship.



THE L.C.C. RECENTLY VOTED A SUM OF MONEY FOR PUTTING UP SIGN-BOARDS TO POINT THE WAY TO THE NEAREST RIVER-PIER. ECONOMY BEING THE ORDER OF THE DAY, WHY NOT MAKE USE OF OUR PUBLIC STATUES - SUCH AS ONE OF THOSE ROUND THE GLADSTONE PEDESTAL IN THE STRAND?

A lady who made a provision in her will for the erection of an artistic monument in London has been declared by the Court to have been of unsound mind.

With reference to the half-a-dozen carriages which jumped the rails on the District Railway last week, we are informed that, being new carriages, they were naturally young and frisky, but it is expected that they will soon sober down.

We understand that the sentence of imprisonment passed on WILLETT, the Pirate King, carries with it the loss of his title.

"Photographs of sweethearts on finger-nails" is, according to a contemporary, Society's latest fad, and we are all agog with excitement to know whether it will spread to toes.

A popular Bradford cab-horse who had been condemned to be shot took part in a procession to the place of his execution. He is reported to have thought it a nice funeral.

The French Authors' Society is preparing a scheme which, if extended to England, should make theatre-going, even with us, a pleasure. Attached to the theatre will be roomy corridors, large smoking-rooms, telephone call-rooms, reading-rooms, and restaurants, and it will not be necessary to see the play at all.

On the site of a Roman encampment at Warborough, Wiltshire, an ancient ring has been found which, from its inscription, is believed to have belonged to BURRHED, King of Mercia. As there is no record in history of His Majesty's having lost it, it is thought that he must have intentionally burried it.

Parliamentary Intelligence.

THERE is, we understand, no foundation for the rumour that Mr. BOTTOMLEY has arranged to pair throughout the session with Mr. MARKS.

A Novel Situation.

"PARTRIDGE Wyandotte Hens, Pullets, cross-bred wishes a situation as Indoor Servant or Hotel Incubator and Foster-Mother."—*Irish Times.*

The Servant Problem—A Solution.

WANTED - COMPETENT YOUNG NURSE, for one child, good chance; man kept.
[*Daily News Advertiser* (Vancouver).

A Little Late for the Fair?

"AGITATOR wanted. Capacity about 600 gallons."—*Glasgow Herald.*

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

I THINK if I were intoxicated with success I should never go to MAURICE PRENDERBY in the hope of having a fresh garland twined in my hair. I should as soon think of putting my head under a pump; so temperate he is, and so potent a cause of temperance in others. To breathe his atmosphere is to be reduced from boiling point, or raised from zero, to a steady mean of 55° Fahrenheit. With too much imagination to take up tacitly his heritage of Conservatism, and with too nice a sense of humour and too catholic a gift for seeing things from all points of view to make a perfect Radical, he has reached, through much searching of the heart, to the detached status of a Cross-bencher; of what the Americans, with their happier feeling for euphony, have styled a Mugwump. To him, then, I went, as to a dweller in Gilead, for philosophic balm.

"Well," I said, "the pendulum has swung to some purpose."

"Pendulum," said PRENDERBY, "is hardly the word. It implies a simple reaction in obedience to Nature's unchallenged laws. What has happened to you, in the fine, figurative language of Mr. HORRIDGE, the better man than ARTHUR BALFOUR (Manchester has said he is, and what Manchester says to-day, England, etc., etc.) 'is not a defeat; it is not a rout; it's a *débâcle*.' And you have yourselves largely to thank. In 1900 you refused to give Nature a chance of running her natural course; you preferred to make your now notorious khaki appeal. *I* don't blame you. After all, your side has so small a *répertoire* of appeals to popular passion. The Empire is about the only one; while the others have a score of them—free breakfasts, no taxes for the poor, abolition of the rich, universal suffrage for man and beast, and all the rest of it. Well, in 1900 you presented your solitary appeal, the last that is likely to be made in our generation to the patriotic instincts of the race, with any hope of success. But it meant, as I say, the damming of Nature's course. Nature does not like dams, and she has had her revenge. The thing has burst, and the ancient landmarks, even the back-to-the-land-marks, such as HENRY CHAPLIN, are swept away."

"But what about our successes in foreign policy?"

"My dear man," replied PRENDERBY with a quiet note of pity in his voice, "have you yet to learn that a Government's virtues are accounted a gift of fortune to the country at large; only its sins remain its own. In point of fact, the last two years, the period which has seen your greatest diplomatic triumphs,—the *entente* with France, and the second Japanese alliance have been fatal to your chances. They robbed you of the one argument on which you might have rested your claim to be returned to power, namely, the fear of foreign complications. They left the country free to rivet its attention on its pockets and its stomach."

"Then you think," said I, "that Free Trade has been the single issue at this Election?"

"I think nothing of the kind," said PRENDERBY. "Short of a *referendum* there is no human means available for accurately gauging the nation's views on any single issue. Our so-called appeals to the country are useless for this purpose, because they are allowed to determine the fate of a Government; and that means that all sorts of extraneous issues are introduced."

"And why," I asked, "don't we adopt this elementary device of the *referendum*?"

"For the good reason," said PRENDERBY, "that English politicians have always regarded the opinion of the nation as the last thing to be directly consulted as to what is good for it. We make a point of mixing our issues so as to confuse its judgment. If, and when, the average British citizen attains to the intelligence, say, of a Norwegian, we shall adopt the *referendum*. Members will be elected on general principles, and then, if a new question suddenly arises, such as this of Tariff Reform, the Government of the day will ask for the nation's special mandate, without resigning or dissolving; will accept its verdict for or against, and go on governing as usual. As it is, with our present antiquated system, we cannot tell whether this last Election has turned on Tariff Reform, or Education, or the Trades Disputes Bill, or Trams, or Chinese Labour, or any of a dozen other issues, or just an amalgam of the lot. But of one thing I am confident, that, apart from the victories of your friends and mine, and perhaps a few others, this Election has not turned on the personality of candidates. You remember a Radical called COBDEN BLOGG of our year at the 'Varsity?"

"The Non-Coll. man that made noises at the Union?"

"The same. Well, he got in for some borough with a new lower-middle-class electorate at one of the earliest polls. The man he threw out had a touch of true statesmanship, and was regarded by the best judges on both sides of the House as likely to have a brilliant career. On the day after the Election I happened to meet BLOGG, flushed and perky, just outside the National Liberal Club, where he was about to enter and receive the acclamations of the hall-porter. One may sometimes trace a certain modesty in a victor's eye, when he attributes his triumph to the virtue of his cause, rather than his own. No such sign of humility tempered the elation of BLOGG. He had the air of a man convinced that his personal valour had done it; that the people, by an unerring sagacity, had chosen the better candidate. I thought again of the recorded words of Mr. HORRIDGE, in his hour of triumph: 'I have aimed at the Leader of the Unionist Party, and I have laid him low!'

"Ten days later, when the Liberal majority was well over 300, I met BLOGG again. I fancied I detected a hint of chagrin about the square setting of his resolute jaw. 'Our numbers,' he said jocosely, 'are getting almost unwieldy. Some of us gave the party too good a start!' He carried it off with the jaunty good humour of a giant who cannot always control his strength to a nicety. But I could easily guess what bitter reflections underlay this confession of superfluous force. I could see how annoyed he was that his own triumph should lose its distinction through the success of Just Anybody who had stood for the popular cause. Thoughtless people would come to believe that he, no less than his party, had been borne to haven, with scarce a voice in the matter, by the same impersonal flood-tide that wrecked their adversaries on the rocks.

"I confess I derived a sneaking pleasure from the damaged conceit of COBDEN BLOGG. On the other hand there are some new Liberal Members (I speak of my personal friends) with enough of individual charm and distinction to carry them to victory any day on their own merits; and in the very act of congratulation I have felt that it must a little blunt the sharpness of their joy to reflect into how strange a *colluvies* of odds and ends this same flood-tide has washed them. Curiously enough, I have not found them so sensitive to their surroundings as I could have wished. However, time will tell."

"I can hardly doubt it," I said. "The future, indeed, looms full of promise. When the first sharp shock of defeat is over, I shall find it a very true 'bliss to be alive.'"

"'But to be young were very heaven!'" added PRENDERBY, and sighed.

"There I differ," I said, almost cheerfully. "For the first time I draw solace from the fact that I am past my prime. I want to assist at the next Act or so of this drama, but not to live to see the end.

"And now, my dear PRENDERBY, I go; but I shall shortly return to get your answer to a conundrum whose solution has so far been beyond me. I desire particularly—assuming that Free Trade has been, as the Free Trade Party asserts, the dominant, if not the sole, issue at this Election—I desire particularly to know how it is that, while you, with your



DESIRABLE ALIENS.

[The "*Venus and Cupid*" of Velasquez, and Mr. Sargent's "*Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth,*" were both last week secured for the National Collection.]



Nervous Player (deprecatingly playing card). "I really don't know what to play. I'm afraid I've made a fool of myself."
Partner (re-assuringly). "That's all right. I don't see what else you could have done!"

intelligence and wide reading in economics, still find the arguments for Free and Fair Trade almost evenly balanced, and hesitate to ally yourself with either camp, I find that the yokel, the bus-conductor, the bagman, and the bargee have found no sort of difficulty in making up their minds on this abstruse question at the first time of hearing, but have readily brought their intellects into line with the policy of the Liberal leaders. Please think this out, my dear Prenderby; and so farewell."

I went my way, somewhat relieved, but not completely light-hearted. To speak truth, I felt that Prenderby had needlessly dissimulated his sense of humour. Had I not known him well I might have doubted whether, after all, he had been so abundantly dowered with this priceless gift. Perhaps the occasion did not encourage facetiousness. With men of his temperate mode of thought, flood-tides and the like often make for depression. But this should correct itself. I would give him another chance at a further sitting. O. S.

Scene—*Early closing district.*

Candidate (rather tired of heckling, to Scots audience, exclusively male and non-teetotal). Well, gentlemen, I am enjoying this Meeting very much, but in view of the fact that it is now 9-30 and some of you will have some little—er—*shopping* to do, I propose—— [*General rush for doors.*

According to *The Nottingham Evening News* the recent fire at Trent College "is supposed to have originated from the burning of a mistress put to air before a gas-stove in the music-room." We are very glad to learn that no one, not even the lady who was being aired, suffered the least injury. But it was a risky experiment.

THE CANDIDATE'S GLOSSARY.

(*For Use at Future Elections.*)

"Gentlemen"	means	Your supporters.
"A section of political hooligans"	"	The other man's.
"One who has ever at heart "	"	You.
"An individual (*laughter*) who shall be nameless"	"	Him.
"Are we seriously to believe — ?"	"	That he is a liar.
"Deliberate misrepresentation"	"	That he has called you one
"Enthusiasm for the cause"	"	That your side has smashed his windows.
"Bounders with brickbats"	"	That his side has smashed yours.
"In seconding resolution can but echo . . . contest . . . both sides . . . . strictly honourable"	"	If we could only prove those five shillings!
"This truly magnificent verdict"	"	A majority for you.
"A result by no means without encouragement" ...	"	One for him.

Reflected Glory.

First Woman. Who cares for you? It's not so long since you was pulled up before the Bench for assault, and fined.

Second Woman. You mind what you're saying. My Bill's a Hem. P. now!

A PROFESSION OF FAITH.

"You don't mean to tell me you have given up art!" I asked, in surprise. Considering the season, the day was an ideal one for his profession, yet he was not sitting beside his chalk masterpieces on the pavement at the corner of Burgess Street, as was usual at this hour, but lolling comfortably on one of the benches in the Tothill Square Recreation Ground, communing luxuriously with his pipe. I had not seen him for some months, and it struck me he had grown rosier and stouter. "Surely they have not had the heart to move you on?" I asked again.

"When 'll there be another Gen'ral Eleckshun d'you 'appen to know?" he said, ignoring my question.

I told him that, considering the Government's majority, there was no likelihood of one for some years to come.

"An' you don't 'appen to recall when it 'll be the Dook er WELLIN'TON's centeenery?"

I told him that I believed it would not occur until 1952 or thereabouts.

"That's bad," he ruminated. "Then I shall just 'ave to make shift with funerals. They're allus dyin' that's one comfort." I sat down at the other end of the bench and waited.

"Changed my perfession since I see you," he explained, shifting his wooden leg to an easier posture. "Young man what used to do my drorin's got pinched. Gent's dressin' case. Paddin'ton Station. Six months they give 'im. So, o' course, I 'ad to make a change. Sold the pitch for two quid to a chap what does 'is own drorin's."

"Then what are you doing now?" I asked. "Bootlaces?"

"Bootlaces!" His contempt was terrible. "What d' yer take me for? Bootlaces!! Not much. I've been workin' the crahds. No, I don' mean what you mean. I don' 'old with doin' things you'll be ashamed of doin' if you're twigged a-doin' of 'em. My sister BELLER been an' married into the second-'and clothes line. Vaux'all Bridge way. She put me up to it and that there Nelson centeenery. Remember the day all them crahds was in the Square? I was a Greenidge pensh'ner that day. Just stood under the Column—you know, like I'd forgot where I was. An' cried, an' every two or three minutes I'd pull myself up straight, wooden leg fort most, an' take me 'at in me 'and an' saloot, with the tears a streamin' down me face. Close on two quid, I made, inside of two hours. Never said a word, mind you. They just come sidlin' up an' slipped it into my 'and, like they was ashamed. There was a Frenchie there, too. Tried to kiss me, 'e did. An' no end of old lydies with their shillin's an' sixpences. Orlright—it was."

"I suppose they mistook you for one of NELSON's crew?" I said.

"Shouldn't wonder if they did—now you come to mention it," he agreed.

"But the General Election?"

"Oh that. When they was showin' the figgers for 'oo 'd won 'ere in London, you know. 'Eaps of people waitin' abaht. I was there, night after night, I was. In the crahd. An', as they put up the figgers, I'd keep my eyes open for any benevolent old gent as was dancin' with joy, like lots of 'em did—an' I'd say to 'im, 'I'm a bit short-sighted, I am. Would yer be so good as to tell me 'oo's won?' An' when 'e tol' me, I'd lift my 'at in my 'ands an' say, ''Eaven be thanked!' twice over—reverent like—'that I 'ave lived ter see this day!' Ten ter one 'e'd part at that. An' if 'e didn' I'd go on ter tell 'im sobbin' quiet like, that I'd been a life-long victim to cheap foreign labour under Free Trade, or that I could remember the awful times we used ter suffer under the cruel old days er Proteckshun, accordin' to which side 'ad won. BELLER put me up to the patter—she's a wonder is BELLER, an' nothin' shorter. Did it pay me? I should smile. I on'y wish they'd 'ave a General Eleckshun every three weeks er so."

"I didn't know you were short-sighted," I commented. He only shook his venerable locks at me reprovingly. "They carn't 'elp dyin' though—all the time—some of 'em."

"You mean Members of Parliament?" I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Don' mind 'oo they are, so long's they're well enough known to draw a crahd. I'm got up all in black, wif a 'at-band. Shabby, but very clean—pore but honest, like it might be. 'Angs abaht ahtside the church or the cemingtery like I wanted to get in, 'but too 'umble-minded. Cryin'? What do you think? An' a talkin' to myself. 'So good he was to me,' like that. You don't 'appen to 'ave 'eard of anyone as is likely? Bein' ill?"

I could not think of anyone at the moment.

"On'y fault I've got ter find with it—it means such a lot er 'angin' abaht an' waitin'. I 'ad 'oped there might a been somethin' to be done wif the Dook er WELLIN'TON—'tween now an' Benkolidy. BELLER's got a Chelsea Pensh'ner's rig-out as does me a treat. Anyway, it's a sight better'n settin' all 'unched up on the col' pavemings. With always the chanst of someone comin' along a-arstin' of you to do somethin' right off out of your 'ead. Wotsay?"

I said I thought there was no doubt about it.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Winston Churchill to Lord Elgin.

DEAR ELGIN,—If you will call at my house to-morrow morning at ten, I shall be pleased to give you my instructions regarding the Government's Colonial Policy for the coming year.

Yours faithfully,
WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster to Mr. St. John Brodrick.

MY DEAR BRODRICK,—Words cannot express my feelings on hearing of your defeat. However, although you will not be amongst us, whenever the defects of the War Office come up for discussion in the House I shall think of you.

Believe me to be as much yours as ever, H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to Lord Rosebery.

MY DEAR ROSEBERY,—In your regrettable absence we have done as well as might have been expected.

I am writing to say that I am on the look-out for a new Junior Lord of the Treasury, FREEMAN-THOMAS having been defeated. If, therefore, you care to accept the position *pro tem.* (until, in fact, THOMAS finds another seat) I shall be glad to recommend your name.

Yours, H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE."

(From our Special Correspondent at Biarritz. Dated Jan. 26, 1906.)

TO-DAY has been a day of events. At 10.30 I motored on my 80-h.p. Pantard, disguised as an Archduke, to the Villa Mouriscot. A queue of 130 journalists were waiting at the gates to send in their cards. I thought the number of gendarmes present, twenty and a sergeant, ridiculously inadequate. We got through the gates with little difficulty. They were only of cast-iron, not wrought.

While spinning up the avenue to the house I was snap-shotted five times from behind evergreen shrubs, and once by *The Daily Tit-Bits* representative disguised as a cork-tree. The disguise was very tolerably carried out, but a wireless-telegraphy pole only half-hidden in the branches was slightly injudicious. We gave him a clear four inches.

My motor was at the door of the Villa almost before the gendarmes at the gate had picked themselves up. Flinging my sable cloak and some gold to the flunkeys, I strode through the hall. I quickly noted that the grandfather-clock was occupied by the correspondent of *Le Hig-Lif*. A beginner. Rather *vieux jeu*, this device.

A major-domo advanced towards me,

and with an imperious wave of the hand I bade him conduct me instanter to the Royal presence. He demurred. "The young Princess and His Majesty were alone in the drawing-room and on no account to be disturbed," he said. However, I pacified him.

Striding onwards, I reached the door of the drawing-room. It was closed, and the key was in the lock. A muffled whispering through the crack of the door tantalised me greatly. I took out part of a panel with my centre-bit. It was a not unhandy piece of work.

The Royal pair were there, as the enclosed film will show. I had to give a somewhat lengthy exposure, on account of the subdued lighting of the room, The fumes of chloroform wafted to me from the prostrate major-domo were a little trying.

My interview if one might so term it was prematurely cut short through the crass stupidity of the *Hig-Lif* man, who rang twelve chimes on the grandfather-clock instead of eleven. The Royal couple started up hastily, and I became entangled in the skeleton-legs of my camera, thus falling an easy prey to King Alfonso.

I escaped from prison after lunch, with the loss of my gun-cotton handkerchief.

Later. - I hear that 2000 tons of barbed-wire fencing and a battery of pom-poms are being hurried down the line from Bordeaux, but you may reckon with certainty on a further communication from your devoted correspondent.



THE LAST SHOOT OF THE SEASON.

(*Pheasants coming very high over tall trees.*)

Gun (*after twelve successive misses*). "Beastly things must be out of range. Ought to be shot from the other side."

Loader. "What other side, Sir?" *Gun*. "Sky, of course!"

INTERLUDE.

"Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit."

Now that the chains of office fall
From your unfettered hands,
North Berwick and St. Andrews call
You to their yellow sands.
No Fiscal Bogey there shall shock,
No faithless clique betray;
Nor any spiteful motions block
The order of the day.

No Party Whips the strokes shall tell;
No need on either side
Of the shrill summons of a bell,
Or closure, to divide.
No standing orders for your stance;
No Terrace for your tee;
No Speaker's eye to catch the glance
That on your ball should be.

Your fault alone if you must fear
The influence of the Press,—
Not the whole world, one tiny sphere
Is all you need address.
Tighten your grip! Stand fast! Correct
What points correction need;
To keep the honour, recollect
You must retain the lead.

Then when all faults have found a cure,
When Fortune's ceased to frown,
When all your drives fly far and sure,
And all your putts go down,
Approach St. Stephen's Green, to match
Skill against strength, and win!
And don't forget the wise old catch,
"Up never, never In."

Political Intelligence.

At a meeting in Radnorshire someone bored the gaspipes, with the result that, according to *The Morning Leader*, "gas was escaping." As a rule at political meetings the escape of gas is the cause and not the result of the boring.

More Commercial Candour.

"The Editress of the — , No. 1 out on Friday, will give £10 in prizes to the newsagent who displays her journal to the best advantage. . . . . The — — will be the best sell of the week."

Another New Paper.

It is rumoured that a rival to *The Westminster Gazette* is about to be started entitled *The Exminister Gazette*. It will be edited by Mr. Balfour and sub-edited by Mr. Lyttelton; while among the contributors will be Mr. Brodrick and Lord Stanley. It will be printed on very green paper.

"OUT-HERODING 'HEROD.'"

CERTAINLY, with *Nero* at His Majesty's Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has gone one better than with his *Herod* at the same theatre. So also has Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. A splendid spectacle. But a play, in the full sense of interesting and thrilling plot dramatically carried out, it is not. Women and men may come and go, may talk much, and so admirably deliver the lines that poet STEPHEN PHILLIPS has given them as justly to win the heartiest appreciation of a highly intelligent audience, and to receive thoroughly well-merited applause; but, with the exception of three notable situations, two of which are most powerful, there is very little dramatic action in this play. Though there be great dramatic effect, dramatic continuity and development of character, yet are these not "butchered," but sacrificed, with grandest ceremonial rites, "to make a Roman holiday."

It is difficult to see where Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has given Mr. TREE, as *Nero*, any one really fine scene. Mr. TREE's make-up is most artistic; as years progress, sensuality and cruelty line his painted face, and he looks what *Nero* was, a monster of depravity, in whom the light of conscience had been extinguished for ever.

Mrs. TREE, as *Agrippina*, *Nero's* mother, has a distinctly fine part, and plays it admirably. It may not be a perfect performance, but whether some apparent imperfections are to be considered as attributes of the character, or not, is a question that cannot be determined off-hand after only witnessing a *première*.

The most sensational situation is the sudden death, by poison, of young *Britannicus*, Mr. ESME PERCY, whose fall, headlong down the marble steps, absolutely struck terror into the audience. "Oh, what a fall was there!" It will be ever memorable in histrionic annals. Fine, too, is the end of this Act, where *Nero*, the conscience-stricken fratricide, confronts his mother, and makes *her* responsible for *his* guilt, as the curtain falls on a scene of wild disorder.

The strongest dramatic effect in the play is powerfully impressed on the audience by the acting of Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER as *Poppœa*, and of Mr. C. W. SOMERSET as *Tigellinus*, the crafty Minister, when they, in deadly silence, fearfully await the three signals that shall announce the death of *Agrippina*. Here was genuine acting: it was perfect. On this finely devised and superbly rendered situation the curtain descended.

Mr. LYN HARDING, whose *Bill Sikes* was so admirable, has not much to do except to be rough and ready, as Guglielmus Sikeius would have been, in the capacity of *Burrus*, *Nero's* Minister of War.

Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD played *Acte*, a graceful captive Princess, where and why taken prisoner it was not easy to ascertain from any hints dropped in the general conversation. Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER looked the Roman lady, played the unfaithful wife, and died effectively as an invalid, after a long and inexplicable illness. Perhaps she was poisoned. *Nero* knows: nobody else does, except, perhaps, Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS. As *Poppœa's* soldierly husband *Otho*, Mr. BASIL GILL was excellent; he had one short scene with his treacherous wife, of which both of them made the most. *Otho* is a sort of Uriah the Hittite, sent on active service by the EMPEROR, who is passionately enamoured of *Poppœa*, and who, speaking in the old-fashioned language of melodrama, "must and will possess" her.

I do not know if the ladies who take the small "speaking parts," and those who swell the crowd, are pupils of the dramatic school in which Mr. TREE teaches acting in all its branches, but anyhow they are most promising pupils, and do thorough justice to their able instructor. *Arboris floreat Academia.*

To carefully criticise Mr. COLERIDGE TAYLOR's music and its execution under the skilled direction of Mr. ADOLF SCHMID is, after this one hearing, well-nigh impossible. It is difficult indeed to say more than that it seemed exactly to illustrate the situations. There was not too much of it: it was appropriate: and it appeared to be used as an accompaniment to action precisely when it was wanted.

The curtain finally descends on a grand scene of Rome in flames. *Nero* has indeed "painted the town red," and somewhat recalling the boy "on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled," and saved themselves, he, like the lunatic incendiary at large that he is, paces up and down a terrace playing the lyre, and the fool at the same time, as a fit Hanwellian accompaniment to the awful catastrophe brought about by his Colney-hatched plot. It is a weird, maniacal, but dramatically unsatisfactory, finish. The conflagration still rages as the audience go out.

On the occasion of this most interesting and successful *première* the last to leave the house was the popular dramatist, descendant of so unworthy a Roman who was as poet, playwright, and artist, only an Imperial amateur, and sad was it to note the look of chastened sorrow and deepest regret on his intellectual countenance, as Mr. P. NERO quitted his stall, and walked silently out into the comparatively chilly night.

Mr. TREE, who has sent to Poet PHILLIPS a laurel crown which he declined to wear as being "too big for him," may rest upon the laurels which have not been made into a crown, and congratulate himself, his wife, and company, on a remarkable and quite exceptional success, a very "Blaze of Triumph!"

THE HIGHER LIFE.

[Canon BARNETT, writing in *The Tribune*, pleads for University education for the working man. "Here," he says, "is a call for legislation. Oxford and Cambridge might be compelled to put a fair share of their resources at the service of workmen."]

WHAT, what has become of the labouring men who used to support the pubs,
The dockyard crew and the plumber too, and the caddie who carried our clubs?
O whither has vanished the ox-like HODGE with the neck of a Highland bull,
And the muscular band who dug up the Strand whenever the Strand was full?

Stout HODGE has left the acres of mud that he tramped in his hob-nailed boots;
No longer he weeds the turnips and swedes—he 's taken to Sanskrit roots;
And the lass that he loved in the long ago has lost her faithless man—
Poor milkmaid JANE awaits him in vain—he 's wedded forever to *ἄν*.

There 's nothing the plumber will drain to-day—not even a pint of swipes;
He sports his oak and refuses to smoke because it reminds him of pipes;
And he 'd sadly regret all the years he has spent in learning to solder and plumb
Were it not in the fates that a knowledge of grates should assist him to pass *Litt. Hum.*

The burglar 's at home in his college rooms; he 's used to living in quods;
And he 's quite at his ease with his cribs and keys, so he hopes for a first in Mods.
Through the darkest passage he finds his way, as cool as a lump of ice,
And his purple past should fit him at last for playing the *rôle* of Vice.



Extract from Letter:—"THAT LITTLE MR. SMITH MUST BE *VERY* STRONG. HE WOULD *NOT* LET GO, AND HUNG ON *MOST* HEROICALLY, WHILE I RAN FOR MY LIFE WITH FIDO!"

PARTURIUNT DENTES....

PRONE in the dentist's torture-chair,
With drumming fists, erectile hair,
And tapping of the boots,
I lay, and watched the long hours go,
While nerve on nerve our Common Foe
Grappled, and wrenched, all quivering, from its roots.

I was not merry. Postured thus,
One rarely feels hilarious;
And, as that icy screw
Plied its dread office, I confess
I wept; and in my bitterness
I cursed my day. And cursed the dentist too.

When lo! as oft, when skies are gray,
The sparkling Regent of the Day
Leaps from behind a cloud,
So on my tortured being broke
The sudden rapture of a joke,
So rich, so radiant, that I laughed aloud!

My jaws were gagged. My mouth was full
(Ah me!) of rolls of cotton-wool.
The sound, I must admit,
Had less of laughter than the note
Known as a rattle in the throat.
The operator nearly had a fit.

Pale to the lips with sudden dread,
He loosed the gag, and raised my head,
And gave me drink to quaff.
I told him that I had but thought
Of something funny. It was nought.
I said, "Confound you, can't a fellow laugh?"

He scorched me with a fiery eye;
And said that I could sob, or sigh,
Such was the common lot;
But that the noise of one that laughed
Outraged the canons of his craft;
And, as he grimly urged, "I'd better not."

Thinking a dentist, when annoyed,
Is quite a person to avoid,
I left him with a sneer,
To cast abroad my *jeu d'esprit*,
With view to pay the ruffian's fee,
And stimulate a doting Public's cheer.

O Readers, when I wandered thence,
My heart was fat with confidence;
I *knew* that all was well;
Yet am I now, if truth be told,
E'en as that pessimist of old,
Who said he never nursed a young gazelle.

For "oh, the heavy change!" (It shows
That after all one never knows.)
I would have bet my money
That humour in a dentist's chair
Ought to be humour anywhere
And, now I'm out of it, it isn't funny. DUM-DUM.



Onlooker. "AN' 'TWERE ONLY T'OTHER DAY AS JARGE SAID 'E DIDN'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HOME RULE!"

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(Being Reflections, by a highly-strung Tory, on the Eccentricities of Parliamentary Nomenclature.)

O ENGLAND, why count upon claiming
The nations' continued respect,
When euphony's laws in the naming
Of Members you grossly neglect?
It may be that I have, unduly
Developed, the musical bump,
But surnames like CROOKS or GILHOOLY,
They give me the hump.

I haven't the smallest objection
To hearing a spade called a spade
By the violent friends of Protection
Or the truculent foes of Fair Trade;
My appetite's normal; on porridge
My fast ev'ry morning I break;
But when BALFOUR was ousted by HORRIDGE
It made my heart ache.

When political bruiser meets bruiser,
And one of the parties is "downed,"
A querulous tone in the loser
Won't help him to win the next round.
But when you are in for a licking
Because of the pendulum's swing,
If the name of your victor's McMICKING
It adds to the sting.

I regard the encroachment of Labour
Without one disquieting qualm;
The return of my gasfitting neighbour
I treat with a dignified calm;
The humours of *Samuel Gerridge*
In *Caste* I have always admired;
But the advent of HORRIDGE and BERRIDGE—
That makes me feel tired!

Some Parliaments, history teaches,
Have earned a continuing fame
By their length, or the strength of their speeches,
By glory, or even by shame,
But *this*, while there's mustard in Norwich,
And while there are pigs in Athlone,
By the triumph of BERRIDGE and HORRIDGE
Will surely be known.

Mems about Members.

MR. JOHN BURNS, although he is now a Cabinet Minister, still continues his old habit of entering his house at Battersea by means of the doorway.

No one who knows MR. JAMES BRYCE would suppose that his favourite recreation was walking backwards up a spiral wire.

It is not generally believed that Mr. "LULU" HARCOURT is a member of the Russian Secret Service.

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is some years the junior of his father, Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.



THROUGH!



Old Gentleman. "HOW BEAUTIFUL THE TREES LOOK WITH THEIR COATING OF WHITE FROST!"

Keeper. "IT'S AS I 'AVE SAID MANY A TIME, SIR. THESE 'ERE WHITE FROSTS BEAT NATUR' HOLLER. BUT FOLKS ONLY SMILE WHEN I TELL 'EM SO."

THE REASON WHY.

[SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S language has been described as windy.]

WE 've had some windy nights of late,
Sir H. C.-B., and now they state
That you 're another, when you prate,
And when you rail.
But we 'll excuse you for that same;
If you *are* windy, why, small blame,
'Tis Nature's fault, for by your name
You 're half a Gael!

THE BOOK OF THE DAY.

A BELATED REVIEW.

WE do not say that we came to this great volume with any prejudice against it, but we admit to a dislike of the cover. Now, however, we are bound to say that it is undoubtedly the book of the day. More—the book of the year. Scarcely a moment passes, since it has been in our possession, but we have found ourselves turning its pages, every one of which has some message for us, some helping phrase, or some familiar picture from which it is hard to tear the gaze.

We never saw a book with such a wealth of pictures, many of them in colours and fascinating in their realism; just like life. It must surely inaugurate a new era in illustration. But neither artist's name nor author's is given. We should doubt if either text or drawings could be the work of one man; a syndicate rather; but surely honour should be given where honour is due. Think of a volume of 1223 pages, and not a dull line, and yet no hint as to authorship or editorship! And at this day, too, when so many journalists seem to exist merely to draw attention to books and authors.

We read all the literary papers, but not one has said a word of this volume. It is allowed to pass unnoticed, in spite of its huge circulation and encyclopædic information. We see the praises of this novelist and that poet, this biographer and that traveller, but nothing of the book before us. Must the brightest and best lights be always hidden under bushels?

It is a book for old and young alike. The young are indeed pampered by it, after the new fashion. If any one doubts this, let him look at page 1003.

Travellers often give lists of the three or four books which they take with them on their perilous journeys and read and read again; but we have never seen this work mentioned. And yet there is nothing so various, so packed, as this, nothing that would so bring to their minds memories of home or plans for the future.

We do not say it is perfect. There are many cases where the interest suddenly stops and others where, in our opinion, the *mot juste* is lacking; the style is

jerky; now and then the transition from one subject to another is extraordinarily abrupt, as when the writer, having exhausted all he has to say on art, turns swiftly to the consideration of physic. But when an author takes all life for his province he may be pardoned if he does not spend too much time in passing gradually from theme to theme. Looked at as a whole it is a very remarkable book, and we shall dip into it again and again.

It is a Stores List.

WORKERS IN THE CAUSE.

(A Reminiscence of the Elections.)

"Irene," said Alice suddenly, interrupting a duologue on hats. "I suppose you are going canvassing?"

Irene opened her eyes wide.

"Oh, no, Alice! And please, please, don't ask me! I simply couldn't!"

"But you mustn't say 'couldn't.' It is your duty to canvass. The Cause wants workers lots more workers. And you have a motor-car."

"But, Alice! I really haven't got the nerve. How could I go poking my head into strange people's houses, and saying, 'Vote for ·'? By the way, which is the one they have to vote for? Ramsey, isn't it?"

"Irene! That's the other one! How can you! Every vote given for Ramsey is a vote given for Home Rule."

"Oh, is it? I must remember that. It seems so silly not to know."

"And you *will* go canvassing?"

"But I can't! I don't know anything about politics. Fancy if they should want me to argue with them!"

"There isn't any need to argue. I don't ever. All you have to do is to put on your best hat and look nice, and ask them if they have quite made up their minds which way they are going to vote. If they say they are going to vote for the Liberal, you can just talk to them a bit about the weather, and then get away as quickly as you can. If they are going to vote for the Conservative, you ought to stay a little longer, and remind them that next Thursday week is the polling-day. That's all. You see it's quite simple."

"But what if they say they are not going to vote at all?"

"Oh yes, of course, I had forgotten that! That's the most important thing of all. You must then show them one of Mr. Wilmington's photographs."

"Wilmington? Who's he?"

"Irene! You're too dreadful! Why, that's our man!"

"Our man? Oh yes, I see! The Conservative candidate, you mean? That's right, isn't it? We *are* Conservatives, aren't we?"

"Really, I think, perhaps, after all, you had better not go canvassing. You might make some bad mistake."

The prospect of canvassing became suddenly attractive.

"Oh, no, I don't think I should. It seems quite simple. I fancy I shall rather like canvassing. It will be all right so long as I remember our man's name. What did you say it was, again?"

"Wilmington."

"Of course, yes! I knew it began with a W. And hadn't I better get up a few of the arguments? They might want to argue with me, you know; and it's just as well to be prepared. Tell me about Mr. What's-his-name's politics. Is he a—what is it that the papers have been making all this fuss about? Oh, I know, is he a Free-Trader or a Protectionist?"

"I'm not sure, I never quite know what the two things mean. I fancy Mr. Wilmington doesn't quite know himself. Hadn't you better leave that question alone?"

"Oh, no, but I can't. It's the question of the day. Everybody is certain to discuss it. And I never can recollect whether it's the Free-Traders or the Protectionists that want to shut up all the public-houses. Which is it?"

"I don't know. You had far better learn something that people can understand. 'A Pettleham man for Pettleham' goes down excellently."

"That sounds rather nice. I must make a note of that. Let me see, which is the Pettleham man ours or the other one?"

"Ours, *of course!*"

"Thanks. Yes, so it would be. Ah! and there's another thing that I heard somebody talking about. They kept on saying how important it was that the Liberals should get a working majority. What is a working majority?"

"I think it must mean a majority of working-men—of Labour members, you know."

"Oh yes, of course! I shall remember that. Is there anything else I ought to be up in?"

"You'll find that quite enough. I always think that, when one goes canvassing, the less one knows the better. If one knows absolutely nothing, then one can't say anything that's wrong, can one?"

"There's something in that."

Three days later, Alice met her new recruit motoring home, her face radiant with triumph, and the back of the car adorned with a huge bill "Vote for Ramsey and Free Trade."

"Fancy, Alice!" she cried, exultingly. "I've canvassed a whole street. No end of people promised to vote for me. Isn't it grand!"

"But, Irene! How could you! You've been canvassing for the wrong man! Ramsey is the Liberal!"

"No, Alice! He isn't, *really*, is he? Are you *quite* sure?"

Alice nodded grimly.

"However *could* you make such a terrible mistake?"

"Oh, don't ask me! *I* don't know! I really haven't an idea how I came to do such a silly thing. I made sure our man's name began with a W."

"So it does. But Ramsey begins with an R."

Irene's face lightened.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Then it wasn't my fault, after all! You know Dr. Tanner? The man who *will* pronounce his R's like W's."

"Yes, I know him. He's the most dreadful Radical in the whole town."

"Is he? Well, it's all his fault. I met him just as I was starting out; and I told him I was going canvassing. When he asked me for which side, I found I'd lost the paper out of my purse with our man's name on it. What *was* I to do, Alice? I couldn't go on canvassing without knowing who for. So I told Dr. Tanner that, if he would tell me what the names were, I would tell him which was the right one. Then he said, 'Was it Wamsey?' I knew that it began with a W; so, of course, I said it *was* Wamsey, and asked him to lend me a pencil to write it down. Then he said he had something that would do much better; and he went into his house, and fetched out a lot of little cards with 'Vote for Ramsey' on them."

"Well, you saw then that Ramsey wasn't spelt with a W?"

"No, I didn't. You see, I was so excited. And Dr. Tanner was *most* nice. He helped to fasten that big placard on the back of the car, and hung two little ones on the side. Then I went canvassing. I was enormously successful."

"You've made a nice muddle of it."

A complacent smile crept into the corners of Irene's mouth.

"I do hope you'll be able to put it all right again. Because I really think I made rather an impression. Every man I saw I got to promise to vote for Ramsey. One man said that, if all the Royal Family were to come and argue with him for an hour, he wouldn't go back on his word. He was quite earnest about it."

"It seems rather a pity you went canvassing at all, doesn't it?"

"Well, *you* made me. We were talking sensibly about hats at the time, and I told you I didn't understand canvassing. Whereas, hats, now——"

"That reminds me. I've just seen the most delicious new design in——"

[Left handling a topic they really do understand.



A DEPUTATION OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Sir Henry C.-B. "Arthur Balfour, a philanthropic gentleman in the City, is, at great inconvenience to himself, making a situation for you,—you are very fortunate. With regard to the rest of the Deputation, I am afraid, Gentlemen,—and in this I have the full concurrence of my right hon. friend,—I can do nothing for you. You will have to wait with exemplary patience for vacancies as they arise."

THE YOUNG PARLIAMENTARY HAND-BOOK.

So many of the legislators who have been returned to the Parliament which is just opening are young or inexperienced that *Mr. Punch*, always paternal and philanthropic, has spent considerable time in collecting for their guidance a number of hints and cautions. Only by properly understanding these can success at St. Stephen's be assured.

DRESS.

There is no hard and fast line to be drawn here. In the House, as in the street or the home, dress is largely a matter of personal taste. None the less it is customary in the House to retain one's coat even on hot nights, and when wearing spats, to have them of the same colour on each foot. At the Local Government Board the blue serge of a strenuous life is *de rigueur*, and suits of this material may be obtained at low rates of the Mayor of Battersea. Under an artificial light, blue becomes black, thus bringing the wearer into line with evening decorum. In the dog-days white duck trousers may be worn with impunity as a tribute to the memory of Mr. BOWLES. In regard to hats the example of Mr. KEIR HARDIE makes it clear that to wear a deer-stalker does not involve the stigma of owning a deer forest.

The larger Tories are addicted to frock-coats. It is understood that a number of these excellent garments, all in good condition, from the wardrobe of Mr. CHAPLIN (who no longer has any use for them), will be on sale shortly in the Lobby. Tariff reformers add an orchid, but this is not compulsory. Indeed nothing is compulsory: the House, like the country, is free.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN is said to be contemplating a general order making his own very high collars the rule; but until that happens Members may wear what they like. The fold-over is at present first favourite. By turning this pattern inside out it may be made serviceable for a second day. A bureau for the sale of collars and handkerchiefs has been opened just behind the SPEAKER's chair. Before leaving this subject it may be as well to remind new Members that special furs are associated with different Parliamentary groups. Thus, while astrachan is invariably affected by Members in the "Birmingham zone," moleskin coats are the badge of the Labour Party, while waistcoats of chameleon skin are worn by Balfourites.

FOOD.

Food is provided in the House. Nosebags are not forbidden, but it would be idle to pretend that they are encouraged. The food provided in the House, no matter to what Party you belong, is taxed. In other words, you have to pay for it. No tea is served anywhere but on the Terrace, wet or fine. Hence, when the weather is very bad, tea is rarely drunk, even by the Chinese Labour Party. It is against the rules to have meals brought to you during debates. If you are very hungry you must catch the SPEAKER's eye and ask leave to retire for refreshment; or pair with an equally hungry Tory.



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

CREDIT NOT HIM WHOSE TONGUE SPEAKETH WONDERS.

LOCOMOTION.

It s not the thing for any Member to walk to the House; but it is absolutely forbidden to London Members, in all of whose constituencies are many honest hard-working cabmen. Here again personal taste dictates. One Member will come in his brougham, another in his motor car, a third in a hansom, a fourth on motor skates. The PRIME MINISTER is always drawn by a pair of high-steppers, harnessed together with a hyphen. The Member for the Ayr Burghs descends in an aeroplane, which is kept in an Aerated Bread Garage on the Clock Tower. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL comes on the back of his Vulture, but this is somewhat frowned at. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS rides a cow. Mr. JOHN BURNS is landed at the Terrace steps by a private Thames Steamer, of which he is both admiral and crew. Others use four-wheelers. The Labour Members are having a motor 'bus built for them, of which it is untrue to say that Sir CHARLES DILKE will be the driver. Odd how these rumours get about!

JOURNALISM.

Members are not allowed to be visited at intervals in their places in the House by printers' devils. Journalist M.P.'s will have to despatch their copy from the outer doors.

It has never been considered good form to review a book during the progress of a debate; but anything may happen in the new Parliament.

FORMS OF ADDRESS.

The PREMIER should be addressed as Sir HENRY, or, when terms of intimacy are established, as BANNERMAN. There is no need to say CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN every time. Do not say C.-B.

Mr. BRODRICK is not likely to be in Parliament just yet; but when he comes do not call him BRODDER.

Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS is known to his intimates as "BOB," and among the theatrical profession as "Old AKERS," but while he is official Leader of the Opposition undue familiarity is to be deprecated.

Before speaking to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN bow almost to the ground, and apologise for existing. This will make the interview easier, and, for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, more home-like.

A FEW GENERAL HINTS.

Be careful to distinguish between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who are really different persons.

Do not refer to Mr. BALFOUR (on his return) either as a Chamberlainite or a Balfourite. He is more subtle than that.

If you see a friend in the Strangers' Gallery, do not attempt to converse with him from the floor of the House while Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is speaking.

It is not considered good form to remove your boots during the course of an all-night sitting.

NEW READINGS OF OLD LINES.—"Journeys end in mothers' meetings."

OUR THEATRICALS.

THE first thing, of course, was a Committee Meeting. We met at Mrs. SOMERVILLE's, the lady who organises Extension Lectures, and knows all the really brainy people for miles round. SMITHERS was there, naturally; he comes of a theatrical family, having a cousin in a musical comedy somewhere on tour in Wales. Then there was BRITANNIA HOXTON, who gives Wild West recitations to the poor of the parish, after they have been fed and lectured on sanitation by Mrs. SOMERVILLE; and young TURNHAM GREEN, who, having been born with the artistic temperament, as he frequently explains, is incapacitated for any remunerative employment; and last, but least in one sense only, little Miss GIPSY HILL, who possesses twenty-seven entirely different photographs of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON. Why GEORGE had been invited to take part I could not explain: certainly his qualifications for the stage were not so obvious as those of the others. But there he was, in his usual disgustingly high spirits, talking thirteen to the dozen to GIPSY, until Mrs. SOMERVILLE, somewhat tardily as I thought, called him to order. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, in her composite capacity of hostess, business-manager, chaperon, censor, advertising agent, and, as a rule, leading lady, did all the calling to order, though BARTHOLOMEW, the curate, was nominally in the chair. He had been installed in that position, not because he invariably went to see Mr. BENSON's Shakspearean Company whenever it visited the neighbourhood, but because he represented the Good Object. And the Good Object was important.

We were a talented company (excepting GEORGE), yet we could not trust the neighbourhood to turn up in any force to see us act, without the Good Object. So little diffused, I regret to say, is the love of Art for Art's sake.

Well, BARTHOLOMEW, having been formally requested by Mrs. SOMERVILLE to say a few words, remarked that we were all gathered together in the sacred cause of charity, and that charity covered a multitude of sins. Thereupon GEORGE, with that lack of reverence that distinguishes him, gave vent to an entirely pointless guffaw, and Mrs. SOMERVILLE, rising in the awkward silence that ensued, with a large manuscript in her hands, began by saying that, having talked the matter over with her husband—dear old SOMERVILLE was not present, but we all knew him and appreciated the pure formality of this opening—she had arrived at the conclusion that, having regard to the Good Object, we ought not to be unduly frivolous. At this moment a maid entered the room with tea. (*Hear, hear!*)



Smart Girl (to keen Motorist). "MY SISTER HAS BOUGHT A BEAUTIFUL MOTOR CAR."
Keen Motorist. "REALLY! WHAT KIND?"
Smart Girl. "OH, A LOVELY SAGE GREEN, TO GO WITH HER FROCKS."

Mrs. SOMERVILLE, sinking for the nonce the manager in the hostess, seated herself at the tea-table. Amidst the hubbub of small talk that followed I just caught a whisper that Mrs. SOMERVILLE had added to her other functions that of authoress, and was about to read to the company a play specially written for the occasion. Somebody said quite loudly, "How awfully clever of you!" And then GEORGE and GIPSY, who were sitting together in a remote corner (listening to GEORGE's verbosity) and could not possibly have had any notion of what was meant, turned round and echoed "How awfully clever of you!" in unison. The thought that GEORGE was leading that sweet young girl into disingenuous paths distressed me so much that I was able to pay but little attention to the play when, after tea, Mrs. SOMERVILLE did read it. But it was certainly not frivolous. The speeches in it were so lengthy that I was much relieved to find that she had allotted to me only the task of prompting. I was also pleased, for the moment, when I heard that she had cast GEORGE, of all people, for the hero. Mrs. SOMERVILLE's weight is somewhat excessive for heroines, and the fellow who has to make love to her always looks a good deal of an ass. I pictured myself seated in the wing on the night, prompt-book on knee, chatting to GIPSY, and pointing out to her—what by that time, however, I trusted would be sufficiently self-evident—namely, how ridiculous a person GEORGE really was.

But from this delightful dream I was quickly awakened. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, presently handing out to everyone their parts, said sweetly to GIPSY, "I am going to retire in your favour, dear. I shall have quite enough to do without playing juvenile lead—and you know GEORGE quite well already, don't you?" What could have induced Mrs. SOMERVILLE to make such a departure from established precedent I could not imagine. Only the Good Object prevented my resigning my promptership on the spot.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE birth and the achievements of the Fourth Party form one of the most fascinating chapters in the political history of England during the last twenty-five years. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL in his Life of his father has illumined the episode with commanding art. Shortly on his footsteps treads the son of another member of the historic Party. In preparing the records of *The Fourth Party* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. HAROLD GORST has had the assistance of his father, who states in a brief preface that he has placed at the disposal of the author his recollections of the past, and such documents as remain in his possession. Sir HENRY WOLFF, reading and revising the proofs, contributes a letter in which he demurs to what Mr. HAROLD GORST describes as "the surrender" to Lord SALISBURY when the defeat of Mr. GLADSTONE, in 1885, opened the way for what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN irreverently described as the Stopgap Government. Mr. GORST'S account of the turn of events which brought Lord RANDOLPH into the Cabinet points to its having been conceived and carried out behind the back of Sir JOHN GORST, in violation of an understanding that upon matters of such moment the Party as a whole—they were not embarrassingly numerous—should be consulted. Sir HENRY WOLFF objects alike to the use of the word "surrender" and to the inference that Lord RANDOLPH played for his own hand without consulting his colleagues. The reader will form his own judgment on a case he will find plainly stated. It is unquestioned that at this epoch there arose a state of tension between Lord RANDOLPH and Sir JOHN GORST which was never fully eased. My Baronite finds in the book a side-light on an interesting episode.

Those weary souls of generous intent who have set out to buy a present for dear So-and-So, and who stand surfeited and bewildered in that Aladdin's cave the book-shop, may possibly be saved much mental tension and distress by enquiring out-of hand for a production of Messrs. A. AND C. BLACK, not undeservedly named *The Beautiful Birthday Book*. Among birthday books, and they are legion, this claims high rank—a veritable aristocrat.

Carefully chosen extracts from great writers face the opening of each month, and the colour-printed illustrations by Miss GERTRUDE DEMAIN-HAMMOND, scattered through the book, have irresistible freshness and charm. Messrs. BLACK did well for their venture when they called in the aid of an illustrator of so much freedom and good taste. She has put of her best into the work, and, in view of her record since she carried off the Gold Medal at the Royal Academy, this is high praise, but not too high. The binding, minor decoration, and general setting of the book are excellent.

In a modest Foreword Mr. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN sets forth the purpose he had in view in writing *The Africander Land* (JOHN MURRAY). It was to present a picture, brought up to date by personal observation, of the actual conditions prevailing in South Africa, showing the inter-relations of each section of political or social life, of each difficult problem, and their place in the current of Imperial affairs. The task has been accomplished with a measure of success that places the treatise in the front rank of studies of this important subject. To its accomplishment Mr. COLQUHOUN has brought the essential equipment of an impartial mind. Industriously, doggedly, going down to the root of the matter, he is able to describe and trace to its causes the growth of the overspreading tree. At home just now the question of Chinese labour absorbs public attention when it is turned towards South Africa. Mr. COLQUHOUN, from personal observation, shows that the lot of the yellow immigrant is not nearly so black as it is painted by politicians in the heat of a General Election. The labour trouble began before the Chinaman arrived, and will prevail after he has departed. South Africa is not a white man's country in the sense that he can there earn a living by the work of his hands. That premised, Mr. COLQUHOUN states the whole case in one of his luminous passages. There are, he says, three great labour markets: the mines, agriculture, and domestic service. It is impossible accurately to estimate the demand for domestic service. But between them the mines require the daily labour of 782,000 men, whilst the total number of South African natives, ready and (moderately) willing to work is 474,472, leaving a shortage of 307,528. There is the crux of the South African question. Desperate effort has been made to meet it. It has failed. A suggestion is not yet forthcoming of a substitute. This is only one of the Africander problems touched with enlightening hand by Mr. COLQUHOUN. My Baronite respectfully recommends the work to the study of the new Colonial Minister and his brilliant Under Secretary. When they have read it they will have a fuller and juster appreciation of the most complex of the important problems by which their Department is confronted.

The Choice of Emelia, by ADELINE SERGEANT (JOHN LONG), is a novel of varied character and strong dramatic incident. At its very commencement the personality of the heroine arrests the attention of the reader, who will anxiously follow her fortunes throughout her chequered career. The striking melodramatic scenes of the story are the logical outcome of the evil agencies at work in characters that will not appear the least over-charged when judged by the standard of experience in criminal cases. The style of writing is simple and emphatic, the narration lucid; and though the *dénouement* is somewhat sudden, being in the nature of a surprise, yet is the leading up to it so artistically managed that we welcome the end as the only legitimate and satisfactory finish to an absorbing story.


THE BARON DE B.-W.

"The Envy of 'the Gods.'"

WHEN a Roman General took his triumph, it was considered a healthy corrective to remind him that he was mortal. A Socialist gentleman, writing in *The Clarion*, goes a step further and seizes the occasion of the overwhelming triumph of the Liberal Party to inform the world that "Liberalism is dead." The news comes as a great disappointment to C.-B. Tory M.P.'s, on the other hand, do not attempt to conceal their satisfaction, and are preparing obsequies upon a generous and even Neroic scale, and will themselves provide one mourner to every two and a-half corpses.

Humours of the Polls.

Voter (addressing the two polling clerks). Dang me if I knows which on 'ee to vote for. Y' see, I never clapped eyes on either on 'ee afore!

Polling Clerk (handing voting paper to cannie Northumberland Pitman). Now just make a cross after the name of the man you want to get in.

Cannie Pitman. Dee what? Dee ye think a canna write? Crosses an' sich like are aa reeght for them as has never been to school; but a have, an' a 's gaan to write ma name, an' show a 's not afeerd to let 'em see a 'm on the reeght side.

[*Does so and spoils voting paper.*

BOOKS OF THE MINUTE.

Foods We are Fed up With, is the title of a very appetising little brochure from the joint stylos of Mr. EUSTACE SNACKS and Dr. BRAZILIA NUTFIELD, just issued by the well-known international firm of LACHAISE, SON AND BROOKWOOD. Its object is to revolutionise the dietary of the growing manhood of the nation. Our grossly carnivorous ideas of feeding—our immutable bacon, our sanguinary rump-steaks and cuts from the joint, our unspeakable "cold 'am or cold beef, Sir,"—are undoubtedly relics of an abandoned (or about to be abandoned) past. For them is to be substituted a meal-scheme which to the casual inquirer, it is true, may seem somewhat somewhat autochthonous, but it's not! Not by a long choke. Invidious as it is to choose amongst such a galaxy of alluring dishes, nevertheless the attempt must be made.

BREAKFAST.

Pea-nut Porridge.—Shell one imperial girkin of pea-nuts, and smite them thoroughly with a boomerang until they reach the consistency of over-ripe medlars. (This makes an excellent early-morning exercise.) Stiffen with a few cornflowers and boil at a temperature of 913° F. Serve up hot.

LUNCH

Should be a light meal, *e.g.*:—

Curried Raisins.—Take as many raisins as you can buy wholesale for 2¼*d.*, noting especially that they are plump and pleasant-looking. Stew in a pot (either pint or quart, or better, half-and-half) with plenty of well-puffed rice, a few pine-nuts, a noggin of French mustard and a soupçon of Chili saltpetre (not too Chili), and stir up strongly with a curry-comb. Serve in a dark room.

A tasty little dish for light lunchers, equal in nutritive value to quite three times its weight of curried hot-house grapes.



IN THE SWISS HIGHLANDS.

Brown. "THIS IS RATHER A PRETTY FIGURE. YOU START ON THE LEFT FOOT, CUT A DROP THREE—THEN——" (*Bump.*)

Little Girl (unmoved). "OH, *THAT'S* WHY IT'S CALLED A DROP THREE, MR. BROWN!"

DINNER

Should be eaten directly after vigoro, but before table-tennis.

Horse-chestnut Sausages.—Take as many horse-chestnuts as you can knock down with a fives-ball in half-an-hour, and annoy them with a fret-saw until they get "that worried look." (If the chestnuts show any signs of mange, this should first be removed with a manger-cloth.) Then proceed to wallop them conscientiously with a physical exerciser, striking alternately over right and left shoulders, and adding from time to times pinches of tourmaline, formaline and lanoline. Moisten with half a tot of King's Peg (see below).

As a substitute for the obviously inadmissible sausage-skin, we have found a disused tennis-ball to answer admirably, the mixture being introduced through a hole in one end, which is afterwards vulcanised. Masticate slowly.

King's Peg.—To a basinful of barley-water add spoonfuls of cod-liver oil, candied peel and ketchup. (Be sure that the mushrooms were grown in tunnels with good ventilation.) Let the mixture come quickly to the simmer-and-jack, and grate into it small quantities of spekboom, disselboom, and any other boom that may be in fashion at the moment.

N.B. It is not of any use for *brown* boots.

Or substitute the entrancing

Terebinth Treacle.

Take three young terebinths, prepare them thoroughly with a gouge and then pass them through a barrel-organ. (Grind to the tune of "*I wants yer, ma honey, yus I do.*") Stew the grindings in their own juice with the addition of half a pint of Seccotine (or Stickphast, according to taste) until the general appearance resembles that of a bran-mash, then add quite a lot of bulls-eyes to give proper texture and taste. Spread thickly but firmly over moderately yellow slices of brimstone. This dish has been called "A foretaste of Paradise."

Quarrelling Already?

"Mr. Asquith spoke at Morley last night."—*Daily Paper of Feb.* 3.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

II.

"Have you seen your *Spectator?*" I asked of Prenderby, on my second visit.

"Have I had my morning bath?" he replied.

"Very well," I continued; "then you have seen its statement that 'the victory was in every sense a Free-Trade victory—the men who really wanted Protection but who voted for Free Trade because of Chinese labour are a myth.' What have you to say to that?"

"Mr. Strachey, of the *Spectator*," said Prenderby, "is no ordinary man, though his modesty will not permit him to recognise this glaring fact. He is possessed by a first-class dæmon, in the Socratic sense; or, if the thought is too pagan, I will say that he is inspired by the breath of the patron saint whose name he bears—the adorable, the imperishable St. Loe. He hears voices in the air which prompt him, when composing paragraphs on Tariff Reform, to regard his own state of profound and intelligent conviction as the common possession of his fellow men. Allowing for differences of age and weight, he reminds me a little of *Pelleas*—not *Melisande's Pelleas*, but him of Tennyson's idyll, the lover of the shallow-souled *Ettarre*.

> 'For as the base man, judging of the good,
> Puts his own baseness in him by default
> Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend
> All the young beauty of his own soul to hers,
> Believing her.'

"Now Mr. St. Loe Strachey (who honours us both with his friendship) is a Free Trader by sacred conviction, derived from a close and assiduous study of economics. And when he says that 'the men who really wanted Protection but who voted for Free Trade because of Chinese labour are a myth,' he simply means that no extraneous appeal, set forth never so alluringly on coloured posters, could have seduced *him* (St. Loe) to a denial of his faith on the fiscal question (witness the bogey of Home Rule, which left his Unionist marrow absolutely unchilled). He does not stop to ask how many of the electorate were in a position to lay their hands on their hearts and say that they 'wanted' either Protection or Free Trade in the sense in which you want a thing *because you are convinced of its desirability*. But out of that sheer loftiness of spirit which attributes its own virtues to the race at large he has overlooked the probability that, of the voting community which has returned a Free Trade Government with so overwhelming a majority, the numbers that have actually had the time or mental ability to give a day's intelligent consideration to the subject do not exceed some 5% all told. This is, I dare say, a gross exaggeration, and the figure should be far lower still; but we will stretch a point and place it as high as 5%.

"For me, not having been able for the last eighteen months to devote more than two hours *per diem* to the weighing of arguments for and against Free Trade, I do not regard myself as a fit person to pronounce a decision on the question. My inclination, at present, is towards that Conservative principle which enjoins us to leave well, even fairly well, alone. But the vast majority of my countrymen, the 95% who have been at the mercy of statistics compiled to taste, or of counter-catchwords, such as 'Your raw food will cost you more,' or, 'Work for the unemployed,' have escaped that reticence of judgment which should be the prerogative of the cautious student, and have apparently given their verdict without hesitation, strong in the courage of other people's opinions. I say 'apparently,' since we have no means of determining what has been the dominating issue at this Election. The thought that my fellow-workers, as distinct from the unemployed, whom, I am glad to know, they far outnumber, might selfishly prefer cheap food to an increase of labour, would seem to furnish a sufficient reason for the country's decision in favour of Free Trade. But I am too well assured that the heart of the working-man is located in the right spot to believe that he would be constrained by any motive but that of the purest altruism. What actually must have happened to the simple voter in a countless number of cases is this: finding himself unequal to the task of forming an independent judgment on the abstruse niceties of the fiscal question, he has looked elsewhere for some comprehensible indication of the right way in which to exercise his privilege of a free and enlightened elector, and just such an indication has been abundantly afforded by the Chinese 'Slavery' poster. A child could take it in.

"Speaking impartially, as a Cross-bencher, I must say that if the new Government acquires the sobriquet of 'the Slavery Government,' it has itself to blame for importing this alien appeal into an issue which it stoutly alleged to be a Free Trade issue, one and single."

"But you see," I said, "that Mr. Birrell, Comptroller of the Liberal Publication Department, repudiates all responsibility for this poster."

"Yes," said Prenderby solemnly, "but not till it had done its deadly work. A number of irregulars, without authority from Colonel Birrell of the Commissariat, had poisoned the enemy's wells, and it was only after the fiscal battle, when he came upon the dead lying there, untouched by the bullet, 'unsmote by the sword' (see Byron on *Sennacherib*), that he protested his innocence in regard to this sad breach of military etiquette.

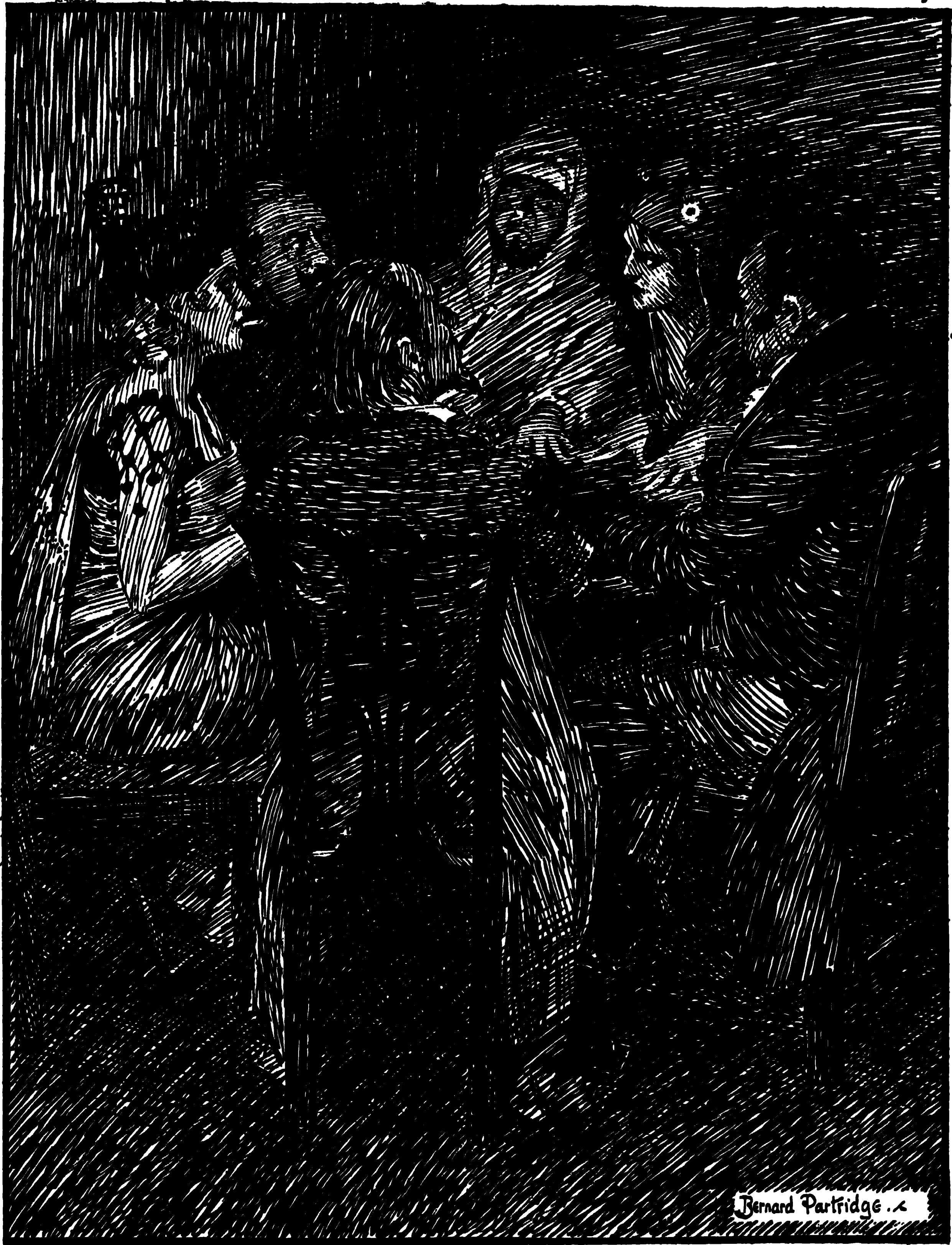
"If I did not know well that Mr. Birrell is the proud and happy possessor of a Nonconformist Conscience, I must have suspected him of adherence to certain so-called Jesuitical principles; to a belief, for instance, that the means, especially if employed irresponsibly, justifies the end. As it is, I fear the memory of this 'Slavery' poster may cause him pain when he reflects that the majority which is to enable him to pass his Bill for the Better Training of Children in the Paths of Truth has been, in part at least, secured by the brilliant success of a Palpable Lie.

"And yet I am not sure. I fancy that some of us have misjudged the Nonconformist Conscience. It may have in it a stronger element of elasticity and resilience than we supposed."

"Mr. Birrell," I said, "who honours us both with his friendship" (I ought to say that with me, and even with Prenderby, this consideration is allowed to weigh in a man's favour), "has stated that his Education Bill is to be *the* Bill of the Session."

"The Rt. Hon. Mr. Birrell," replied Prenderby, "who, like Mr. Strachey, is named after a patron saint—in this case the great Churchman St. Augustine—is a man of humour. To find humour allied with a Nonconformist conscience is to find a rare and almost invincible coalition. They exist together in the person of that great master of militant anti-sacerdotalism, Mr. Lloyd-George, but here in a more boisterous form. His conscience lacks the sweet reasonableness, his humour the lettered subtlety, of his colleague. Yet in him Mr. Birrell will find an assessor who at least reflects his own gifts. And just as Mr. Haldane, in his task of reforming the British Army, will have the advantage of being spurred on by the spontaneous intervention of General Terauchi, Japanese Minister of War, so for the work of supplying to the nation's children those forms of religion on which their parents are popularly credited with insisting, the Cymric specialist may be trusted to volunteer all, if not more than all, the assistance that the actual Minister of Education may require.

"Meanwhile the position of the Child itself, the Unconsulted Object, bandied about like a cricket-ball between opposing



THE ALGECIRAS SÉANCE.

The Assembled Powers. "WELL, NOTHING SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING!"



Swagger Yeomanry Officer. "Bring out my charger."
Job-master's Foreman. "Very sorry, Sir, but 'e's just gone to a Funeral!"

teams, can hardly fail to appeal alike to Mr. Birrell's humour and to the memory of his own exploits (as you and I have been privileged to watch them) on the tented field."

"Let's hope that he will not be too good a Minister," I said, "not too much in earnest. For this new Parliament, we want all the humour that's available in the House."

"And out of it," added Prenderby. "I sometimes wonder what is going to happen with certain partisan wits of the Liberal Press, who for the last ten years have steadfastly refused to find any source of laughter in the performances of their own Party in Opposition. Will they still confine their shafts to Tory butts, now almost too broken up to support their impact? Think what chances they have lost in all these years, because they *would* sacrifice their art to their politics. We want more humorists with enough of jealous pride in their art to admit no rival passion; to insist on seizing the bright occasion as it serves, without respect of party or person!"

I agreed. Yet I could not but regret that this ideal of humour detached from party passion did not seem somehow to have secured a very apt exponent in the person of Prenderby. Still, he was improving; he had partially thrown off the baneful effects of the flowing tide. And on this reassuring thought I rose to go. O. S.

More Lèse Majesté?

"We must be armed," said the President of the Reichstag, "so that we can knock on the head any one who attempts to disturb the peace." Could he have been alluding to the Kaiser himself?

"Here we are again!" or, The Acrobatic C.-B.

"There was a crowd of people on Slough Station to greet Sir Henry as he passed through the window of the railway carriage with a number of enthusiastic Liberals."—*Sunday Times.* Was this a new way of evading the difficulties which the closed door opposes to our exports?

Society Gossip.

Titmarsh Redivivus, in describing a recent social function, says that Mr. Chamberlain was looking remarkably well, with the usual orchid in his button-hole, and in his necktie a Whole Hog-garty diamond.

Lost by a Length indeed!

"Lost, on the 24th, Lady's Dark Brown Fox Fur, deep cape and long ends, from Loughborough Road to top of Arkwright Street."—*Nottingham Evening Post.*

CHARIVARIA.

The following extract is from an article entitled "Reorganisation at the Zoo," in last week's *Field*: "The lemurs have been removed to the old sloths' house. . . . Before long the monkeys will also be removed, and it has been arranged that the old cages shall be replaced by new ones. The whole house will be stripped, cleaned and disinfected by a special method under the supervision of Dr. Gordon, the expert who has been in charge of the sanitation of the House of Commons."

We quote the above passage without comment, except to say that it does not seem to be in the best possible taste: and to add that some of our new Peers may be interested to know that, as a Labour Member informs us, among the animals at the Zoo the old sloths' house is always referred to as "Another Place."

Among the Members of the United Liberal Party we are pleased to notice the names of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Dewar.

It is rumoured that the Conservative Party is making arrangements for holding a great Memorial Service.

Towards the end, King Alfonso's courtship was allowed to proceed in comparative privacy. On several occasions he has been seen about with Princess Ena accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting, and 50 reporters.

The resources of the present King of Servia are said to be about to Peter out.

There would appear to be no more prudish city in the world than New York. A short time ago it distinguished itself by a crusade against undraped statuary. Now a bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature to compel owners of cats to provide their pets with collars.

Which reminds us that the Editor of *Town Topics* has lost his suit.

Captain Mikkelsen, who is starting for the Arctic regions, says that the forty dogs which will accompany him will be used as food. Meanwhile, the dogs are still under the impression that they are being taken because they are such dear little fellows.

The report that Canon Lyttelton has devised a means by which the Eton boys will get more sleep has led to a rumour that the hours of instruction are to be extended.

The scheme for introducing butterflies into the London parks has been revived. The objection that they would all soon be caught by mischievous youngsters would, it is said, be got over if each butterfly were to be accompanied by a police-constable.

There would seem to be no end to the hidden dangers of the streets. A gentleman who sends a letter to *The Pall Mall Gazette* describes himself as "A Nitrate of Ammonia Explosive Manufacturer." And to think that one might accidentally knock up against him in a crowd!

Once more we slow Britishers have been left hopelessly behind. One thousand and thirty-three persons were killed, and sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-six were injured in two thousand five hundred and ninety-five collisions in the United States during the third quarter of 1905.

It is rumoured that, as a pendant to the introduction of the Empire dress for young women, whereby their waists are raised to their armpits, young men are to take to the Kate Greenaway style which means, it will be remembered, that their trousers will have to be buttoned round their necks.

The fact that a girl of fifteen is publishing a book of poems is mentioned as a remarkable event by a contemporary. Yet most of the books of minor poetry that we have read give internal evidence of having been composed by persons of a still more tender age.

Details of a regrettable incident at a clearance sale reach us. In the crush a lady's valuable ostrich feather boa became detached from her neck, and was sold as a remnant before the matter could be explained.

A Bill abolishing capital punishment for murder, except in the case of a second offence, has been passed by the Ohio State Senate, and numbers of natives with homicidal tendencies are said to be now choosing victims for their "first bite."

Mr. J. C. Smuts, formerly State Attorney in the Transvaal, has now declared that he is visiting London on private business, and not for political purposes. Dare we hope that this means that he has failed?

Dundee has been wondering why so many members of the dental profession have honoured her with a visit during the past week. It is due to a statement in the *Amateur Photographer*. In reviewing the exhibition of the Scottish Photographic Salon now being held in that town, our contemporary draws attention to the fact that "the President, G. D. Macdougald, is exhibiting some of his delightful gums, distinguished by that grace and beauty that caused such a *furore* when he exhibited at the last Salon."

STRONG MORNING AIRS.

[When Mr. Andrew Carnegie resides in New York, says *The New York Herald*, in alluding to the Pittsburg millionaire's recent stay in this city, he is awakened every morning by music. . . When living in his castle at Skibo, Scotland, says the same journal, he is awakened *fifteen minutes earlier each day* by music, but not by the organ, for three musicians with the bagpipes stand under his window and skirl ballads that he likes to hear. At eight o'clock they depart with a native air, which the organist takes up and works into the hymns of which Mr. Carnegie is so passionately fond.]

Mr. Balfour has long been an ardent admirer of the pibroch. Each morning he is now restored to consciousness by the chastened air of "*There's nae luck aboot the hoose, When our gudeman's awa*," and on the news of his brother Gerald's failure, and the fall of Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Lyttelton, Pipe-Major MacNabb, a man of much sensibility, though of herculean girth, played with great feeling "*The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away*." Mr. Balfour last Wednesday week asked MacNabb if he could play a popular, he might almost say a very popular, melody called "*No more Joe*." MacNabb replied that "there was sich an improbabeelity aboot the air that it wasna worth the wind to blaw it." Mr. Balfour's only answer was "Tut, tut."

It should be added that since the untoward result of the Manchester election Mr. Balfour has been awakened fifty minutes later every day, with the result that, in the expressive language of the poet, "He frequently breakfasts at five o'clock tea, And dines on the following day."

Mr. Haldane, the well-known Military Expert, is invariably waked by a gramophone (placed at his bedside) which emits the less familiar bugle-calls. He is called exactly an hour earlier every day. As this method, if carried out consistently, would by now have involved his being awakened at 6 a.m. on the previous day, it is as well to explain that every week he makes a fresh start, and when his sleep has been reduced to a minimum of three hours, begins again at 7 a.m.

Mr. John Morley, whose devotion to St. Cecilia has long been attested by his regular attendance at classical concerts, is also to be reckoned amongst those who begin their daily round with a musical *reveillé*. Precisely as the clock strikes 7.15 the first bars of the "Get-out-of-Bedouin's Love Song" are intoned on a superb Burmese gong by Mr.

Morley's favourite Indian attendant. Whether Mr. Morley wakes immediately when the first notes are sounded, or is gradually roused from slumber, his proverbial honesty prevents him from stating with absolute confidence. When living at his keep at Montrose, Mr. Morley, a firm believer in local colour, exchanges oriental instruments of percussion for the plaintive pipes of the North, and is awakened by three stalwart Highlanders who stand outside his windows, and blow the wild strains which render sleep impossible except in patients suffering from chronic coma. At first they stood only ten paces from his window, but as Mr. Morley is a dead shot with a shooting boot, or a lump of coal, they move ten paces further off every morning until they can only be reached by a rook rifle.

We may note in conclusion that Miss Marie Corelli has been so fascinated by the possibilities underlying this method that she intends to make it the motive of her next romance, with the stimulating title of "The Awakening of Andrew Carnegie."

Implacable as ever, the gifted satirist expresses her intention in the following lines after Mr. Kipling:—

I'm Marie Corelli,
I'll roast his *reveillé*,
From Dublin to Delhi,
From Cork to Cawnpore.

REGULATIONS FOR CAMERA-FIENDS.

["The law takes cognisance of what are termed technical assaults, for which the perpetrators may be fined or imprisoned. Is it not possible to extend this principle and make it an assault to photograph a person without his consent? If this could be done it might have some effect in checking a practice which has grown to be one of the chief terrors of private life."—*Extract from an Irate Correspondent's letter to "The Daily Telegraph" of Feb. 1, à propos of the mobbing of Miss Roosevelt by American Snap-shotters.*]

1. All possessors of hand-cameras and other photographic apparatus shall in future take out a yearly Game Licence, obtainable at Scotland Yard on passing an examination of proficiency in the practice of snap-shotting.

2. The aforesaid Game Licence may also, in exceptional circumstances, be awarded to sportsmen of proved incompetency, such that they invariably misfire or aim wide of their object.

3. There shall be a close time in London during the Society pairing season, *i.e.*, from the Opening of Parliament to the end of Goodwood, and at other fashionable resorts as prescribed by the local authorities.

4. No person carrying a photographic weapon shall discharge the same within fifty yards of a public highway or place, unless with the consent of the victim or victims, in writing and duly attested.



Doctor. "Now, Giles, can you tell me exactly where you feel the pain?"
Giles. "Well, Sir, it's a hypercriterly sort of pain. I puts me finger on it and it ain't there, an' when I touches where it's gone to, it's in the old place all the time!"

5. Infants under the age of twenty-one, free-lance journalists, certified lunatics, American tourists and Smart Set hangers-on, shall in no case be permitted to take photographs.

6. All other snap-shotters at large or on ticket-of-leave shall report themselves at stated intervals to the Censors *in camerâ*, on pain of having their licences endorsed.

7. It shall be held a felony, and punishable without the option of a fine, to obtain, purvey, reproduce or cause to be reproduced, any blurred and surreptitious presentment of a celebrated lady-novelist (stepping, for instance, out of a cab) who has hitherto set her face against such publicity and outrage.

8. Biograph operators, who attack a large assemblage of persons with a wide-angle lens in broad daylight shall be guilty of constructive assault and battery, and shall be liable to three years' imprisonment in a dark room.

9. Every individual shall have the copyright in his own face for his lifetime and seven years, or for forty-two years, whichever period shall be the longer.

Zig-Zag.

Defeated Conservative Candidate (addressing supporters). There is a saying, "Give a man enough rope and he will hang himself." This the Radical Party will do; *and then it will be our turn!*

A JOURNALISTIC ENIGMA.

Mr. Punch, Sir, Has it ever struck you how unfairly Fate discriminates between the male and the female journalist? While I and *mes confrères*—I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it; I've been reading *The Ladies' Pleasaunce* are drinking the bitter beer of life in Fleet Street, Felicia, aptly named, who does the "Park Lane Pars" in the above-mentioned journal, and is, I imagine, typical of her class, is going it like this (I cull at random from her own account of her expensively complex life):

"*Le grand luxe* is as the very breath of life to us jaded moderns, in this rushing, gushing, unblushing age. We must have our electric landaulettes for town," I made an absurd mistake the other day; I thought I saw her on an L.C.C. electric tram, "and our 1000 h.-p. Blowhards for *fin de semaine* jaunts to our *petites maisons ornées* in the sylvan solitudes of"—I've lost the place "of Shepherd's Bush?" no "of Surrey. Another indispensable toy, the motor-boat, has come to stay, and, of course, we cannot do without our trim 2000-ton yacht, upon which to give *nos intimes* a taste of invigorating *mal de-mer* annually at Cowes."

Again: "We flit feverishly," poor soul! "as the mood takes us, from our *chalet* in the Highlands," she *can't* by any chance mean Swiss Cottage, hard by the Highlands of 'Appy 'Ampstead? "perhaps to a snug *pied-à-terre*" stop! is or is it not a kind of potato? "in Paris," it can't be a potato then, of course.

"Our" minor habits are also expensive. "The visits of the manicurist are as much a matter of course as those of the *modiste*, and where our grandfathers and grandmothers were content with a *petit déjeuner* of herbs, we toy delicately with a *coulis de dindonneau à la Saroceil* at the latest smart restaurant," do we? *I* lunched to-day on *Saucisse à la Que Sais-je?* "and this although we have a French *chef de cuisine* idly awaiting our pleasure *chez nous*" if Felicia wants to give work to the unemployed, why not ask me to dinner?

"Our dress must be, of course, *le dernier cri*" well, there I can for once cry quits with her; my hat is quite *le dernier cri* in my street, and I am repeatedly asked for information as to where I effected its purchase.

But *assez* (enough!) It would not be kind to you to continue; since you, no more than myself, contribute to *The Ladies' Pleasaunce*. But I want to know why Felicia should be paid, as I assume she must be to keep ahead of her expenses, I have said nothing of Bridge debts and a racing establishment, —a salary of £90,000 per annum, while I should be seriously obliged if you would lend me half-a-crown till Saturday.

Yours respectfully,
Jack Inkquill.

THE RAT AND THE DORMOUSE.

A Rat, who owned (as he would boast)
  A ducal Mayfair mansion,
Once to a Dormouse acted host
  To give his mind expansion.
He'd met him on a walking tour,
  And thought him, for his station,
Clever, though somewhat of a boor,
  And needing education.

The footsore Dormouse seemed half-dead
  Upon his first arrival:
The Rat prepared a sumptuous spread,
  Which soon produced revival.
On Stilton cheese and almond cake
  And finest cooking sherry
The Dormouse grew quite wide-awake,
  In fact a little merry.

Daily the Rat strained every nerve
  To fill his guest with wonder;
In halls and galleries he'd serve
  Choicest of kitchen plunder;
But still the Dormouse seemed unmoved
  For all the court he paid him,
Which, thought the Rat, should be reproved,
  And thus did he upbraid him:

"My gems of art I'd hoped to set
  Before a willing learner
Rubens, Murillo, Tintoret,
  Canova, Cosway, Turner.
We've feasted where the rare Beauvais
  Shows Warrior, Saint, and Cupid.
And yet you yawn, Sir! Let me say
  You seem a trifle stupid."

The Dormouse, with unwonted fire,
  Promptly replied as follows:
"Think not, dear Rat, I don't admire
  Madonnas and Apollos;
Nor fancy that I underrate
  Your larder's costly treasures;
I merely feel the irksome weight
  That marks excess of pleasures.

"Your palace is a dream of wealth,
  Lucullan is your table;
But through it all I feel that health
  May soon become a fable.
In boundless luxury I pine,
  I yearn for plainer diet;
Forgive these rustic tastes of mine,
  My life has been so quiet.

"And then, though very welcome are
  To one so truly rural,
These Martyrs, lean and singular,
  These Cupids, plump and plural;
These frames, where needle vies with brush
  The Scripture tales to garble,
These Nymphs, whose charms might cause to blush
  Their own immodest marble—

"I miss the hedgerow and the bank
  Whereon I love to scramble,
The Hemlock and the Dock-leaves rank,
  The Dog-rose and the Bramble,
My tiny Ivy-mantled run
  Where seldom daylight passes,
The nests, completed or begun,
  Of interwoven grasses.

"Peace and the Simple Life for me,
  With honesty to link 'em!
My one and only care shall be
  To live within my income.
Goodbye! And should you have to dodge
  Your debts or indigestion
I'll welcome you at Dormouse Lodge,
  And ask no tactless question."

CABINET CREATIONS.

Nowhere is the popularity of the new Ministry more apparent than in the modes of the moment, and fair politicians of all parties have no choice but to bow to the decree of fashion and seek enlistment in the ranks of the majority. Starting at the head and forefront of the matter, what woman can refuse the added fascination to her coiffure of the C.-B. curl, that bewitching little tendril which droops elegantly over either ear, and may be obtained at all high-class hairdressers?

A tremendous vogue is in store for the Burns bolero, an exquisite confection in gold gauze and battersequins, which, though originally intended for the budding *débutante*, will also find universal favour with the hardly-noticeably *passée*.

The Asquith accordion pleating bids fair to outrival all other nets, tissues, and transparencies for ball or Bridge gowns, and should be worn over a slip of Gladstone glacé with a detachable Fowler frill.

The Crewe coat is quite the cosiest and smartest garment imaginable for motoring, while in view of the stormy and changeable weather in front of us the Winston wideawake worn in conjunction with Lloyd-George gauntlets and a Morley mackintosh will be found invaluable.

Quite quaint and dainty too are the new Labour skirts for morning wear, in corduroy or coarse hop-sack, while the silk neckerchief which forms a characteristic feature of the garment can be either knotted loosely round the throat or tied in a Buxton bow.

To turn to more intimate, though equally important, details of the toilette, we predict an enormous demand for the Haldane Hair Restorer, and the Birrell Balsamic Soap Substitute will probably be the greatest achievement of the forthcoming season.

THE SCHOLASTIC SNARK.

School novels continue to arrive. The latest is *The Bending of a Twig*, in which Mr. Desmond Coke has written a story (and a very good story too!) of life at Shrewsbury, illustrated with photographs of the scenes described. Jealousy amongst those foundations that have not yet been similarly immortalised is said to be growing acute. Before long we may doubtless expect some such announcements as the following:—

Eton.—Sound middle-class education for the sons of Peers. Competent and experienced literary staff. *The Usherton Letters*, the success of 1905 and still selling, were written from here. It is computed that at least three fourths of the heroes of popular fiction "look back upon a boyhood at Eton and Oxford College." *Vide "The Family Herald," passim.*

Harrow.—The Hill-top School. Our note, "Athleticism and Sentiment." This is well brought out in *The Hill*, one of the most successful school stories of recent years. Read it before making a decision. Conversation a *spécialité*. See also *Brothers* (by the same author), and the early poems of the late Lord Byron.

Send your boy to King's College, I.O.M. The *Roslyn* of *Eric, or Little by Little*, a book which has been described as "the most successful school story of the century." Romantic situations. Appropriate scenery.

Wellington. Have you read *Hugh Rendal*, the most successful school story of this generation? With the exception of the bullying (which is greatly overdrawn), it gives an excellent picture of life at this famous institution. After reading it you can judge for yourself. We expect your verdict.

United Service College.—Manly independence. Huge vocabulary. Unfettered humour. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, author of *Stalky & Co.*, probably the most successful school story ever published, writes:—

"What I call 'The College' in my novel is the United Service, and no other."

Rugby.—The birth-place of the school novel. More literary association to the square inch than any similar establishment. Your son can make toast at the same fire before which *Flashman* toasted *Tom Brown*. Only bread now used.

Scholarships.—Now offered in many first-class public schools to boys of literary ability. Free tuition. Handsome retaining fee on leaving. Candidates must show promise of becoming successful novelists, and will be expected to publish at least one school-story a year. Particulars from all agents.



THE DIPLOMAT.

Alan (to his sister, who is worrying him to be allowed to play horses). "No, Flo. But I'll tell you what—you stay where you are, and *be the Horse in the Stable!*"

COLOUR-SCHEMES.

The success achieved by a London drapery firm with their "All-White" Sale has led to some novel extensions of the idea in other quarters.

We hear that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has ear-marked one evening this month for an All-Red performance of *Nero*, into which several new and thrilling murders will be introduced as special turns. In the dress parts of the house gentlemen will be expected to appear in golf-jackets.

For the night of the Boat-Race an elaborate All-Blue programme is being arranged by the genial manager of the Alcazar, and everything possible will be done to render the items in harmony with the idea. It was suggested at first that special invitations should be extended to defeated members of the late Government, but it was afterwards seen that this would be a little too pointed. The question of accommodation had also to be considered.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's proposal for an All-Shades dinner, we are sorry to hear, is being received in a somewhat chilly spirit.

Trade Honesty.

A suburban draper announces:

OUR GENUINE SALE NOW ON.

Q. What was the last one like?



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Our Curate (who is going to describe to us his little holiday in Lovely Lucerne). "MY DEAR FRIENDS—I WILL NOT CALL YOU 'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,' SINCE I KNOW YOU TOO WELL."

THE CARE OF THE BABY.

(From Answers to a Housewifery Examination Paper.)

THE baby must have nothing at all only milk up to the age of eight months, it must be steriolised or boiled, as this will kill its girms and make it more digestible.

The effect of the baby drinking tainted milk is that; the milkman might have a disease, and when a baby drinks tainted milk it will not be digested, and when it lives we want it to be healthy or else it will be ill.

The baby must be washed every day, as its skin is made of very fine little holes called pours, and if dirt gets into them it dies.

The chief causes of the high class death rate among little children in B— is people leaving them in the house without a fireguard or matches, and they get scalded by leaving the pan or kettle on the fire with their children in.

THE NEW RAIMENT.

(By a Liberal M.P.)

["Can there not be found men and women possessing the requisite gifts who will gladly devote to the promotion of ethical clothing something of the time, the energy, and the thoughtful deliberation so freely lavished upon other national objects?" —*Lady Portsmouth in "The Tribune," Jan. 27.*]

WHEN in my salad days I ran
To pay a visit to my tailor,
I thought no more of Ethics than
The bosun of a North Sea whaler.

By birth and breeding disinclined
To emulate the ways of slatterns,
I used my taste but not my mind
In choosing fashionable patterns.

Unto the ordeal of the tape
I unconcernedly submitted,
Content if my corporeal shape
Alone was adequately fitted.

I took, of course, some interest
In colours, textures, and in tissues,
But never in my folly guessed
That dress was fraught with nobler issues.

But now I see that, on the whole,
The path of life becomes less festive,
I tune my clothing to my soul,
And make my very spats suggestive.

Thus, when I don my Harris tweeds
It is because my heart is softer
And metaphorically bleeds
With fellow feeling for the crofter.

Or if I muse on Ireland's wrongs
And on the feuds that have convulsed her,
My grief is not expressed in songs,
But in my heaviest frieze Ulster.

No longer lavishly attired
I lend a lustre to the Lobby;
My raiment now is all inspired
By HERBERT SPENCER not by "BOBBY."

There's toleration in my ties,
My waistcoats all are altruistic,
My aquascutum signifies
An inclination to the mystic.

Self-help's the keynote of my hose,
Humility my shirt-front teaches,
Content my dressing-gowns disclose,
And piety my collar preaches.

And O my sisters, unto you
Let me address one word of warning:
Bid Fashion's giddy modes adieu,
Let Ethics govern your adorning.

Take, in regard to hats and shoes,
MARCELLA as your guide, not BECKY;
And study, ere your frocks you choose,
The works of BENTHAM, MILL, and LECKY.



WILL HE TUCK IT IN?

A. B. "TUCK IN YOUR TWOPENNY, JOE, I'M COMING!"



A POSER.

Nell. "Supposing, Uncle Septimus, that you knew two nice young men. One has lovely curly hair and a straight nose, and the other looks simply *adorable* in his uniform. Supposing that they both wanted to marry you, which would *you* choose?"

THE LEADER.

Oh, flouted by *The Standard* and *The Post*,
And half rejected by the raging *Globe*,
Leader, lay down your ancient pride and boast,
Lay all your chaplets down, and in your robe
Veil, meekly veil, your once renownèd face,
And sink for ever from your pride of place!

What boots it to have led and to desire
To lead your dwindling armies to the fray?
How shall it profit you to set on fire
The twice-polled City and to win the day,
If in the House you droop, unwept, unsung,
Before the clamour of a brazen tongue?

They will not own you - this is all their cry
Lead, if you will, but them you may not lead,
Who scorn the hand that ruled them, and defy
Their shattered darling in his utmost need.
E'en the suave grace that once was their delight
Is mocked by those who have survived the fight.

And yet you did your best: you did not say
That white was white, or black was truly black;
Your eagle eye discerned them both as grey,
And grey you proved them with your wonted knack,
Still waving, 'mid the turmoil's dust and vapour,
Your scorned half-sheet of unconvincing paper.

For this you marched and with your soldiers fell;
And he who rashly lured you to your grief
Has now your sword, and means to use it well;
Lo, the survivors hail him as their chief,
And all their song is of heroic Joe,
Who fought, while Arthur feared to face the foe.

You shall return, but, ah, how changed will be
The scene where once you gloried and were great!
Behold upon the Speaker's right you'll see
C.-B. and those who did not fear their fate;
And on the left J. C., once hight Jack Cade,
Undaunted by the ruin he has made.

The following advertisement, placed in *The Bazaar* under the deceptive heading of "Pigeon Loft," seems to point to a bad case of simony:

"*Nuns.* Two fine healthy pairs of black nuns. Exchange one really good pair of bronze archangels, or sell 10*s.* the lot."

"What we want in Parliament is men who will look after the welfare of their country, and not men who, *when July comes round*, go off shooting the partridge and the deer." (*From speech of Welsh Radical Candidate, subsequently returned at head of poll.*)

AROUND THE WORLD.

(With apologies to "The Tribune.")

SARTO RESARTUS.

M. CAROLUS DURAN, the well-known French painter and director of the Villa Medici, will, as he stated at the last reception at the French school of painting in Rome, shortly commence a portrait of the POPE, of whom no good portrait as yet exists. M. CAROLUS DURAN intends to paint PIUS X., no matter what he may actually be wearing, in a white tunic, a cream-silk robe, with a moiré belt, "tinted with bluish shades," and the hands "of a diaphanous blue." Such were the exact terms which the French master used when giving me this information, except, of course, that he spoke French, which I have translated, I trust accurately, for the benefit of readers of the Radical press. I believe that this is the first instance of a sitter with blue hands since LEAR painted the "Jumblies."

BITTER IRONY IN BRUSSELS.

I heard to-day a most interesting piece of secret information concerning the Committee of the Sugar Conference now sitting in this city. Every member of this Committee, without exception, is forced by doctor's orders to use no sweetening matter but saccharine, which they all carry in neat pocket bottles.

POLITICS AT PITCAIRN.

The greatest excitement prevails in Pitcairn Island over the results of the English elections, which are brought every evening by special shark postal service, an invention of the Prince of MONACO, the great pelagic expert. The sharks are trained very much in the manner of carrier pigeons, and are all numbered and registered. As the news comes in by cable at Auckland, the nearest point to Pitcairn, it is written out on waterproof sheeting and tied to the shark's dorsal fin. The fish is then dismissed with a blessing, and he makes for Pitcairn like an Arrow. As he reaches the harbour the pier master, who has seen him coming, owing to the disturbance of the surface of the water by his powerful 100 porpoise power strokes, leans over the pier, and with an instrument known as a "snatcher" deftly seizes the message as the fish darts by and commences its homeward journey. The whole island was illuminated in honour of the defeat of Mr. BRODRICK — why, I have no notion.

THE PENALTIES OF PEACE.

The members of the Amsterdam Society of Architects, "Architectura et Amicitia," disapprove of the regulations drawn up for the prize competition for the erection of a "Peace Palace" at the Hague. They have therefore decided to submit a proposal to the International Congress of Architects in London that the general rules for such competitions should in future be fixed by that body. The reason deciding them to ask the assistance of England is understood to be a frenzied admiration of some of London's architectural gems, particularly Cannon Street railway arch. The CZAR is said to have severely criticised the original plan of a Peace Palace on the ground that it contained no armoury; he says that all the best Hague Conventions are in favour of such an inclusion.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

["Golfers were much in evidence the other day at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, when Mr. MARTIN SUTTON, of the well-known Reading firm, delivered an address regarding putting greens and how to improve them. He pointed out that on up-to-date greens a perfect surface is demanded, and said that the eradication of the worm is now an absolute necessity." *Daily Paper.*]

Wednesday, January 31. The usual fortnightly meeting of the Amalgamated Society of British Worms (Sunningdale Branch) was held on the ninth green, at 6.30 A.M. The Minutes of the last Meeting having been read and confirmed, the Chairman *said:*

"I FANCY, gentlemen, that you
Need no reminder or assurance
That modern golfers, as a crew,
Are getting quite beyond endurance,
But some of you may not have heard
What is, I think, their latest word.

"'If true perfection you would reach,
You must have level greens to putt on.'
I'm quoting from a recent speech
Attributed to Mr. SUTTON,
In which, in most emphatic terms,
He jumped upon the race of worms.

"A velvet surface might, he said,
In course of time be cultivated,
Provided that we worms were dead,
Or totally eradicated!
Then and then only would be seen
The true, ideal putting green.

"Some subtle means we must contrive
To teach this fellow not to spurn
Our absolute prerogative,
Our undisputed right to *turn!*
Necessity demands that we
Should rise to this emergency.

"To know precisely what is best
To do, requires consideration,
The course I would myself suggest
Is— ."

[*At this point, owing to the sudden arrival of one or two early birds, the* Chairman's *speech was abruptly terminated, and the Meeting broke up in disorder.*

CULLED FROM THE COURTS.

SEAMY-SIDE STORIES PITHILY NARRATED.

(With acknowledgments to "The Evening News.")

TEMPUS FUGIT.

IT is unfortunately the province of the law to interfere to a certain extent with the liberty of the subject, and the experience of SAMUEL JOHNSON, a Brixton gentleman, is only a case in point.

SAMUEL (who, by the way, is no relation to the great lexicographer) had apparently mistaken a gold watch in a jeweller's window for his own, and so certain was he that the timepiece in question was his own property that he had gone the length of breaking the window to get it. SAMUEL will have leisure now to reflect that you cannot "take" time without "doing" it. Three months.

A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

As Detective-Inspector SHERLOCK was strolling down Norfolk Street yesterday afternoon, his pity was aroused by the appearance of a poor hump-backed man. The soft-hearted inspector performed an operation on the spot and removed the hump, which turned out to be one of those ingenious automatic machines which keep a certain hospital for one minute, the proper place for which was Charing Cross (Underground) Station. To-day the patient is reported to be doing well, but will not be out and about for at least six months.

A BOOTLESS QUEST.

The poet who sang "Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude," has probably voiced the sentiments of ROBERT BATESON better than he could himself. It appears that a gentleman who lives in Cromwell Road found ROBERT in his hall at the witching hour of night, with his boots in his hands. ROBERT avers that, having been unemployed for some time, he was looking for a job, and that it was entirely out of consideration for the household that he took his boots off, as he knew only too well what it was to lose his night's sleep; and as for the spoons, &c., found in his pockets, why someone must have put them there on purpose — that was all! The magistrate thought that this was a reasonable view to take of the case, and dismissed ROBERT — in charge of two kind but firm-looking men, who will see that he is not exposed to such indignities for the next few months at any rate.

Teaching the Old Idea.

PRESTON GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.—Applications are invited for the post of head mistress of the above school. . . . Salary £250 a year, with a capitation fee of £1 per head on all pupils over 50.—*Spectator.*



A CONGESTED DISTRICT; OR, THE PENALTY OF VICTORY.

Owing to the gigantic Liberal majority the Ministerial Benches will be anything but an abode of bliss in the coming Parliament. Arrangements will no doubt be made for "straphanging" between the teeming benches or under the Gallery. (The public will be relieved to hear that these are not portraits of the new Members.)

LOVE'S ASSURANCE.

Jack had promised to come.

In spite of the opposition of her father, of his threats, his cruel and heartless words, Jack had promised to come and see her. She crushed the little note between her fingers as she sat awaiting him in the dimly lighted drawing-room. He might be here at any moment now. The note said nine o'clock. The big chiming-clock on the mantelpiece was on the point of striking. How brave he was, how fearless! Her father had dared him to call again, had even threatened him with violence, and Jack had laughed in his face. And when her father in his sternest tones had asked him how he dared to pay his addresses to her, quite in the old-fashioned conventional manner, Jack had replied, with perfect self control, that love dares anything, even the stentorian threats of a Director of the Iniquitable Accident Assurance Company. And in answer to her father's brutal allusions to his poverty and total unfitness for business, he had wagered he could make a thousand pounds any day of the week. How proud she was of him!

Hark! What was that?

Surely the front door had been opened and closed. Could it be he?

She rose from the sofa and listened. Yes, here were his footsteps. The drawing-room door was opened eagerly.

"Jack!"

But it was not Jack who stood before her, it was her father.

He was breathing heavily, his evening tie was loose, his hair disordered, his fingers still warm and red from a recent conflict.

"Father!" she cried. "What does this mean?"

"It means," replied he, rather scant of breath, "that I have kept my word. I warned him not to come."

"Oh, father, you have not hurt Jack? You have not dared ?"

"Yes I have dared. I said I would, if he called here again, and I am a man of my word."

The girl swayed unsteadily, and dropped on to the couch.

Her father came towards her, gesticulating wildly.

"You ought to know me by this time," he said, "and that what I say I will do I will do. This will be a lesson to both of you, and show you that obedience implicit obedience, where my wishes are concerned, is the best policy." He did not mean to talk shop.

"Where is Jack?" asked the girl tearfully. "What have you done to him?"

The man became grim.

"I caught him coming through the door, and immediately forbade him to enter the hall. He refused, and the door closed behind him. I warned him not to provoke me by his insolent disobedience that I would thrash him to within an inch of his life. He laughed. My blood boiled within me, and I struck him."

"Ah!" came from the girl.

"One blow led to another. He dared me a second time, and I believe I broke one of his ribs."

"Well," asked she "and then?"

"In trying to evade a lunge, he caught his foot on the corner of the organ stool, and sprained his ankle."



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

Be sure you raise no more spirits than you can conjure down.

"Go on," said the girl, rising, pale, resolute. "Tell me all - all!"

"He scrambled about, groaning fearfully, uttering your name at intervals, and then made a sudden lurch as if to close with me."

The man paused. Then he said, still without a touch of remorse, "I did not know I was so strong. I broke his arm."

"Oh, Jack, Jack," cried the girl. "All for my sake. Where is he?"

"Briggs has taken him to the hospital in a four-wheeler."

"And when he comes out we will be married."

"What!" yelled the man. "Do you defy me, too, you? "

"Yes. When you pay him the thousand pounds— "

"What thousand pounds?"

"Or five thousand pounds to hush the matter up," continued the girl.

"What do you mean?" roared her father.

"That Jack, knowing your violent temperament, insured himself in your Company this morning. Read his note."

Her father read and spluttered.

"What would the other directors think," she asked, "of this conspiracy to defraud?"

"Ish-ssh."

"A cheque for £5,000 would do a great deal to mitigate the pain Jack must be suffering now," urged the girl.

It did.

THE COMPLETE PARAGRAPHIST.

A representative of the *Echo de Paris*, calling on M. Paderewski at Lausanne to question the truth of the rumour that he had retired permanently into private life, was denied admittance to the virtuoso's villa, and any information, but ascertained none the less that M. Paderewski may be expected to make his public reappearance shortly, leads a hermit's life, practises the piano ten or twelve hours a day, has almost finished the score of an opera, has composed several pianoforte pieces, has a picture gallery of royal photographs every one signed, grows wonderful grapes which find ready sale on the Paris boulevards, and has several prize sheep of the Sandringham breed, presented to him by King Edward.

The question is, what more would the journalist have learned if he had not been kept at bay?

Fired by this example of success, a representative of *Mr. Punch* hurried to Whittinghame to inquire into the report that Mr. Balfour's intention was not to re-enter Parliament at any price. Arrived at his destination our myrmidon lost no time in being ejected by the lodge-keeper. His report, however, is that Mr. Balfour is happy although harried, eats well, sleeps well, drives with his old freedom and success, putts accurately, wishes he was in Mexico with Alexander Herd, plays *Chopin* every evening, is writing a book on the shifting foundations of the Conservative Party, tends the flowers in his hothouses, carefully abstains from growing orchids, lies on the rack regularly for an hour before retiring to bed in the hope of increasing the length of his legs, being persuaded that had they only been longer, his Party would have won by great strides.

The Painful Path of Duty.

Lost!—Blue Enamelled Locket. The finder will be rewarded by bringing it to Rose Hill Cottage, Queenstown.

Virtue is here rather less than its own reward, for Rose Hill, we are informed by a Queenstown correspondent, is quite steep, and the cottage is near the top.

OUR THEATRICALS.

II.

MY duties as prompter were very light at rehearsals; not that the members of the company were any of them word-perfect, but because they unanimously resolved that any attempt on my part to call attention to their short-comings was absurdly premature. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, as the author, would occasionally protest when somebody skipped half a page of one of her beautiful soliloquies—she had made the play nearly all soliloquy in order to avoid overcrowding our small stage—but she was always met by the assurance that it would be all right on the night. I have since learnt that this is the orthodox formula on these occasions, and is considered to be highly humorous. At any rate, its continual repetition rendered my office very much of a sinecure. Under these circumstances, I need hardly have been so constant in my attendance, but the SOMERVILLES, at whose house the rehearsals took place, did us all remarkably well every evening, and of course GIPSY was always there. The whole crowd, as SMITHERS called us—SMITHERS, as I think I mentioned, had a cousin on tour somewhere at the Back of Beyond, and therefore affected the slang of the profession—was always invited to dinner before every rehearsal, and the SOMERVILLES' dinners are excellent. Of course I should have enjoyed mine more if Mrs. SOMERVILLE hadn't made that fool GEORGE take GIPSY down every night, just because they had some rubbishy love-scenes together in the piece. Old SOMERVILLE usually kept the port circulating for a long time before we joined the ladies in the drawing-room—on the stage, I mean—and then the furniture had to be moved, and lists of properties drawn up, and important questions discussed: such as whether GIPSY ought to wear a Panama or what she called a plain sailor—so that it was usually rather late before we got under weigh. SOMERVILLE, being *functus officio*, was by that time fast asleep amongst the heap of chairs and tables in the corner, punctuating the love-making of GEORGE and GIPSY with rhythmical snores. This always put GEORGE off horribly, and I was beginning to derive much enjoyment from my duties, especially as, when the date of the performance drew near, the company became more tolerant of my endeavours to confine them to a fairly free paraphrase of the text.

Well, the most striking scene in the play was where GEORGE, who was supposed to have been killed, suddenly burst in upon the heroine, very much alive. Personally, I think the scene was a mistake. I am unable to see the necessity for reviving GEORGE, of whom the audience must have had more than enough. But Mrs. SOMERVILLE had ordained otherwise, and according to her stage-direction—after soliloquies, the piece consisted largely of stage-directions—GIPSY, who was alone upon the stage (soliloquising) was to start violently as the hero re-appeared.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

"TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE."

We had arrived at this point on the night of the performance—and GIPSY *did* start violently. Unfortunately there was no GEORGE. I gave her the words, in a loud voice meant to be reassuring—"*Alonzo!* Alive! Oh!" The house roared. Of course the was not intended to say these touching words in quite the same tone of voice as I used in giving them to her from the book. But as there was no *Alonzo* she did not say them at all. She went back to the cue for *Alonzo's* entrance, and started again—started violently, I mean. Still no GEORGE. Though growing hot all over, I was not displeased. This at least, I thought, will disillusion her. GEORGE has forgotten his entrance. It was true. Someone rushed up to me, and hoarsely whispered, "GEORGE not dressed—can't come." I rose to the occasion. GIPSY, poor girl, was already starting violently for the third time. I walked on, prompt-book in hand. I am not in the least like GEORGE (thank goodness!) and I was in evening dress. "*Alonzo!*" said GIPSY, obedient to my signal to finish the scene at any cost—but the rest of the line was drowned in the tumultuous applause of the audience. I took her in my arms, as GEORGE had to do. I wanted the tableau to be as effective as, under the trying circumstances, it could be. "Ring down, somebody," I shouted over her shoulder—and the curtain came down in its customary instalments.

And yet neither she nor GEORGE were a bit grateful to me. At the supper at the SOMERVILLES afterwards, to which the whole company and a few others were invited, the hero and the heroine, seated together as usual, practically ignored me. BARTHOLOMEW the curate was casting up the receipts. "I am happy to be able to announce," he said, "that the Good Object—"

"What *was* the Object?" inquired one of the guests.

Mrs. SOMERVILLE smiled a mysterious smile, and looked down the table at GEORGE. I followed her glance. Both he and GIPSY blushed. "I have another announcement to make," said Mrs. SOMERVILLE.

AN Irish resident at Bangor, whose hand Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE shook, has made a vow not to wash that hand for a month. We understand that a deputation of soap-boilers will wait upon the President of the Board of Trade to ask him to use his influence to dissuade his admirer from the full performance of his vow, as they fear that this form of hero-worship may be catching.

Aiding and Abetting.

["Through his horse being frightened by a passing motor car Mr. ——— was thrown out of his trap and severely injured, the motorist rendering every assistance."—*Motoring Illustrated.*]

IT is this kind of superfluous brutality that makes the motorist so unpopular a figure.

FROM a provincial paper we cull the following tragedy: "Some toys that squeaked when extended with the breath amused the pygmies very much, until one burst with a bang."

THE EDUCATIONALIST.

Who doubts my wisdom? Dares to call me blind
In things relating to the youthful mind?
Who says there's aught pertaining to the urchin
I have not made elaborate research in?
Who thinks to question my superiority?
I am an educational authority.

Blue books, white papers, annual reports,
Official documents of endless sorts
Weigh down my over-crowded shelves, revealing
Their master's one pursuit from floor to ceiling;
While education journals, quite unable to
Find other haven, litter floor and table too.

The complicated rites are known to me
Whereby you register in Column B:
I can express a B.Sc. (Otago)
In terms of Tokio, Jena or Chicago,
Or tell the value of a London Bachelor
Who's done her training at the Mary Datchelor.

I know the County Council schemes in Herts
For teaching people pedagogic arts;
The value of the scholarships and prizes
They offer Pupil-Teachers in Devizes;
The income from the penny-rate in Cumberland,
And how to be a P.-T. in Northumberland.

I've studied every section of the rules
Prescribed for building secondary schools;
I know the minimum of ventilation
That satisfies the Board of Education;
How many cubic feet a dining brat must get,
And, if we have a kitchen, how much that must get.

My words are greeted with prolonged applause
When I discuss the Cowper-Temple clause;
Men mark with deference my views on state-aid,
The whisky money, tenure, grants and rate-aid
Indeed, I have become so dominant a swell
I could give points to Birrell and Morant as well.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The General Election being over, any crying need for the knowledge of the elements of self-defence is over too; and yet there are occasions when some one, in *Mr. Weller's* phrase, has got to "be whopped for this 'ere," and there is no better modern substitute for the old-fashioned whopping than Ju-jitsu, the principles of which are described by a plurality of authors (four in all) with singular charm in *The Game of Ju jitsu* (Hazell & Co.), with many pictures to add to the exposition's usefulness. One cannot look with anything but respect upon even civilian methods of aggression and defence in the nation which has caused the Russian Bear so frequently to make upon the mats the two knocks of submission.

Rose at Honeypot (Methuen) runs somewhat short of the average measurement of the six-shilling novel, which is a pity, since the quality is excellent. My Baronite is least attracted by the heroine, who, bolting from the ascetic household of her husband's maiden sisters, goes in search of nature in a quiet country hamlet. At Honeypot she finds a good deal of it, of sorts, mostly sordid. A drunken, dissolute husband, a slatternly wife, two exceedingly undesirable children, and a group of malevolent village gossips, are among her daily companions. These form the background to the finely-conceived character of *Lorry*, the gamekeeper, a fellow-lodger in the cottage where *Rose* fondly believed she would be "close to the heart of nature." In the absence of her sailor-husband, conveniently at a foreign station, *Rose*, being young, pretty, *piquante*, and ruthlessly selfish, enslaves *Lorry*. At a certain stage of the acquaintance a less clever artist than Mistress Mary Mann would have drowned, shot, or otherwise disposed of the absent husband. She spares him to come home and carry off his versatile wife from the almost outstretched arms of the long-suffering *Lorry*. It is, after all, only a slight sketch. But it brings out in fine lines the figure of a gentleman, albeit arrayed in rough shooting suit.

The Bracebridges, by Sarah Tytler (John Long). This pleasantly written novel is free from anything like sensationalism, unless the powerful description of a railway accident and its dramatic result not altogether a surprise to the reader may be so accounted. About the literary style of this clever authoress there clings, as it were, a kind of laid-up-in-lavender perfume that may recall to some experienced readers the charming old-fashioned *Cranford*, and the novels of Charlotte Yonge and Jane Austen. In this story of *The Bracebridges*, the carefully-elaborated narrative is illustrated by familiar similes, and the authoress's precise description of character obviates any necessity for incisive dialogue. Though the story of the three sisters, their loves, their disappointments, their losses and their rewards, is not much above the quiet commonplace incidents of ordinary superior middle-class existence, yet is there, in the narration of them, a certain charm that attracts the reader, who comes at length to feel honoured at being admitted to the confidence of the somewhat conventional and typically homely *Bracebridge* family.

The Baron has not a word to say against *Mrs. Erricker's Reputation* (Alston Rivers), which Mr. Thomas Cobb has ably cleared from all suspicion. The commencement of the story, where the situation occurs on which all subsequent mistakes and complications hang, may not, to many readers who within the last few years have patronised modern farcical comedy, seem absolutely new and original. Granting this, the gradual development of the slight plot by means of the characteristic action of the "personages in the drama" is most adroitly managed. It gives the Baron considerable pleasure to recommend this decidedly up-to-date novel.



Prospective. The great drama of *Nero* at His Majesty's has been followed, according to the suggestion in our last week's article on "Out-Heroding Herod," by a highly successful play by P. Nero at the St. James's Theatre, of which we trust to give an account "in our next." It is entitled *His House in Order*, and as Mr. George Alexander is likely to do good business with it for some time to come the title will not have to be changed to *Orders in the House*.

"GRAND BARGAIN SALE. LAST WEEK."

Another glorious opportunity missed. But why vainly recall the past? What we want are the sales of *this* week.

More Trade Honesty.

"Allow me to draw your attention to our Celebrated Yorkshire Polony, which for over 40 years has had more than a local reputation for delicious flavour and reliability."

LADIES AT WORK.

Only a mangled report of the recent conference on Domestic Training for Perfect Ladies has reached the press, but fortunately we happen to be able to supplement it.

Among the unreported speakers was one who quite early in the proceedings congratulated the promoters on the good sense and tact which led them to substitute the words "Perfect Ladies" for "Women." The word "woman," she held, should not be used at all. "To be called a woman," she said, "is to be insulted. We are not women, we are ladies."

An elderly matron rising to oppose this view and to express her satisfaction with the word "woman," was shouted down. "We are all women whatever happens, through no efforts of our own," she was heard to say; "but it is our own affair whether we are ladies or not." (*Cries of "Traitor!" and uproar*).

The friends of the "Kid-gloved Guild of Household Dames" explained how it was that so odd a title had been chosen. "The word 'servant' is also objected to," she said; "and it must be abandoned." No lady could soil her reputation by seeking for work at a Registry Office for servants. New registry offices for household dames were therefore being opened, with a door-keeper whose business it was to refuse admission to ordinary servants or women, and forcibly throw them out if they were at all obstinate. "Service" also was to be a forbidden word.

Asked if it was intended to substitute "damevice," the speaker sat down in a ladylike huff.

To a question as to the fairness of this extremely genteel competition with ordinary servants no reply was given, except cries of "Shame!"

To another question as to whether we were not all servants, from His Majesty downwards, no answer was given, except "Turn her out!"

A lady cook then gave her experience of service. She was allowed, she said, to come in at the front door, possess a latchkey, receive her friends, and take her meals with the family. It was true that this necessitated sitting down to table in rather a heated state, immediately after dishing up the joint, but she preserved her ladyhood none the less, and that was everything. One must be a lady.

A lady kitchen-maid also testified to the elegance with which she carried out her duties. Her employers, she said, were full of tact. Nothing was ever allowed to happen to remind her that she was degrading herself; as, of course, she was.

A question was here asked as to whether the work by which one lived was degrading, but no direct reply was given. A subsequent speaker, however, gave an indirect reply when she said that the true vocation of ladies undoubtedly was to read novels and play the piano, and anything that interrupted this destiny was derogatory to their dignity. (*Cheers.*)

Speeches having been made by lady butlers, lady chauffeurs, and lady lady's-maids, a resolution was adopted that whatever happened, and until the man arrived for whom they were to drudge willingly, nothing should ever induce Lady-Britons to be slaves. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)



His Partner. "I really never heard a better speech in my life! Such a wonderful flow of——"

He. "Great Scott! That reminds me. I've left the Bath room tap at home full on!"

Bluebeard Out-classed.

"Widowed but a month ago, the estranged wife made a dramatic confession of her marriage to a crowd of New York reporters."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

"Sir," writes a correspondent to *The Scotsman*, "I frequently come to Edinburgh by mid-day train, and invariably there are a few criminals in charge of policemen, who at once put them into the first cab waiting to drive them to Calton Jail. I have often wondered why the Edinburgh public allow such a practice, seeing that these criminals cannot be clean, and who can tell the next lady or gentleman who may engage the same cab without being cleaned?"

It does indeed seem very hard to "tell"; and the only possible solution that we can think of should be made of one of those soaps which are equally serviceable for upholstery and the human body.

This sounds a better proposition than the one offered by the above correspondent, who continues as follows: "I think the public should insist that the police van always comes to the midday train, and that any criminals who arrive by this train should *walk* to Calton, for all the distance. I am, &c., Indignant."

TO A LOST BACHELOR.

Thomas, my boy, we live in stirring times;
Fresh crises happen every other day;
The latest scheme that prompts our previous rhymes,
Before their ink is dry, "gangs aft agley."
The breach that rives the Tory ranks in twain
To-night is glued, to-morrow splits asunder;
And, as for leaders, none can tell us plain
Which is the upper dog and which the under.

But, for the moment, I have ceased to care
Whether the Party's wound should gape or heal;
That topic shows too trivial by compare
With what concerns my more immediate weal;
For I have learned but now—and oh! the shock
Has made my faith in humankind miscarry—
That you, on whom I rested like a rock,
Thomas, that you—that you intend to marry!

Had any other told this sorry tale
I would have thrust the libel down his throat,
Saying, "His spots the leopard cannot pale,
Nor yet the Æthiop shed his native coat!"
But you yourself conveyed the damning news,
And, though you wore an air of wild elation,
Babbling a jargon such as infants use,
'Twas clear you spoke from first-class information.

Others, I own, had dashed my faith ere now,
But such were slackers, groggy at the knee,
Not built to brave the mountain's arduous brow
With stalwart veterans like you and me;
A dwindling band, we've been and watched them wed,
And in the festal pew I still can see you
Wearing funereal garb, with shaking head
And lips that groaned (in Latin) "*Eheu! Eheu!!*"

You had a heart, I hoped, of sterner bent;
Gifts of imagination kept you right;
You would not take the primrose path's descent,
So facile and so desperately trite;
And now "*la belle dame*" holds you too in thrall,
You too in turn have loosely drifted from me;
This is the most disloyal lapse of all,
And warrants my remarking "*Et tu, Tommy!*"

Don't tell me how our ties will just extend,
Not break, through such a change—I've thought of that;—
That wives adopt their husband's dearest friend,
Much like a fixture when you take a flat;
Contrariwise I'm certain she will cast
A jealous eye on me; it *must* upset her
To know I know so much about your past
From those nomadic days before you met her.

Therefore, my Thomas, since we two must part,
I post you, privily, these farewell lines,
Where pity more than anger moves my heart
On this ill-omened Eve—St. Valentine's;
Pity me, too, left lonely on the shore
Here where the tide below my stranded keel ebbs,
The same that lifts your prow which lately bore
In deathless paint (you *said*) the sign of Cœlebs.

O. S.

The Conscientious Correspondent.

"Then the King and Princesses Ena and Beatrice started on foot for a walk in Biarritz."—*Lancashire Post.*

The C.-B. Analogy again.—Suggested name for a Liberal South London fruiterer:—'Enery Camberwell-Bananaman.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

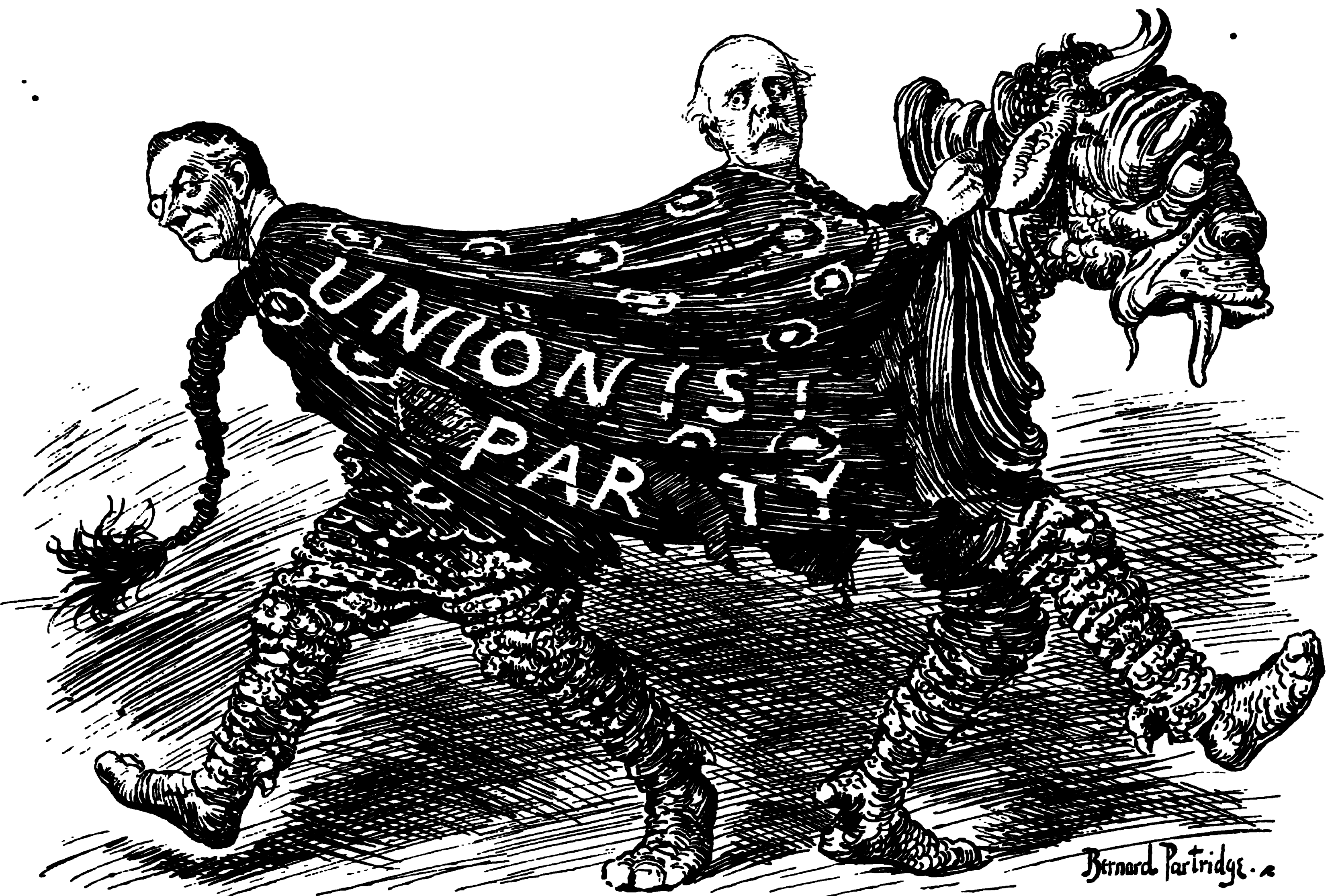
His House in Order, if not, as I am inclined to pronounce it, *the* best play, is certainly to be reckoned one of the very best plays that, up to this present time, Mr. Pinero has written. And, since Mr. Pinero is our principal dramatist, to say so much is to affirm without fear of contradiction that this comedy of his in four Acts, played as it is, is the best specimen of genuine high comedy that has been seen in London for many years. I emphasise the condition "played as it is," for were not its rendering by Mr. George Alexander's company well nigh perfect I doubt whether any audience, representative of the general public, could tolerate speeches of such inordinate length, nor would they allow that the giving of an Ibsenitish lecture, apparently *à propos de bo'tes*, by one guest in a country house to his fellow-guests, ladies and gentlemen, was quite natural or in the least degree probable. Yet so powerful is the interest created in the problem of the play, that the audience, in rapt attention, listens to every word of this lecture given by *Mr. Hilary Jesson* (Mr. George Alexander), a guest in his brother's house, to the *Ridgeley* family, who are his brother's connections by marriage, and temporarily his fellow-guests. The host is himself present, as are also, if I remember right, a secretary, and the Mayor of the town. Greater tribute to the power of the author and to the talent of the actors, specially of the actor Mr. George Alexander, who has to perform this exhausting solo, could not be afforded than by the intense interest of the absorbed audience which hangs on every word, just as at the most critical moment of the play it eagerly watches the silent action of Miss Irene Vanbrugh as *Nina* (the heroine), while at the same time noting the effect of a strongly impassioned appeal to her better self as it is urged upon her by *Hilary Jesson.*

I doubt if Mr. George Alexander has ever had such a chance as this character gives him. It comes to him at the right moment. Years ago he could not have played it as he does now; nay more, he would not have dared to attempt it, nor would Mr. Pinero have written it. But years ago no dramatic author would have sacrificed action to dialogue. Old stagers would have pointed out its impracticability; *mais, "on a changé tout cela."* By the way the French governess, *Mlle. Thomé*, in this piece is capitally played by Mlle. Marcelle Chevalier, as is also the most important part of her little pupil *Derek Jesson*, son of *Filmer Jesson, M.P.*, represented by Miss Iris Hawkins. This little *Derek* is a delightful child, sharp as needles, with a facility for catching at such long words as he hears from his precise Aunt *Geraldine*, (Miss Beryl Faber), and, but for the awe with which the little chap, who is very fond of his governess, is compelled to regard her, he would certainly have rejoiced in addressing *Mlle. Thomé* as "Tommy." Little Miss Iris "*ira loin.*"

Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the heroine is simply perfect; she shows us exactly what Mr. Pinero means; her timidity excites our sympathy, her position in the family our pity; her impetuosity takes away our breath; and, in her irrepressible passion, she is a very whirlwind of ungovernable fury. Her whole performance is magnificent; not a flaw anywhere.

Mr. Herbert Waring has a most difficult *rôle* as the weak and almost colourless husband; but he triumphs where Mr. Pinero intended him to triumph, at the finish. His acting, notable for its artistic restraint, in the last scene of all, where the treachery of his deceased wife is revealed to him, is impressively powerful in its thorough naturalness. In this scene there is no exaggerated expression of feeling; not one false note.

The stage management is admirable, with one noticeable exception, and that is where *Hilary Jesson* is suggesting to *Nina* in a lengthy dialogue, *sotto voce*, a course of action, while the other characters, her husband and the *Ridgeley*



FOLLOW ME, LEADER.

The Hind Legs (*loq.*). "MY DEAR ARTHUR, OF COURSE YOU'RE THE ONLY CONCEIVABLE *HEAD*; BUT WE'RE GOING MY WAY!"

family, are within easy earshot in the same room, evidently only awaiting their "cues" to take their parts in the scene. This is the sole error in the otherwise perfect stage management.

Mr. Lyall Swete as the pompous, oily, *Sir Daniel*, is delicious; we know that old humbug —who doesn't?

Miss Bella Pateman, as the acidulated, narrow-minded, and mundanely pious person *Lady Ridgeley*, and Miss Beryl Faber as the strait-laced "prunes and prisms" spinster *Geraldine*, are both admirable. Herein is just a reminiscence, to the experienced, of *The Serious Family*.

Mr. C. M. Lowne has never had such an opportunity afforded him as this of *Pryce Ridgeley*, the typical good young man of the upper bourgeois class, self sufficient, insufferable. He is excellent.

In the very difficult part of *Major Maurewarde* Mr. Dawson Milward wins our reluctant sympathy by his tenderness for the child who is nominally the son of the man whom he has so cruelly wronged. It is, in its line, a very fine part.

Mr. Nigel Playfair, assuming an air of familiarity proper to the popular dignitary of a small town, whose heart is in the right place, and whose manners are tempered by his social position as a general medical practitioner, gives a telling sketch of character.

Mr. Robert Horton is *Harding*, the Member of Parliament's confidential secretary, and renders his part with praiseworthy tact, as also does Mr. Vivian Reynolds as *Forshaw*, the representative of a provincial newspaper, who, as an ordinary type of "interviewer," might have so easily been made ridiculous.

The scenery, by Mr. Joseph Harker, from designs by Mr. Percy Macquoid, R.I., forms an artistic setting to the picture.

From first to last Mr. Pinero must unstintedly be congratulated on the play, and Mr. George Alexander on its production with such a company, whose performance is so exceptionally good, and especially that of Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the heroine, that it can be seen many times, and always with increasing pleasure. It is in for a long run.

HORTICULTURE UP TO DATE.

Stimulated by the recent achievements of a horticulturist, who is about to place on the market the "pomato," a blend of the apple and tomato, and the "plumcot," a mixture of plum and apricot, *Mr. Punch* hopes soon to be able to announce the successful rearing of the following novelties:—

The Cumberry.—This may be regarded either as a very long gooseberry or a very short cucumber, according to fancy. When fully ripe the skin is thin and the contents pulpy. Unripe it is like a cobble, and may be used as such. *Mr. Punch* is disposed to think that the over-ripe cumberry will be very popular at Elections, especially when eggs are scarce. The hairy variety looks like a fat caterpillar, and makes very good grub.

The Mistletato, a happy combination of the romantic and the domestic. This fruit, which has a very piquant flavour, has been grown in a small patch of soil, concealed, like King Charles, among the branches of an oak. Hence it is not surprising that the Mistletato should combine the nourishing qualities of the homely tuber with the sentimental associations of that plant which was revered by our Druid ancestors and is beloved by modern maidens. It should be a popular dish at wedding breakfasts.

The Pumpkonion promises well and seems likely to combine the amplitude of the pumpkin with the pungency of the onion. *Mr. Punch* is of opinion that a machine will have to be invented for dealing with this vegetable, as to handle it would be too severe a tax upon the cook's lachrymal glands.

The Turniparrot and the *Parsniparagus* are not yet sufficiently developed to be described with any confidence. Many others are only in an incipient state at present, but *Mr. Punch* hopes to be able before long to announce that he has brought several to maturity, including the Collage and the Cabbyflower.

LADY, A SHEEP-DOG.

Lady, since first we met the years have sped
In three full cycles o'er your good grey head.
Your age I know not, yet my trembling tongue
Owns, though I love you, that you are not young.
Still, though 'twere flattery to call you slim,
Your heart beats high, your vision is not dim.
The far-flung ball that 's swiftly lost to view
Still with unerring speed you can pursue,
Patient to find and always sure to bring
The trophy back and beg another fling.

Your fathers drove their flocks, but you abide
In proud submission by your master's side.
You grant, what love and death alone control,
To him the untutored worship of your soul,
Glad to obey, nor ever seek to prove,
The word that checks, the wish that makes you move.
Oft has he seen you, as, with head laid low
Between your paws, you watched him come and go;
Waiting his pleasure and intent you lay
While the slow minutes dragged their length away,
Till at the last, your inmost being stirred,
You sprang to life obedient to his word.
And he has known you urge on his repose
The moist intrusion of a nudging nose,
Or, bolder still, to seek his knee and press
With pleading paw to win a slight caress.

Nature, who made you rough and grey and meek,
Reft you of dogdom's silent power to speak;
Cut off your tribal customary flag,
And left you nothing you could wave or wag.
Yet, still unfair herself, she made you fair,
A bob-tailed beauty in a mat of hair,
With two brown eyes, on which her mind she spent
To make them tender, wise and eloquent.
In part repentant, but in part unkind,
With shaggy tufts she failed to make you blind,
And left, while taking of your tail her toll,
These curtained outlets for your anxious soul.

Winter, dear Lady, when the world is chill
With rain and mud, becomes you very ill.
Roused from your slumbers at the early dawn
For ten wild minutes on the swampy lawn,
Clean—for no dog is better groomed than you—
You issue forth and hunt the garden through;
Shake off the night, and wantonly employ
In zealous rollings your arrears of joy.
Blameless in heart, but draggled, you return
And roam the rooms, in swift disgrace to learn
How mud and moisture all your virtues clog,
And men prefer their carpets to their dog.

Yet, though your coat be muddy, I confess,
Dear tail-less one, I cannot love you less.
Here in my den the fire burns bright and high:
Lie you before it, Lady, and get dry.
Here shall no housemaid with an angry face
Rate you for dirt and bid you from the place;
No careful mistress with imperious call
Send you to exile in a straw-laid stall.
Lady, take courage, for behind my door
Peace shall be yours and leisure to restore
Your tangled toilet, till with mind serene
I pass your coat as moderately clean.

R. C. L.



WRONGLY ADDRESSED.

(*At a meet of the Meynell Hounds.*)

Fair American. "My! You do look smart in that red Coat! But say, I reckon you borrowed it?"
Sportsman. "No, I didn't. Why do you think so?"
F. A. "Well, I guess it's got 'M. H.' on the buttons, and that ain't your initials, anyway."

EXPERT EVIDENCE.

[In a dramatic criticism *The Shoe and Leather Record* complains that *The Heroic Stubbs* shows ignorance of tanning, and in the trying-on room the stock of chairs is too small.]

We learn from *The Insurance Review* that the burning of Rome in *Nero*—without apparently any steps having been taken to insure the metropolis—is stilted and unnatural.

Criticisms are freely made by *The Beekeeper* and *Fur and Feather* on the various pantomimes. Conversations between the lower creation in idiomatic English are stigmatized as a gross violation of natural history, and as stultifying the usual terms "dumb animals." The cat in *Dick Whittington* betrays an impossible knowledge of municipal politics. The horse, again, is incapable of waltzing, and—in its wild state—never does conjuring tricks.

Various fashionable weeklies take exception to the manners in so-called "Society" dramas. Peers and peeresses, we learn, eat and drink, in actual life, almost precisely like commoners; a gentleman paying a call does not wait till he is in the drawing-room to remove his hat, nor necessarily keep it off in the open air while addressing a Duchess. *The Exchange and Mart* points out that the terms arranged on the stage between American heiresses and bankrupt peers are frequently unbusinesslike. *The Stationery Trades Journal* asserts that the writing of a letter of four pages legibly in seven seconds, and the reading of a lengthy will at a single glance, conflict with its critic's experience.

Objections are made in *The Architectural Review* to certain Park Lane scenes. The fact that a solid brick wall waves freely about when a footman stumbles against it, and a massive oak door vibrates in every gust of air, would presuppose jerry-building—an explanation improbable in a millionaire's house in Mayfair.

Other criticisms passed by *The Antiquary* on the chorus ladies in Italian opera, and by *The Baker and Confectioner* on the impossible rate of eating attained in dinner scenes, must be held over for want of space.

Another Infant Prodigy.

From "Answer to Correspondents" in *The University Correspondent*:—

"H. A. E. G. Having been born on June 15th, 1900, you will not be able to enter for Matriculation until September, 1906."

We don't know who H. A. E. G. is; but it looks as if he had mistaken the Matriculation at London University for the "Previous" Examination at Cambridge.

A Remarkable Claim.—"Crowds flocked to see the 'new' Turners at the Tate Gallery. An artist declares them to be his finest work."—*Daily Express.*

CHARIVARIA.

A GREAT access of strength to the nation is reported. Mr. EUGENE SANDOW has become a British subject. We understand that the Japanese Government was at once notified, and that their War Minister is appeased.

It is now almost certain that the manufacture of the new short rifle will be discontinued. Although the authorities still maintain that it will be of great advantage in time of war, the discovery has been made that, owing to its formation, it militates against the smart appearance of the Guards at drill.

Dr. EMIL REICH is about to lecture to a fashionable audience on PLATO, about whom, although he is frequently mentioned in the Divorce Court, there is an astonishing amount of ignorance among the Smart Set.

A propos, though we have heard much recently about changes in naval uniform, we are glad to say that the naval divorce suit of which we read last week is something of a novelty.

The question of the effect of food on the complexion is now being considered. A table-spoonful of mustard is still held to be without a rival for producing rosy cheeks.

It is rumoured that, in view of the largely increased number of Labour Members in the new House of Commons, the old division bell is to be superseded by a "hooter."

It is proposed to keep permanent exhibitions of paintings on the great American liners. Once more we are to try the effect of oils on troubled waters.

The number of ladies of noble birth who write novels is said to be increasing. The demand, we suppose, calls forth the supply; meanwhile the difficulty of finding satisfactory titles for the books themselves grows greater every day.

The Moorish delegates at the Algeciras Conference have proved themselves more far-sighted than their *confrères*. Realising how tedious the proceedings would be, they came clothed in blankets, so that they could roll themselves up and go to sleep whenever they desired.

Two more motor-omnibuses caught fire last week, and it is felt that, if this continues to happen, it may detract from the comfort of passengers in less seasonable weather.

During a riot at the Belfast Palace of Varieties a man was thrown from the gallery into the auditorium. "He escaped with only slight injuries," says the report. This surely must have been the historic Irishman who had the good fortune to fall on his head.

We were aware that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is a talented actor, but it has remained for a contemporary to acquaint us with the fact that he is also a clever contortionist. From an account of a recent trial we learn that he occupied a chair near the solicitors' table "in a characteristic SEYMOUR HICKS attitude — his legs crossed, his arms flung carelessly over the back of the chair, and his chin sunk in his hands."

"IAN MACLAREN" has expressed himself as of the opinion that a sense of humour is a hindrance to practical success in life. This insinuation that our most successful humorists lack a sense of humour has caused considerable pain in some quarters.

Sentences of deportation have been passed on a number of alien criminals. Native talent hopes to fill the gaps.

Mr. BURNS has been to Buckingham Palace to see the KING. Feeling that such an occasion demanded some slight change of costume, the President of the Local Government Board wore, we are informed, a bowler suit and a serge hat.

Four hundred camels, it is announced, are to be employed by the KAISER'S troops in South-west Africa in putting down the rebellion. We are not fond of blowing our own trumpet, but we would draw attention to the fact that, though we might and could compose a *jeu d'esprit* about the Germans having the hump, we forego that privilege.

SOCIOLOGICAL NOTES.

WOMEN.

WOMEN are born, not made.

There is only one kind of women, namely, women.

Against the eternal feminine the daily male has no chance at all.

SCHOPENHAUER did not approve of women. Women did not approve of SCHOPENHAUER.

The chief topics of conversation in female society are husbands and servants. The distinction seems arbitrary, and doubtless is seldom drawn.

Those whom the gods love (*i.e.* ladies of the chorus) dye young.

The popular idea that women have no sense of humour is quite mistaken. They marry us.

"CORN-BIF";

Or, The Paris County Councillors Day by Day.

Monday, Feb. 5. 8.55 A.M.—The County Councillors, eighty strong, headed by Sir EDWIN CORNWALL, leave London for Paris, all wearing white tall hats with green puggarees, projecting teeth, side whiskers and loud check suits. Each Councillor has a Bible under his arm, and smokes a large briar pipe. General regret expressed at the absence of Mr. JOHN BURNS; rumoured that he is following in a Thames steamer. Deputation bringing good wishes for *bon voyage* from Soho arrives five minutes after the train has gone. Charters special train and catches the other at Chislehurst. Leader of deputation recites speech from the engine of his train to the guard of the other, who passes it on to the County Councillors. A suitable reply having been made, the Soho deputation reverses its train and returns to London satisfied. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL full of jokes and fun. "Why am I like a fish out of water?" he asks at Tonbridge. All give it up. "Because I'm CORNWALL in Kent." Shrieks of laughter.

11 A.M.—At Dover. The Councillors embark for Calais, eighty strong.

11.30.—In the Chops of the Channel. Very rough. Who is the Jonah? Can it be J. WILLIAMS BENN? Perish the thought!

12.30.—The Councillors arrive at Calais, eighty weak. No sign of Mr. BURNS in his Thames steamer. Rumour that he is going all the way by water. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL, by remarking, "Then he must be in Seine," is anticipating fifty-one other Councillors, in spite of their qualms. Profound sadness and gloom.

12.45.—Lunch ready. No takers.

1.15.—Departure by train for Paris. Mayor and Corporation of Calais with address of welcome, waiting at the wrong station, are not heard. "Never mind" (*n'importe*), says the Mayor, "it will do, with a little alteration (*un peu d'altération*) when they come back."

4.45.—Arrival at the Gare du Nord (Station of the North). Reception by M. BROUSSE, the Members of the Bureau of the Hôtel de Ville (Town Hall), and the Republican Guard. Councillors instantly identified through wearing the national costume, and cheered. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL embraced by M. BROUSSE. "Embroussed," he calls it, amid loud laughter.

6.0.—Arrival at Grand Hotel, after triumphant progress through the streets in open carriages. All Paris (*tout Paris*) on the pavements (*trottoirs*), crying "Rosbif!" "Earear!" "Ip ip!" "*Vive* Sir CORNWALL!"

6.30.—Sir EDWIN CORNWALL leaves cards on the PRESIDENT and the British Ambassador. Finds a reporter under each seat of the carriage and two on the roof. Grants interview. On regaining his hotel is crushed by a rush of interviewers. "The power of the *press*," he exclaims, as he vanishes up the stairs. Great laughter (*rire*), as all the reporters settle down to articles on the witty Lord CORNWALL. No sign of Mr. BURNS.

8.0.—Banquet in the Hôtel de Ville. "Lucky JOHN BURNS is not here," says Sir EDWIN CORNWALL; "he doesn't like veal." Terrific exclamations. Councillors go very gingerly with the rich dishes. Chops of the Channel still too recent. Great speech by M. BROUSSE. Great speech by Sir EDWIN CORNWALL. Unfolds his plan of a congress of capitals and continental visits of L.C.C. to Vienna and Madrid, Constantinople and Baghdad, Berlin and St. Petersburg, Sofia and Berne, Antananarivo and New York. Return visits of representatives of all these capitals to London. No work any more—only *ententes*. *Vive l'Entente!* (*Long live the present cordial understanding with France.*) *Cheers and enthusiasm.*

Tuesday, Feb. 6.—All the Paris papers come out with columns of Sir EDWIN CORNWALL's jokes (*bons mots*).

10 A.M.—Visit of the Councillors to the Halles. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL kisses the Queen of the Market on both cheeks. Full description telegraphed to London. The Councillors in open carriages make a tour of Paris. Crowds line the pavements (*trottoirs* again), crying the new portmanteau word coined in the night by M. ANATOLE FRANCE, assisted by WILLY, to sum up the national and municipal character of the visit—"Cornbif!" "Corn-bif!" Sir EDWIN acknowledges the compliment as a man should.

12.30.—Lunch at DUVAL's principal *Établissement* (establishment). Sir EDWIN kisses the head waitress and brings down the house by asking if CLAUDE is present. "No." "Then where the DUVAL is he?" he adds. (*Cannonades of merriment.*)

3 P.M.—The Councillors take a drive in the Bois (*wood*). They meet M. LOUBET driving a phaeton. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL kisses him on both cheeks. Consternation of M. LOUBET, whose horses take fright and bolt.

6 P.M.—Return of search party which had gone to find Mr. BURNS. Thames steamer found, bottom upwards, near Rouen. No sign of Mr. BURNS. "Just the place for him to avoid," says Sir EDWIN: "is it not there that JOAN burns?" (*Laughter.*)

8 P.M.—Dinner at the Elysée. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL repeats his great speech, adding several capitals he omitted the night before, principally places which the members of the London County Council wished to visit. He saw, he said, a great opening for an immediate *entente cordiale* with Monaco, and his party were proposing to go on to Monte Carlo directly the hospitality of Paris began to show signs of wear. For his part he believed that a County Councillor would never serve his constituents so usefully as when he was abroad. Long live France!

Wednesday, 10 A.M.—Telegram received from Mr. JOHN BURNS, saying that owing to the necessity of being fitted for his new Windsor uniform he has been unavoidably prevented from crossing the Channel. Former messages, stating that he had been detained in the Pool of London, had been mis-read. Really a reference to his tailor.



DETECTED.

Clerical Tourist (visiting Cathedral). "ALWAYS OPEN, EH? AND DO YOU FIND THAT PEOPLE COME HERE ON WEEK-DAYS FOR REST AND MEDITATION?"

Verger. "AY, THAT THEY DO, ODD TIMES. WHY, I CATCHED SOME OF 'EM AT IT ONLY LAST TOOSDAY!"

"I KNOW A BANK— "

[The great tenor, CARUSO, going to a New York Bank to draw out money, was obliged to sing in order to prove his identity.]

THEY would not hand him out the pelf,
Until he proved himself himself;
Until he sang, their doubts to stay,
In that superb CARUSO-way
On which the public doats:—
The story in the Press runs so;
It's hardly worth the telling, though,
For 'tis a thing of course, you see,
That in a Bank, where'er it be,
They'll give you gold for notes!



Labourer. "What I wants to knaw 'be this: Will this 'ere Election 'ave any effect on our rights in this Parish?"
Candidate (thinking he has at last come upon a Village Hampden). "I cannot conceive that the Election can in any way affect your rights here."
Labourer. "I'm puffickly satisfied."
Chairman (to Candidate). "He meant *Rates!*"

AN UNDOUBTED FACT.

["Now saponin is a glucoside." "*The Lancet,*" *quoted in* "*The Daily Mail.*"]

Stirred profoundly by this remark
I closed my *Mail* at St. James's Park;
And turned to the stranger next to me,
And tapped him gently upon the knee:
"Are you aware," I said with pride,
"That saponin is a glucoside?"

He dropped his *Times* right hastily:
"What do you think of it all?" said he,
"What do you think of Arthur B.—
Shall *he* be leader, or Joseph C.?
How can the 'opposite wings' agree?
It's all a puzzle," he said, "to me.
What do *you* think of it all?" said he.

"How can you doubt it?" I replied,
"Since saponin is a glucoside."

I left him then, and I gave a tap
To one who was swaying upon a strap:
"Are you aware," I said with pride,
"That saponin is a glucoside?"

He dropped his paper, and glared at me,
"There's something rotten abroad," said he,
"Our army's not what it ought to be;
Our fleet isn't fit to put to sea;
We haven't a trade that's really Free;
It doesn't seem right," he said, "to me,
There's something rotten abroad," said he.

I said: "It will scarcely be denied
That saponin is a glucoside?"

I rose with a bow, and went from there
To a man who stood with a wearied air
Quite apart from the thronging crowd.
"Is it," I thought, "because he's proud?
Or is he sick of their silly chatter
That, I expect, is what's the matter:
Then here is *one* who will understand."
I took him lovingly by the hand:
"Brother, are you aware," I cried,
"That saponin is a glucoside?"

He listened to me, and he raised his head,
And these were the noble words he said:
"*Westminister Station* where yer for?
Abbey? out by the other door—
Plenty o' room in the smoking-car—
Hurry up, lady, 'ere you are
Right for the Mansion House, o' course—
Pass along—*Next is Charing Crorss.*"

"There's much in your argument," I replied,
"Still saponin *is* a glucoside."

* * * * *

Yet sometimes now when it blows a gale,
And the winter winds in the chimneys wail,
When, whirling and eddying round and round,
The snow falls fast on the frozen ground,
And, taking care of the streets for the night,
Wraps them up in a cloth of white:

It suddenly occurs to me
To wonder if the fellow lied
Who stated so explicitly:
"Now saponin's a glucoside."

"Distance lends Enchantment to the View-halloo."

"The Duchess," says *The Daily Mail*, "has also another residence, the Upper Hall at Ledbury, and from here she hunts a good deal in Arran." Rather a long business getting to the meet?



Paddy. "WHERE WILL I CATCH THE EXPRESS FOR DUBLIN?"
Station-Master. "YE'LL CATCH IT ALL OVER YE IF YE DON'T GET OFF THE LINE MIGHTY QUICK!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 13.—The first Parliament elected in EDWARD THE SEVENTH's reign met to-day for its opening session. Lobby crowded with unfamiliar figures, presumably new Members. Since we last met cataclysm has befallen. The Parliamentary scene is in all times shifting. Every General Election is a Hohenlinden. Only the familiar line is reversed. At the final prorogation we sigh and say

Few, few, shall meet where many part!

In General Election this year old Members went down, not in files but in battalions. Of Members who sign the Roll of Parliament, one in every four is a new comer. To be precise, the SPEAKER and Chairman of Committees will have to make themselves acquainted with 177 new faces.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, master of his constituency though Cabinet Ministers fall, moves through the bustling scene with much less than usual of his cock-sureness.

"I feel," he said, "like *Rip Van Winkle* back in his old home after long sleep. I am fain to cry out with him, *Where's Nicolas Vedder? Where's Brom Dutcher? Where's Van Bummel the Schoolmaster?*"

They are gone, the old familiar faces. The front Opposition Bench, transferred to the occupancy of HIS MAJESTY's late Ministers, is a wilderness. PRINCE ARTHUR's absence only temporary. But Brother GERALD has gone, is shut out from the pleasing prospect he promised himself of "amusement" in watching the embarrassment of C.-B.'s Government, buttressed by inadequate majority. ALFRED LYTTELTON has been pigtailed out of his seat. ST. JOHN BRODRICK has gone in quest of the vanished six battalions of men in buckram. Lord STANLEY's cheery presence is withdrawn from the scene. BONAR LAW, one of the ablest of PRINCE ARTHUR's young men, found his high Parliamentary reputation no Protection against the Retaliation of triumphant Free Traders. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT has retired into private life just when he was beginning to understand ARNOLD-FORSTER's latest scheme of Army Reform. The Admiralty will not have the advantage of Captain PRETYMAN's pretty ways with it in Opposition. AILWYN FELLOWES, of late planted out at the Board of Agriculture, has been plucked up like a weed and cast on the roadside. SAVILE CROSSLEY will have leisure to reflect upon the paradox whereby, of all men in the Ministry, the Paymaster-General is himself unpaid. The ex-ATTORNEY GENERAL condoles with the ex-LORD ADVOCATE in the common misfortune that bars against them the doors of the House of Commons.

Not for seventy-four years has there been, amid the decimation of rank and file, such unhorsing of the captains.

Saddest fate of all, most generally lamented, is that of HARRY CHAPLIN. Through a long, honourable, useful public life he, single-handed, has borne aloft the tattered flag of Protection. For thirty-four years his voice was as one crying in the wilderness. Suddenly, miraculously it seemed, response sounded from unexpected quarter. His ancient adversary, the bitterest scorner of other days, came over to his side. The new century saw nothing more pleasing than CHAPLIN's face as during the last three Sessions of the dead Parliament he sat below the Gangway shoulder to shoulder

with Don José. A brand-new ironclad of modern equipment moored alongside the *Victory* of ancient renown.

The Ironclad, powerful, alert, has weathered the storm. The old *Victory* has gone down at her moorings amid the regret of men of all creeds and sections of party. Harry Chaplin has been in the political arena a fighter these more than forty years. He never hit below the belt, nor swerved from a suavity of manner, a high-toned courtesy, not common to a later generation.

Another old Parliamentary hand that has vanished is Hart Dyke. Forty years save one he served in Parliament, and, though a strong party man, he enjoyed in equal measure the esteem of both sides. The craft of Cap'en Tommy Bowles, smartly built, well found, ably commanded, ran on a sunken reef and is laid up for repairs. The Cap'en suspects who arranged the little episode of the reef, knowledge that adds nothing to his contentment. Outside the House the Cap'en is known as the possessor of a sharp tongue, always ready to be thrust into Don José, or to wag in speech as disrespectful to Prince Arthur as if he were the Equator. Lookers-on from the inside track recognised Tommy Bowles as one of the ablest debaters on the floor of the House, one of the most useful Members on Committees upstairs, one of the highest authorities on constitutional law and Parliamentary usage.

A brilliant swordsman retired from the lists is John o' Gorst, time-honoured educationalist, champion of the unfed poor children, insisting that they should live as well as learn.

Gone, too, are Sir Trout Bartley, an honest man, apt to say what he thought without fear of the Party Whip; Sir James Fergusson, who fifty years ago came from the stricken field of the Crimea to fight at Westminster; Tomlinson of Preston, rare specimen of the antique Tory who, save for objection to quarrelling, would like to argue with you the question whether, after all, the world moves; Hayes Fisher, victim a year or two ago of unmerited misfortune gallantly faced; Albert Rollit, who never quite reached the position in the House deserved by his high capacity and debating power; Yerburgh, whose knowledge of affairs at home and abroad and whose clear speech will be missed in the new Parliament; Cuthbert Quilter, who always knew what would happen to the Unionists if the Kitchen Committee would not have Pure Beer on tap in the Dining Room; and Elliott Lees, who has ridden in the first flight at many a point-to-point race, disastrously to fall on the Grand National Course of the General Election.

These are only a few who will be missed by former colleagues, survivors from the last Parliament of Queen Victoria.

And here comes the Member for Sark, still gazing round the crowded Lobby and murmuring to himself:

Ghostlike I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Business done.—Lowther (J. W.) re-elected Speaker. A high tribute this to personal qualities. A party overwhelming in numbers, with all the gifts of office in their hands, bestow one of the most prized upon a political opponent, whom for some months they have narrowly watched in the exercise of the delicate functions of the Chair. Mr. Lowther is bracketed with Mr. Gully in this testimony to one of the pleasantest variations of Party strife at Westminster.

FEBRUARY IN TOWN.

(With acknowledgments to E. V. L.)

A month of weeks and days and hours—sometimes fast, sometimes slow, very slow—as slow as the letting of Aldwych sites. February is a month that we cannot pass over if we have wasted our money on tear-off calendars.

As the month goes by, the leaves of the calendars flutter down, and the housemaid who has to pick them up sighs as she does so.

Many young birds are assembling under the eaves of Westminster. How they got there they do not quite know, but there they are, ready to fly in the face of everything and everyone. "Wait a little longer, till the little wings are stronger!" says the Speaker-bird, but no, the young birds want to try their wings at once.

Everyone is busy in February, for there is much to be done. The shopkeepers have cleared out their rubbish heaps during January, and they are engaged in getting their windows ready for the spring. Those who have carried away the rubbish are busy too—hiding away the rubbish. "We will be wiser next time," they moan, but the shopkeepers know better, and so they smile gladly as they peep out at the world—at the dear grey world—from their doors and windows.

All young things are busy too, for has not *The Saturday Westminster* offered a prize of *One Guinea* for a Roundel which is to serve as a Valentine?

And so the young things go about the streets, knocking up against the pillar-boxes, trying to find a rhyme to "Valentine." And their hearts are very glad.

The bookworms are busy too, curled up so snugly in the British Museum. They are always there, but they know that with the approach of spring comes what is called "spring-cleaning," and then they will have to leave the Museum and wander about the streets, till the storm is over and they can return. So they are very very busy while they may.

All the world is busy, for it is February, and February comes after January and before March.

THE NEW FREE "BOARD."

(But not for weaker vessels.)

[An evening paper says, "Wood may be used as a source of food, and we may add to the menu our shirts and collars, and perhaps other articles of apparel."]

"*Ulmea cœna*"—Juvenal.

"*Heus! etiam mensas consumimus.*"—Virg. Æn.

I dreamed that Britain's martial drum
From ocean rolled to ocean;
No wheatships moored within her ports,
Panic and wild commotion
Invaded every breast, for what
To eat they had no notion.

Tight'ning my belt, I called on Brown,
A scientific party;
I found him gaily munching at
A dusty-looking tart, he
Had all the air of being stout,
Rubicund, sleek and hearty.

"Sit down," he cried, "and taste our fare,
It's up-to-date arboreal;
Those chips you see so nicely fried
Are from the immemorial
Elm's old, old block (let not your nose
Be too inquisitorial).

"A leg of chair, done to a turn,
Oak chops, with ivy garnish;
(My cook's a prime top sawyer, nought
Her '*cordon bleu*' can tarnish:)
A barbecued mahogany
With crackling made of varnish.

"For sweets, a modest, plain 'biled rag,'
With shredded collars blended;
Cabinet pudding, sawdust sauce,
Highly to be commended;
Pine for dessert—take out the knots,—
With sifted sugar, splendid!

"Sometimes we've *pâté-de-bois-gras*,
Entrée of devilled splinters,
Or curried ash. Our menus are
Of joint, or joist, no stinters:
Game, spatchcocked Dado: for *hors-d'œuvre*,
Boned brolly, aged three winters."

* * * *

"*O dura messorum ilia!*"
Thus Horace might deride us.
But still triumphantly we cry,
Though famine sore has tried us,
Our wooden walls have saved the State
Once more—this time, inside us.



MISSING PARLIAMENTARY MODELS.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S TENDER ADIEUX TO MANY OF HIS FAVOURITE VICTIMS SNATCHED FROM HIM BY A RUTHLESS ELECTORATE. (See Essence of Parliament.)

From left to right—Sir James Fergusson, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Mr. Gerald Balfour. Mr. Brodrick, Sir W. Hart Dyke, Sir Albert Rollit, Cap'n Tommy Bowles, Sir John Gorst, Sir George Trout Bartley, Mr. Bromley-Davenport, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes.

THE VALENTINE.

(*A story in four parts; with acknowledgments to Messrs. W. W. Jacobs, Maurice Hewlett, Bart Kennedy and Joseph Conrad.*)

Part I.—(W. W. J.).

"Valentines," said the night watchman, a little wearily, "is a new subjec' for me. I've dealt with most, and sometimes I think I might 'ave a rest. But there, I'm not one to grumble. It was grumblin' as led to the only valentine ever I 'ad a 'and in, and it was a lesson to me.

"I was on the *Now-on-Sail* at the time, and the skipper was the worse grumbler that ever I served under. Nothing never satisfied that man. The way 'e used to go on about 'is meals was somethin' awful. I remember 'im grumblin' one day when the cook gave 'im a dinner the King would 'ave been surprised at. 'It's not the food,' 'e says, when the cook, almost in tears, asked 'im what was wrong. 'It's your face,' he says, 'that wearies me.'

"It was a cruel thing to say, because, as Bill said to the cook sympathetically when 'e 'eard of it, ''e only sees it now an' then, cook,' 'e says, 'whereas I've lived an' slep' with it three weeks now and never even put a 'ard name to it.'

"'There aint no 'ard names for my face,' says the cook 'eatedly, an' Bill admitted that there wasn't, they 'adn't been invented.

"But about the skipper's grumblin'. It got so bad that when Sam suggested that the followin' day being Valentine's Day we should give 'im a valentine to soften 'is 'eart, the idea was received with a chorus of approval.

"We agreed it should take the form of a flannel chest-protector with 'Think of Me' worked on it what Bill had pinched from the boy, 'oo 'ad it off his girl. And we agreed that one of us should creep in in the middle watch an' lay it on the skipper's pillow. Sam 'ided the boy with a rope till 'e accepted the honour of doin' the job."

Part II. (M. H.)

The tale of this amulet (for, as it seems to me, a thing of flaming scarlet flannel bearing a maiden's love-whisper and contrived to kiss against a lad's warm flesh partaketh more of the nature of amulet than of valentine) comes to me (remember) through the pen of another, and by yet another's pen will pass to its conclusion. So that I am (by no caprice of my own) but a finger-post pointing the adventure for a few score paces. That does not dismay me.

Well, this lad, then (if I have the true conception of him) stood amuck with fear at the task to which his companions with beastly words and the threat of hard knocks had impelled him. The amulet lay warmly on his palm, and, as he watched it, his mind ran to the maid from whom he had first received it.

Now this was Maria, a beautiful young woman, not sixteen yet, worker in a pickle factory in Soho. Thinnish she was, and rather short, with a large soft mouth, black eyes, a little close-set perhaps, round arms, small bosom, and a high, clear voice. To her nose almost curled her hair about her forehead; purple was the skirt that hung from her balanced hips; and on the Sabbath her skin was white. Though many stories are told of her adventurings in love (which I do not choose to believe), against her virtue no word may be said. Indeed, we have for testimony the very act whence sprung her bestowal of the amulet upon the boy.

He, his eyes misty beneath her starry beauty, was fain to kiss her.

"Desist, O my love," said she, striking him; and "That will I," he replied.

Thereafter, softening, from her small purse of green cardboard took she four brown pence, purchased, and gave him the token.

"To sanctuary against thy heart," murmured she.

He turned a red and misty face towards her. Between her wine-red lips he pressed a sweetmeat, white as driven snow, delicately spiced, fragrant with peppermint.

"Till my return I burn for thee, my Queen," he cried.

"I can taste fire of thee in my mouth, dear love," she panted.

[Does the boy decide to take the chest-protector in to the skipper?—Ed.

I have yet to show this.—M. H.

Agreed. Next.—Ed.]

Part III.—(B. K.)

It was dark in the cabin. Black darkness. Dark. From one corner came the sound of snoring. Loud snoring.

The boy tightened his grip on the chest-protector.

He gripped it close. Close. He stepped forward. Stepped. Forward.

[You've said that before. Please get to the point.—Ed.

The point is that he stepped forward.—B. K.]

His eyes grew accustomed to the



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"Love, they say, is growing old."

darkness. He discerned shapes. Objects sprang into view. Things. A box. A book. A bunk. A glass.

Objects.

He shuddered.

In the bunk lay the skipper asleep. Sleeping. One knotted hand lay upon the blanket, a second was thrust beneath his cheek.

Knotted.

Heavens!

Lightly as a snowflake falls in the Klondyke or elsewhere, the boy laid the garish gift upon the pillow. He turned. And. Fled.

PART IV.—(J. C.)

The pale yellow of the lamp flame, equable and luminous,

[The last man said it was dark. ED.]

threw into relief the message worked on the chest-protector. The skipper regarded it with eyes which, baffled and alarmed, spoke to the sombre and torpid mind which had come down to him through generations of dull-witted and unreceptive ancestors. The immensity of the warning took him by the throat and held him immobile. The question was pertinent and enormous.

"Think of Me." Of whom? Clearly of one person, segregated and dominating. His ponderous brain toiled painfully through the roll, varied and incongruous, of his acquaintances, in laborious pursuit of one who could have been the instigator of this startling request. That it was either a man or a woman, an hour's introspection, unsparing and profound, convinced him. The lapping kiss of a wave, feline and seductive, against the vessel's side, reminded him acutely of the impossibility of its being a woman. None had been on board when he came below; it was beyond the habitual usage of things—as he knew them—that one had arrived during his period of unconsciousness. He felt, then, that it was a man. He knew that somewhere beyond the confines, narrow and begrimed, of his cabin, a human soul was demanding recognition from him. He felt this to be a solution, partial and unsatisfying, of the gigantic problem. His mind was to be— —

[This story must now cease. ED.]

WE regret to learn from an advertisement inserted by ALSTON RIVERS, Ltd., in *The Daily Mail*, that "the first impression of Mr. COBB's new novel is nearly exhausted;" we sincerely trust that subsequent impressions will prove to be more lasting.

AT THE TIP' OF ONE'S TONGUE.—"The names of CARATHEODORI, CANTACUZENUS, MAVROYENI, MAVROGORDATO, and MUSURUS will occur to the reader."—*Daily News*.



BEFORE.

THIS LADY PERSUADED HER HUSBAND TO GO TO SNELBRED'S BARGAIN SALE TO GET SIXPENNYWORTH OF TAPE FOR FOURPENCE.



AFTER.

SHE SUCCEEDED.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD.

OBJECTIONABLE, Unpleasant, or Inconvenient SURNAMES. A gentleman of experience undertakes to arrange CHANGING the above in proper form and according to law at a very moderate fee, to include all legal and other expenses. All matters can be effected through the post if desired. - *Daily Paper*.

A TREMENDOUS run on the advertiser set in, we understand, on the very morning that his tempting offer appeared. The difficulty experienced in this business is, however, not in finding clients who wish to change their names, but in finding names to suit those clients. Plenty of people are tired of their names. It is rumoured that among the first applicants at the office of this public benefactor was Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER, who, beyond insisting on retaining his hyphen, presented a perfectly blank mind as to his new style. All that he could suggest was that the *Westminster Gazette* should make a literary competition of it. Mr. BRODRICK also appearing among the clients, it was proposed that he and Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER should oblige each other and simplify the task by merely exchanging names; but both gentlemen were horrified at the notion, and rushed into the street simultaneously, to the no small disturbance of traffic.

On Messrs. BOTTOMLEY and MARKS arriving shortly afterwards, a similar exchange was suggested, but with equally ineffectual results. We understand, however, that the Member for Thanet has altered his designation to Mr. GOOD MARKS, as a convenient mode of distinguishing himself from clansmen (if any) of less established probity.

Many of the applications have been made, not personally, but by letter. Amongst these was a peremptory demand from the President of the Local Government Board to be released from a surname which exposed him to the recriminations of Scotsmen and Socialists alike. The names of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, MASTERMAN READY, DANIEL DERONDA and SIMON DE MONTFORT have been submitted to Mr. BURNS, who consulted the KING on the occasion of his visit to Buckingham Palace last week, and will shortly announce his decision. Meantime we learn that Sir OLIVER LODGE contemplates fresh journalistic exploits under the style of Sir ROLAND BEGBIE, while Mr. BART KENNEDY will in future sign as Sir HAROLD KONODY, Bart. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN will in future submit to the divine *afflatus* as Mr. DANTE MILTON HOMER PYE, and Miss MARIE CORELLI as Miss SAPPHO TARTINI.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR.

[In a recent case a witness was called as an expert on beauty.]

PHYLLIS, though my ardent zeal
Proffers still its humble duty,
There are moments when I feel
Not too certain of your beauty.

Though I vow, when others win
Beauty's prize, that you excel them,
If they question me wherein,
To my shame I could not tell them.

Should your hair (I do not know)
Rightly be more bright or duller?
Is your figure *comme il faut?*
Have your eyes the proper colour?

Nay, what have I to reply
(I'm no expert, as you know, PHYLL.)
When they venture to decry
Your defects of nose or profile?

Yet, if there is aught amiss
In your features or complexion,
All that I can say is this:
That to me you seem perfection.

CONVERSATIONALISTS TO ORDER.

[In search of a cure for conversational inanity, a representative of *The Daily Mirror* has visited a well-known universal provider's and found him quite ready to supply professional conversationalists for dinner parties, etc. "We have the names and addresses of several gentlemen in every way fitted for this sort of thing," he was told; "well-read men, with a fund of anecdote and wit."]

If you give a little dinner of a rather swagger kind,
With a show of all your plate,
And a butler in to wait,
In spite of all your efforts you will very often find
The evening isn't going quite according to your mind.
A silence seems to settle on each group
With the soup,
And the frost becomes each minute more severe,
Till you wish that the fish
Could be made the final dish,
And that all your silly guests would disappear.

But if a little contretemps like this you would avoid,
Send a post-card off to me,
And success I'll guarantee;
For with one of our artistic talking gentlemen employed
You'll find your little dinner most enormously enjoyed.
I keep them ready waiting always dressed
In their best;
They are bound to make the dullest dinner go
Fair and tall, dark and small,
Most attractive, one and all,
And equipped with *jeux d'esprit* and witty *mots*.

I've a very large assortment, fit for any kind of gaps;
Artists who can tell you lots
About Raphaël or Watts,
And I've got some very handsome rather military chaps,
Who might have once been Colonels in the Grenadiers perhaps;
I have poets who are willing to recite
What they write,
Which will lend your board a very cultured air;
And you'll find that the mind
Of the suburbs is inclined
To the worship of their long poetic hair.

I've gossips who are up in every scandal and intrigue;
They know who married who,
And why it didn't do;
I've music people also who can talk without fatigue
About Mozart and Handel, and compare them both with Grieg.
I've brilliant *raconteurs* of every sort,
And in short
I can send you any kind of guest you need;
All that you have to do
Is to let me see you through,
And your triumph as a host is guaranteed.

Political Intelligence.

A propos of the report, now denied, of a triple candidature for the Leadership of the Unionist Party, it was pointed out on behalf of the late Chief Secretary for Ireland that, while Mr. Balfour would belong to one section and Mr. Chamberlain to another, the late Chief Secretary would be Long to both.

It is difficult to say which is the more admirable, the modesty, or the candour, of this advertisement in *The British Medical Journal*:

"Derbyshire. A very old-established sound general Practice . . . Applicants need not be well qualified."

What follows has rather a sinister note:

"But should be Nonconformists and take an interest in chapel matters. Any one so constituted would probably double the receipts."

Is it suggested that they should take round the bag?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

["Before Denise could reply André was seen standing on the threshold. A cold air seemed at once to blow over the room. No one offered a word of greeting . . . Then his spurs rang out on the polished floor. He was hurrying to the stables . . . Just as the company were breaking up, a sweating horse dashed into the stables of the palace. André flung himself from the saddle . . . his spurs were red."]

These are extracts from two pages of *No. 101* (Blackwood). If they don't make the reader's flesh creep it is of quality less mobile than my Baronite's. A score of years ago we heard much in home politics of "Number One," a mysterious leader in the Fenian conspiracy. In accordance with Cocker, Mr. Wymond Carey's *No. 101* is a hundred times (and one over) more mysterious, more successful in plotting against the powers that were. "Number One" was a man. *Number 101* is a woman, which accounts for her increased intensity. She lurked in the Court of Louis the Fifteenth, and kept the hated English Government informed of the secret plots of the French King and his Government. From the fiery furnace of Mr. Carey's narrative the bearings do not always come out with prosaic intelligibility. That only adds to the blood-curdling effect. Novels frequently contain pictures of episodes in history at a penny plain, twopence coloured. *No. 101* is worth the full price.

Lady Noggs (Fisher Unwin) is delightful. Mr. Edgar Jepson indifferently alludes to her as *Felicia Lady Grandison* and *Lady Felicia Grandison*, styles which indicate two quite different positions in life. As it is incidentally mentioned that she is a Peeress in her own right, the former would be her proper title. This, however, is a small matter, as she insists upon being known as the *Lady Noggs*. She lives in, and ruffles, the highest rank of society. Her uncle is Prime Minister, his associates Marquises, Dukes and a' that. To tell the truth they are merely labelled puppets, but the labels make the fresher and more effective the vagaries of the untameable child. Having acquired personal knowledge of the lot of children in the slums, she burst in upon an informal Cabinet Council, plumping down on the Prime Minister, the Secretary for War, and the Home Secretary the question, "What are you going to do about these children? Lots of little children belonging to poor people are always being beaten and knocked about. They often don't have enough to eat. They are cold even in bed, because they haven't any blankets. It ought to be stopped at once. And as you didn't know anything about it I thought I'd better come and tell you, and then you'd stop it." The Cabinet Ministers being occupied with higher matters pooh-poohed the interrupter, who, nevertheless, went about seeking her own way and generally found it. My Baronite recommends the acquaintance of *Lady Noggs* to whosoever has not yet made it.

To all who favour a touch of melodrama in the novels they set themselves to peruse, and to all who seek refreshment from ordinary labours in the recreation of following out a carefully contrived and artistically elaborated plot, the Baron recommends *La Belle Dame*, by Alice Metheley (John Long), and in doing so he feels that he has already earned the gratitude of his numerous followers.



Prehistoric Instinct.—The Labour Member is already clamouring for his Club.

ARITHMETIC PRIZES.

THE daily papers have been informing us that the postman at Wembley, who recently retired after 40 years' service, in which he had walked no fewer than 280,000 miles, has been presented by his colleagues with an arm-chair. It is pleasant to know, on the authority of exclusive information communicated to *Mr. Punch*, that this is no isolated case of grateful recognition, but that it can be paralleled by the action taken or about to be taken in half-a-dozen other callings.

Thus Sir HENRY HOWORTH, whose 500th column-and-a-half letter in small print recently appeared in the pages of *The Times*, has been presented by some admirers in the Carlton Club with a sumptuously upholstered Mongolian divan lavishly equipped with hop pillows.

On the total number of his definite statements on the subject of Free Trade and Protection being brought up to the figure 1 by his letter to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on February 14, Mr. BALFOUR was presented by the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce with a new silver-plated golf caddie.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, whose aggregate linear output has now reached the superb total of 1,234,659, has just been made the recipient of a most gratifying testimonial from the Helicon Club of Rome. It takes the form of a memorial in the Latin language which culminates in the memorable words *Quocunque modo, Laureatus Britannicus sufflaminandus est*.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN having just brought into active service his 1800th eyeglass, a deputation of Midland opticians will wait upon him in the principal glass-house at Eyebury next Sunday to present him with a beautifully bound copy of *The Egoist*.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE recently endowed and opened his 5000th Free Library. To commemorate this auspicious event a Stratford-on-Avon admirer is organising a subscription with a view to presenting the famous Pittsburg millionaire with a lovely little lethal chamber furnished with a complete set of the works of CORELLI, Mr. CARNEGIE's favourite composer.

Mr. MOBERLY BELL, during his recent visit to Egypt, succeeded in inducing the Mad Mullah to join *The Times* Book Club. On learning the colossal number of subscribers to this world-renowned institution, the insane potentate was so deeply affected that he promptly invited Mr. BELL to accompany him on a lion-hunting expedition in Somaliland—an invitation which Mr. BELL, to his infinite regret, was obliged to decline out of deference to the feelings of Messrs. LEO MAXSE, LEO TREVOR, and the great Protectionist nightingale, LEO STORMONT.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, by his reference to ARISTOTLE in his last *Times* article, having now mentioned the Stagirite 19,000 times in five years, a band of his admirers have subscribed a sufficient sum to present the distinguished neo-Hellene and dramatic critic with a modern Greek version of *Nero and Nero-Worship*, bound tastefully in tree-calf.

Mr. BART KENNEDY, the famous pedestrian *littérateur*, who last week completed his 300,000th mile on foot, is held in such veneration by his colleagues on the staff of *The Daily Mail* that they propose to present him with a green bath-chair—a graceful tribute to his services in interpreting the riddle of the Emerald Isle.



THE DRAMA.

"'ERE, I SAY, 'LIZA, WE'VE SEEN THIS 'ERE PLAY BEFORE!"
"NO, WE AIN'T." [*Wordy argument follows.*
"WHY, DON'T YOU REMEMBER, SAME TIME AS BILL TOOK US TO THE 'PIG AN' WHISTLE,' AN' WE 'AD STEWED EELS FOR SUPPER?" "OH LOR! YES, THAT TAKES ME BACK TO IT!"

THE INNOCENT OBJECT.

[*With affectionate remonstrances to the Minister of Education, who is not, of course, the person directly addressed in the following lines.*]

Infant in whose pathetic eyes,
Conning your measures, square and cubic,
An elemental candour lies,
So unsuspecting, so cherubic;—
What have you done that every moral crank
Should take and make of you a party plank?

(When little Mary went to school,
Her woolly playmate walking with her,
And openly infringed the rule
Forbidding beasts the *entrée* thither,
Did they, for that astounding breach of tact,
Give her another Education Act?)

I blush to think your lowly tasks
Are made the theme of public patter,
While not a man among us asks
What are your wishes in the matter,
Whether you might not reasonably choose
Doctrines consistent with your private views.

I blush to hear by all report
That you must play the part of pigeon,
Trapped to provide a session's sport
For connoisseurs of State Religion,
And occupy the corner which is warmest
Between the Cleric and the Nonconformist.

Innocent as the unfledged snipe,
More plastic than the half-brushed squirrel,
You are as putty in the gripe
Of experts such as Mr. Birrell,
Hardened philanthropists that mould your lot,
Whether you wish to be improved or not.

Stretched on the operating throne
Amid a rout of rival factions,
They'll vivisect you, flesh from bone,
And tear your tiny soul in fractions;
Yea, deep into your very vitals dig,
Carving you like a paltry guinea-pig.

That fate—thank Heaven—you don't foreknow;
You missed, by some divine evasion,
The verse I penned long years ago
Upon a similar occasion;
(Whenever Bills like this invite to rhyme,
I make the same reflections, every time).

And now, if my advice may serve,
You will omit to read this column,
Lest you mislay your little nerve,
And, growing prematurely solemn,
Die, like the dreadful babe in Gilbert's line,
A drivelling dotard at the age of 9.

O. S.

Methuselah Hard Pressed.

The Leicester Daily Post has discovered a very unusual fact about a deceased artist. He was, says that journal, "a life-long friend of Dante, Gabriel, and Rossetti."

"The Rev. ——— delivered a lecture at the Athenæum, Limerick, on "Glimpses of the Irish Brigade," to an audience filled to overflowing."—*Irish Daily Independent.*

Surely, for an audience in this deplorable condition, the need of a Temperance discourse was strongly indicated.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

At an extraordinary general meeting of the Amalgamated Flower-sellers' and Stallwomen's Association last night, recent incidents reported from the French capital were discussed with a certain amount of resentment, not to say pique. It was unanimously resolved that a deputation of carefully-selected delegates from both societies should wait upon Sir Edwin Cornwall at an early date to protest against the undue preference recently shown by the London County Council for certain French types, and to call his attention to the superiority of the home-grown article, which he has hitherto apparently overlooked. Amid scenes of great excitement, and a certain amount of disorder, resulting from the fact that no fewer than a hundred and thirty-two candidates offered themselves for the post, Miss Hawkins, a buxom vendor of violets, whose presence daily adorns a well-known West-end kerb, and the *petite* but muscular Miss O'Grady, who presides so successfully over the shell-fish further East, were chosen as leaders of the deputation. Applications from the Laundresses' Friendly and the Factory Girls' United Associations to be represented among the delegates were refused amid loud applause.

The deputation, after stating its grievances in a few well-chosen words, is prepared to meet Sir Edwin Cornwall and party half-way, and is furthermore authorised by the Associations to invite the whole of the London County Council to a large *al fresco* gathering at Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday.

In consequence of the above resolution, an indignation meeting of the Amalgamated Covent Garden and Billingsgate Porters Society was held after midnight amid scenes of great disorder, and a Committee formed to accompany the deputation and keep a watchful eye on its proceedings on behalf of the members of the before-mentioned Society. Though opposed in other respects, both meetings closed with the unanimous resolution to provide Sir Edwin Cornwall and his companions with a remedy for the ennui and reaction which is naturally associated with their return from the gay city.

REASONS FOR DEFEAT.

[While the issue of the Orkney and Shetland poll still hung in the balance, *Mr. Punch* hesitated to publish the following statements, for fear that they might affect the result.]

Our confidential correspondents in the constituencies send us the following reports, which are as reliable as some others:—

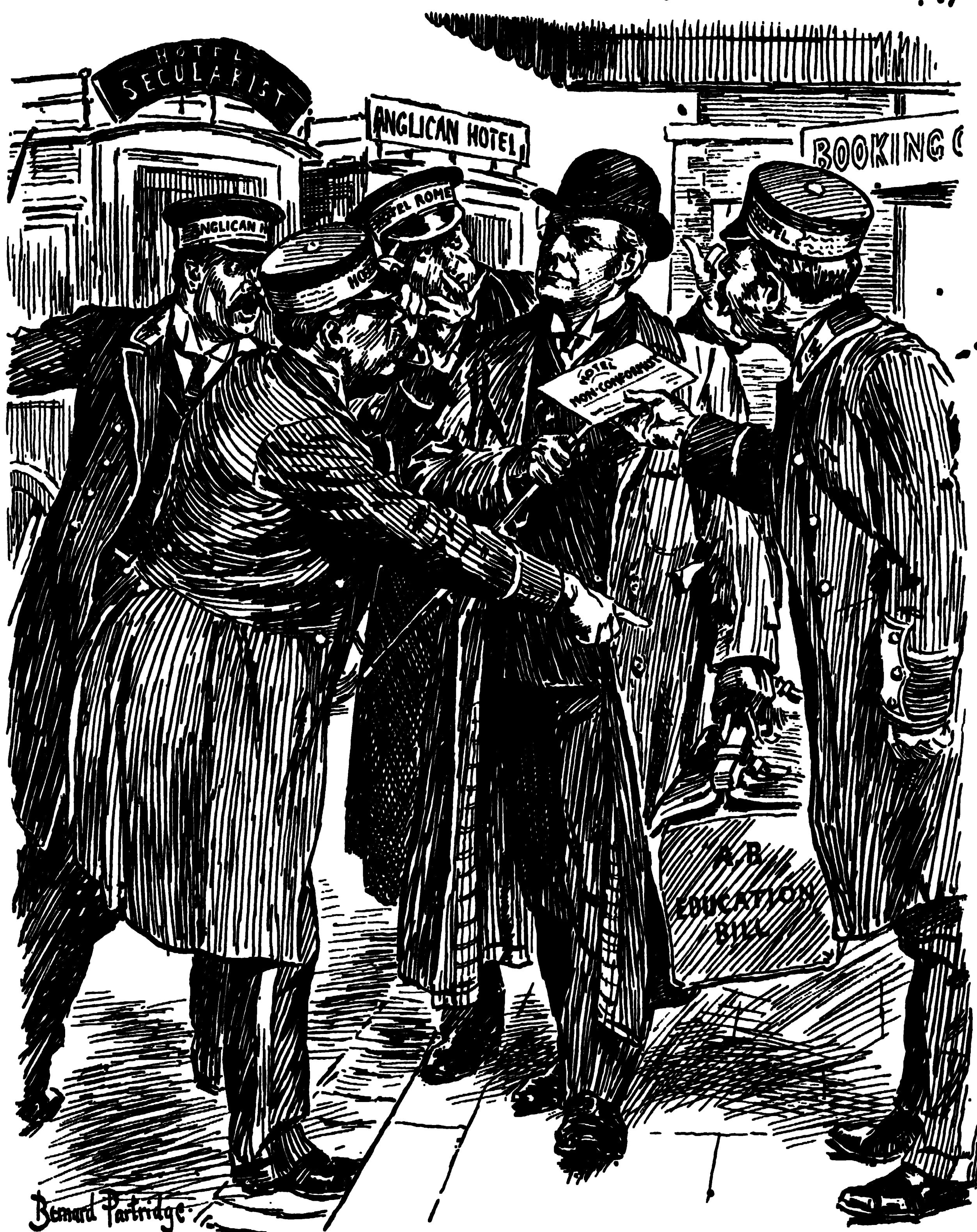
The workpeople employed in the Dartford Paper Mills much resented the enthusiasm of Sir William Hart Dyke for the "half-sheet-of-paper" policy, thinking that he wished to cut down the output of their industry by fifty per cent.

Many farmers in the Sleaford division took with bad grace Mr. Chaplin's proposal of a two-shilling duty on corn. They thought their old friend was playing with them. They said it was like offering a nut to a rhinoceros.

In Warwick and Leamington the voters, misled by Radical cartoons, feared that Mr. Lyttelton's continued association with Chinese labour was causing him to resemble a Celestial himself in an increasing degree, and they determined to put a stop to this deterioration in the personal appearance of a handsome English athlete.

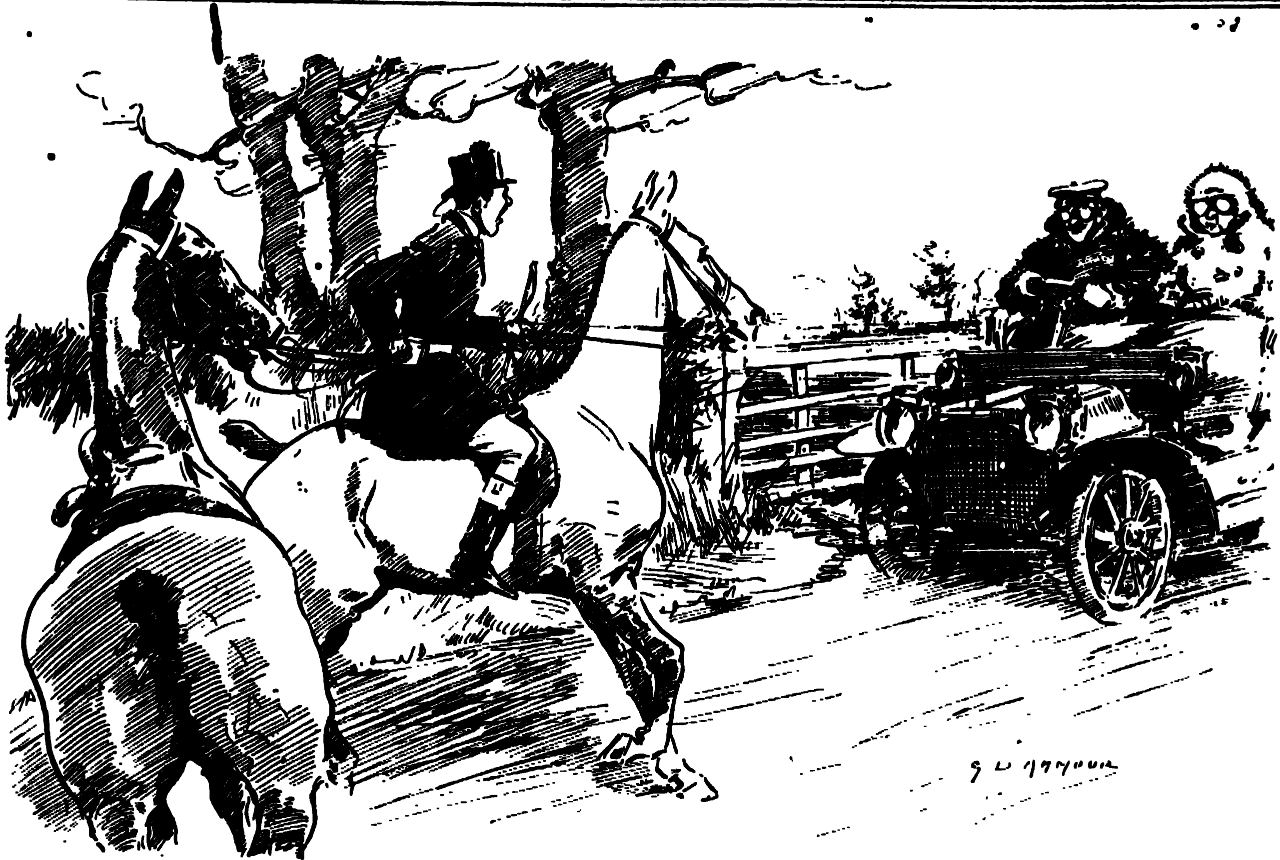
Mr. Brodrick's failure to hold the Guildford division is by many ascribed to the fact that the voters thought he paid too much attention in Parliament to India, where he had not been born and bred, to the neglect of Surrey, where he had. The omission to don, in the streets of Guildford, the uniform in which he appeared at the German Emperor's review, is understood to have lost him the support of several keen workers in the Dress Reform League.

A number of staunch Conservatives at King's Lynn did not take the trouble to vote for Mr. Bowles, as they felt sure he would get in "by hook or by crook." Such are the effects of *Mr. Punch's* pictures, for which he tenders the Cap'en an apology.



THE BIRRELLIGIOUS TRAVELLER.

Minister of Education. "THANK YOU; BUT I'M GOING MY OWN WAY."



"AS OTHERS SEE US."

Obliging Motorist. "Shall I stop the Engine?"

Groom. "Never mind that, Sir. But if you Gents wouldn't mind just gettin' out and 'idin' behind the Car for a minute,—the 'orses think it's a Menagery comin'."

NATURE NOTES FOR FEBRUARY.

By a Week-end Urban Explorer.

With the first faint cry of the catkin comes the glad knowledge that Spring is at the threshold of the garden, waiting to trail her skirts in our rose alleys, and to shape, with loving fingers, her subtly odoriferous onions into marketable bulbs. But there is still a frosty sting in the air o' nights, and a dead vole lies on the garden walk—no, I'm sorry; it's only a six-and-a-quarter glove that has been worried by the terrier. Worms begin to wriggle on the lawn, for they have already consumed their winter store of nuts and acorns—or am I thinking of squirrels?—and they must now begin to teach young Master Worm to go a-foraging, and to make his own tee on the putting-green.

As we pass through the garden gate, and squelch into the mud of the lane, a—er—an interesting specimen of the indigenous fauna of this country flashes across our path, too quickly for identification, and vanishes into the hedge, O.P. Hush! If we go very hurriedly past its lair, and look fixedly at the elm-tree tops, perhaps we shall avoid seeing it again, and I shall be spared the embarrassment of having to put a name to it.

Away beyond the fallows Hodge is driving a hideously complicated machine (it looks like the portentous progeny of a windmill and a large tooth-comb) on the long, lone track that winds over the uplands. Full well the farmer knows its use (in which, I confess, he has the advantage of me). On those same uplands in summer the poppied corn will wave in shimmering splendour,—the golden, unprofitable grain that will enjoy (such is the grudging mandate of the Polls) only as much Protection as can be afforded it by a small boy with a raucous voice, and an old but sonorous tea-tray.

An early bee, tempted out by a deceptive and disorderly burst of energy on the part of the wan February sun, is looking inanely for its honeysuckle. Do you remember what Virgil says of the early honey-bee? If so, perhaps you will kindly fill the lacuna; for I don't. Ah! now he has stung me, and I can say all that is necessary about the early honey-bee myself.

And now if you will put your head far into the holly bush, you may espy a small bird. That is the *Avis Ricardus*, and he looks damp and mopy, as if he wishes he could have afforded Biarritz, like the swallows and the King of Spain. The fragments of Harris tweed that you have so profusely left on the holly spines will be useful to him in nesting time.

Striding bravely on we turn a bend in the long lane at last, and lo! right by the way we must take, there is one of the noblest of all the fauna of Merrie England. (There *is* a shrewd sting in the air, now that the sun has gone again. *You* notice it; and Hodge, a Millet-like figure in earth-toned garments, who has providentially escaped alive from his mincing-machine on the hill, notices it too.) As we draw nearer, he and I, to the fir clump at the cross-roads, we can spy, in the dull light of the leaden day, a patch of glowing red. Stand a little this way, and you will see a strange sight,—an animal rampant regardant, with a sunny smile on his roseate face, and a merry twirl in his tail. I, too, this bitter day of February Fill-dyke, am for this same "Red Lion" and a beaded cup of nut-brown old October.

TO F. C. BURNAND.

Hushed is the voice of jesting, and dim each friendly eye,
For, lo, we come, your soldiers, to bid you our goodbye,
To you who loved to lead us and whom we loved to boast
The chieftain of our revels, the Captain of our host.

Dear Frank, our fellow-fighter, how noble was your praise,
How kindly rang your welcome on those delightful days
When, gathered in your presence, we cheered each piercing hit,
And crowned with joy and laughter the rapier of your wit!

And if our words grew bitter, and wigs, that should have been
Our heads' serene adornment, were all but on the green,
How oft your sunny humour has shone upon the fray,
And fused our fiery tempers, and laughed our strife away.

In many a gay adventure, in many a joyous raid
You led us and we followed, alert and undismayed;
Or if the onset slackened, your cheery call came plain
To nerve our drooping courage and hearten us again.

And now you doff your armour, dear comrade, and you go;
Your rest we cannot grudge you, since you would have it so;
Yet hear us as we pledge you, and take as you depart
The fond and faithful homage of every loyal heart.

Our part shall be to cherish the lustre of your name,
To guard in pride and honour the record of your fame;
And, fired by your example, to wield a flashing sword
For *Punch* to whom you bound us, our master and our lord.

R. C. L.

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD AIR.

[The following exercise has been received from an eminent composer, who thinks that "the conventions of musical composition might well be applied to literature." The state of his mind is being inquired into.]

I.

"Father's pants will soon fit Willie." *Folk Song.*

II.

Willie will shortly be able to wear the trousers which papa purchased originally for his own use.

III.

The work of adapting for the use of Willie the pantaloons which father no longer requires is about to cease. The time is rapidly approaching when he will be able to wear them without alteration.

IV.

It is confidently anticipated that at no very distant date the diminutive William will be of a size to adopt for his own use and ornament the integuments that have hitherto shrouded the nether limbs of his progenitor.

V.

By taking into account the normal rate of growth in the average adolescent, and relying upon young William not to depart to any serious extent from the standard thus set up, it has been possible to calculate that, within a period which is not at present stated with actuarial exactitude, but may certainly be said to be coming to an end within a measurable distance of time, the young gentleman in question will attain to the stature at which, without undergoing any inconvenience whatever, either physical or moral, he will find it possible, supposing the other party to the arrangement to be willing to put it to the test, to endue himself and continue to be arrayed, not only in the privacy of his own chamber as a matter of experiment, but openly as if he were wearing those constructed by the art of the tailor for himself, the garments, commonly known as pants or trousers, which up to the present time have been set aside for the sole use of his male parent.

VI.

The child in Rags and Tatters gallivants,
But rolling Time Accommodation grants;
I heard a voice say: They are giving out,
But Willie soon will wear his Father's pants.

VII.

An Agreement made this first day of February one thousand nine hundred and six Between William Smith of 73 Acacia Road Brixton in the County of London Wharfingers Manager hereinafter referred to as Father of the one part and William Beaconsfield Smith of the same address hereinafter referred to as Willie of the other part and their executors administrators heirs and assigns Whereas Father owns uses and is in possession of one habiliment to wit a pair of pants trousers breeches pantaloons overalls fillibegs or inexpressibles and Whereas the said habiliment is no longer in the state and condition in which Father can properly be seen wearing it and Whereas Willie is not so particular Now this Indenture Witnesseth that it is agreed and declared that when Willie shall have arrived at a fit age height width girth and amplitude Father shall peaceably and quietly yield and deliver up for the sole use and enjoyment of Willie the aforesaid habiliment to be by Willie possessed held occupied and enjoyed in perpetuity fair wear and tear and damage by fire only excepted In witness whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals.

VIII.

Yir trous for mony weary weeks
Were patched ahint, afore;
But, Willie, sune ye 'll wear the breeks
That syne yir faither wore.

IX.

MEMORANDUM.

From Isaac Moss & Co., Military Tailors and Accoutrement Makers, Mile End Road, E.

To William Smith, Esq., 73, Acacia Road, Brixton.

Jan. 31, 1906.

Dear Sir,—On referring to our books we find that on Jan. 1, 1902 we had the honour of supplying you with a pair of striped Angola wool trousers. As we usually have the pleasure of altering your trousers for the use of your son after four years' wear, we trust that we shall soon be receiving this order from you.

Yours respectfully,
I. Moss & Co.

X.

To Messrs. I. Moss & Co.

73, *Acacia Road, Brixton, Feb.* 1, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—Yours of 31st ult. to hand and contents noted. I have the pleasure to inform you that my son will soon be big enough to wear my discarded trousers without alteration. I regret, therefore, that I shall not be able to entrust any further work of this description to your firm. I hope, however, in a few months' time to be placing another order with you on my own account.

Yours truly,
Wm. Smith.

XI.

These are the pants that Dad wore.
This is the boy who 's growing so fast
That the time will soon be over and past
When the alteration made was vast
In the size of the pants that Dad wore.

XII.

He 's getting a big boy now.

THE MISSING WORD.

[A lady's journal has complained of the lack of a satisfactory term to express the relations of engaged couples. "Fiancé" and "sweetheart," upon different grounds, are alike rejected, and "my future" is suggested as a solution of the difficulty.]

THE God of Luck was ever loth
  To deal us all the aces,
And even lovers' plighted troth
  Had stupid commonplaces;
There was no reasonable phrase
  (Nor one with any rhyme in)
To mark the amatory phase
  Just previous to Hymen.

No Social Guide had hit upon
  A word that suited PHYLLIS,
When introducing CORYDON
  At tea to AMARYLLIS;
While C. consulted *Chatty Snips*,
  Or bought a *Mecum Vade*,
But found no title on his lips
  To designate the lady.

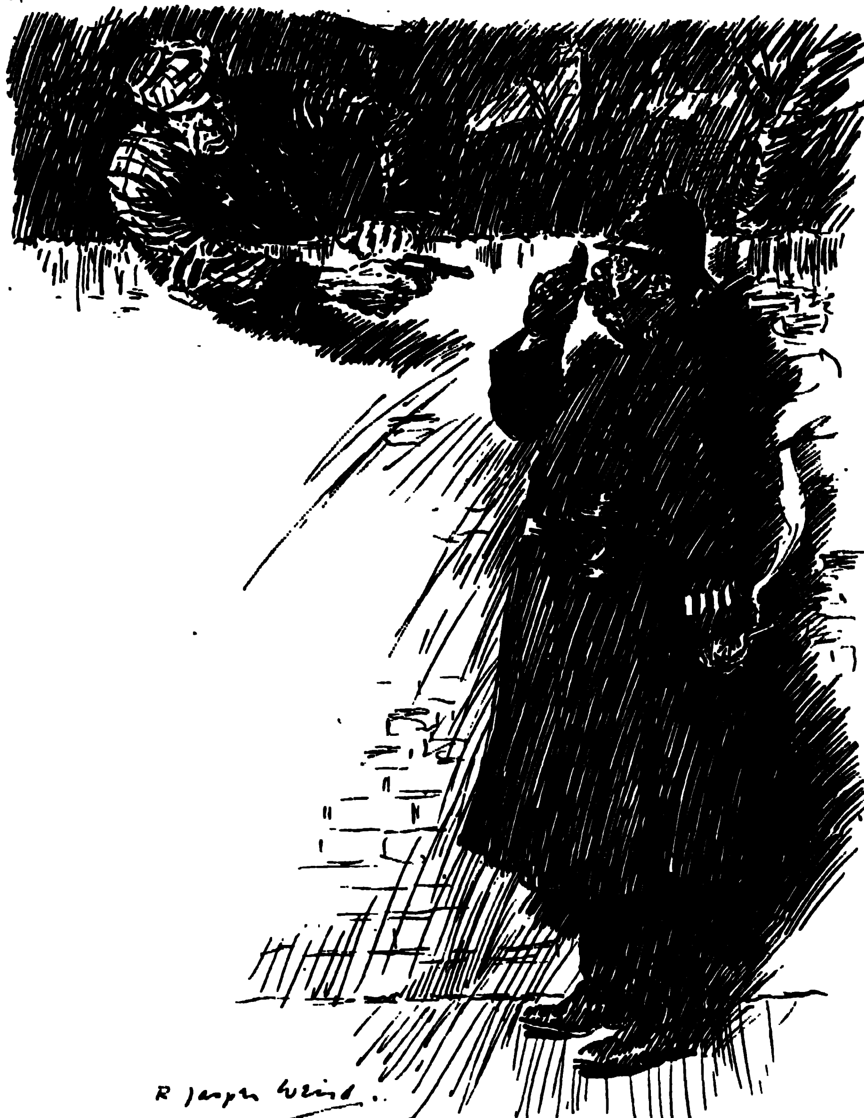
"*Fiancée*" was too harsh and cold
  (Nor even Anglo-Saxon)
For girls with hair resembling gold,
  And features pink and waxen;
While PYRRHA of the native charms
  (Abetted by discreet art)
Would sooner leave AMYNTAS' arms
  Than hear him call her "sweetheart."

She too, conversely, found it grate
  To mention her "intended,"
And "my young man," though accurate,
  Could hardly be commended;
Such forms might do for MOLLS and MIKES,
  But where is the analogy
Between such persons and the likes
  Of LYCIDAS and LALAGE?

Then has our Press indeed produced
  An answer to the riddle?
Or cut the social knot that used
  Adoring pairs to diddle?
When EDWIN craves an early date
  For matrimonial sutures,
And ANGELINA whispers "Wait,"
  Oh, shall we call them "futures?"

Ingenious lexicographer!
  It sounds a bright suggestion;
Yet—pardon if we still demur—
  You beg the vital question!
Too often through a latent worm
  The flower of love has wilted,
And facts would stultify your term,
  Suppose the swain were jilted.

His "future"—'tis a daring word,
  Mutabile nam semper—
Might be for evermore deferred
  Through someone's horrid temper;
And queer reflections would be cast
  On both the classic peasants,
If STREPHON found his future past
  Before the wedding presents!



Bill Sikes (suddenly dropping on policeman having a quiet smoke). "'ANDS UP! BOTH OF 'EM, OR I FIRE! WHAT! 'AVING A NICE QUIET SMOKE ON DUTY, WAS YER?"

P.C. XYZ. "SH! DON'T TALK SO LOUD, YER FOOL! 'ERE COMES THE INSPECTOR. YOU'LL GET US BOTH INTO TROUBLE!"

OUR NEW DETECTIVES.

ENCOURAGED by the noble example of Professor CHURTON COLLINS, who, we understand, has just been appointed Mysteriographer Royal to the new Simplon Tunnel, quite a number of distinguished authors and publicists are devoting their attention to the subject of criminal investigation.

Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD, having satisfactorily cleared up the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, has now been engaged by the Folk-Lore Society to ascertain once and for all the identity of the malefactor who killed *Cock Robin*. Mr. FITZGERALD'S researches will shortly be published in a handsome folio, and without discounting the interest attaching to their perusal we may say that he has finally and conclusively disproved the claims to that evil eminence advanced on behalf of the *Man in the Iron Mask*, *Simple Simon* and *King Cole*, while at the same time showing that gross negligence attaches to Scotland Yard for their conduct of the case in its preliminary stages.

Sir LEWIS MORRIS, whose recent statement that most of the *Epic of Hades* was written on the Underground will be fresh in the minds of our readers, has accepted the arduous post of Chief Inspector of Police on the Welsh coal-fields. The office carries with it the honorary title of Miner Poet of the Deep Levels, a *rôle* for which Sir LEWIS'S profundity of thought, and complete mastery of the art of sinking, render him peculiarly suitable.

Professor Sir JAMES DEWAR, famous for

his epoch-making researches in low temperatures, has been commissioned by *The Daily Mail* to conduct a series of investigations in the high latitudes of Saffron Hill with a view to ascertaining the cause which renders the retailers of ice creams so peculiarly prone to the use of the knife. Sir James Dewar will be accompanied in his perilous investigations by Sir James Crichton-Browne, whose command of the Bianca Cappella dialect is notorious, and who will adopt a disguise rendering him practically indistinguishable from Sir Edward Clarke.

CHARIVARIA.

President Roosevelt's daughter is now married, and reports from all over the United States state that the country is gradually settling down.

The Irish are so confident of getting an independent Parliament that they have already begun rehearsing. At a meeting of the Council of the Cork Corporation last week, Councillor Millerd, we learn from the Press, rushed at Councillor Donovan and struck him; Councillor Desmond rushed to Councillor Donovan's assistance, and an Alderman ran to attack Councillor Desmond; then Councillor Millerd seized a chair. The proceedings subsequently became riotous.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, it is announced, will not resume his ordinary practice at the Bar, but will be available as an arbitrator. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are said to have been among the first to secure his services.

In connection with the new show of Turner pictures at the Tate Gallery, we are asked by a member of the Chelsea Art Club to say that there are many more hidden treasures in this country in artists' studios. They are only awaiting discovery.

A book has just appeared on this side of the Channel entitled "How to take a House." M. Lépine is said now to be preparing a treatise on the subject of "How to take a Church."

A hitch at a wedding is always unpleasant. In Italy, the other day, a lady whom the bridegroom was not marrying killed him.

"Pat" Crowe, who was charged with abducting the son of Mr. Edward Cudahy, the millionaire pork-packer, related, at his trial, how he nearly succeeded in kidnapping the eldest son of Mr. John D. Rockefeller: and many millionaires' children are now having poison labels attached to them bearing the words "Not to be taken."

Professor Hobday, of Kennington, states that dogs can now be fitted with false teeth, wooden legs, artificial paws, and glass eyes. The flower-shops provide imitation bark.

The flow of English humorists into America has received a set-back. A London gentleman who joked with the immigration officials at New York was detained for examination into his mental condition.

Only one case of drunkenness was recorded last year in Southwold. This is one of the East Coast towns which are petitioning Parliament on account of the inroads made by the water.

More L.C.C. extravagance! It has been decided that the Council's steamboats are to be painted black, although this was done only the other day by *The Daily Mail*.

Successful trials have been made in Paris of an armoured motor-car, which is shell-proof, travels at twenty-eight miles an hour, and fires 600 shots a minute. This, we suppose, is the scorcher's retort to the police-trap.

We hear that three more motor-omnibus companies are about to invade the London streets, and that their vehicles are to be christened, after the prevailing fashion, "The Scent-Bottle," "The Stove," and "The Rattle."

A gentleman writes to *The Express* suggesting that, with a view to facilitating the sorting of the private and business communications which one receives, all the latter should be marked on the envelope "B.C." An American correspondent points out that these initials would admirably symbolise our business methods.

A book entitled *Turning for Beginners* has made its appearance. Someone is evidently of the opinion that many of the new M.P.'s will soon be desirous of leaving the Liberal benches with the idea of obtaining more comfort elsewhere.

In a paper which he read at the Baptist Conference at Chiswick, the local minister complained that too much giggling and open laughter went on in the choir. We must say we like moderation in all things.

Our old beliefs continue to be shattered. A bull residing at Ashby-de-la-Zouch entered a china shop, walked round the premises, and withdrew without doing more than a shillingsworth of damage.

Certain lyrists who write "numbers" for musical comedies are complaining that their names are often omitted from the programmes. We certainly think the responsibility ought to be fixed.

BALLADE OF AN EX-M.P.

No more I dread the Speaker's frown,
Or tremble at the Party whip,
Or moon about the dingy town,
My heart upon a foreign trip.
The iron hand has loosed its grip;
The captive from his chain is free;
And like a child I dance and skip,
A happy ex-M.P.!

No more can any Smith or Brown
At public meetings jeer and quip,
While I, who yearn to slay the clown,
Endure it with a smiling lip.
I have the villains by the hip
To whom of old I bowed the knee.
What joy to give them all the slip
A happy ex-M.P.!

No more my desk is weighted down
With begging-letters, that would strip
My pockets of the last half-crown,
And leave me like an arid chip.
Within my rival's purse may dip
The hands that once applauded me.
The wine of leisure now I sip,
A happy ex-M.P.!

Envoy.

Prince! Though St. Stephen's spells renown
(Or may do, if the Fates decree),
I follow Freedom's flying gown,
A happy ex-M.P.!

"A Ministering Angel."

"Lady, experienced, offers services free to a London parish. Would take entire charge."—*Church Times.*

Mr. J. W. Yorke Scarlett, according to *The Morning Post*, has expressed his intention of resigning the Mastership of the Tedworth owing to the increase of wire and difficulties of shooting tenants. But surely a little practice should put this right. Why not join a Rifle Club?

"Experienced Lady Housekeeper seeks re-engagement. Can cook vegetarian."
Church Times.

We can quite understand how it is that the lady is at present out of an engagement, but she should have no difficulty in finding work with a cannibal household. A new piquancy would be given to her cuisine by the reflection that its victims belonged to a rival school of thought.

Masonic Brother (25) Desires Position as Timber Clerk or other; unapproachable references.—*North Eastern Daily Gazette.*

The worst thing about "unapproachable references" is the obvious difficulty of getting at the facts.

THE ETON SLOUCH.

[The following letters dealing with this momentous topic have failed to reach the Head Master of Eton, for whom they were evidently intended, and are published herewith.]

MY DEAR CANON LYTTELTON,—I cannot help thinking that your boys walk too much. It is a most injurious habit. Make them cover the distances between class-rooms, up and down town, to and from games, and so forth, at a brisk, regular trot, and the growing canker will soon be nipped in the bud. Then there is the question of food. Boys are over-fed. Without being a faddist, I should like to recommend the following dietary, as being not only sufficient but salubrious for a normal growing lad:

Breakfast:—A plateful of porridge (hot oat or cold plum) and one cup of luke-warm Vigoro.

Dinner:—A few Brazil nuts (only the kernels should be consumed) and half a push-ball.

Tea:—One bean (biled).

Supper may be omitted.

I am, Yours faithfully,
EUSTACE MILO.

CANON!—The Battle of Waterloo (as the Iron Duke observed) was won on the playing-fields of Eton. Will the contests of the future be decided upon Agar's Plough? Not if this kind of thing continues to go on. There is too much tucking-in at the grub-shop, or grubbing-in at the tuck-shop—I forget which, but my point is the same. Things were very different when I was a boy. *Verb. sap.* Yours in haste,
ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

REVEREND AND VENERABLE SIR,—What your young gentlemen require, if we may suggest it, is our new Robusto-Radium Belt at 30*s*. It is invaluable for dissipating that fatigued feeling so natural after a long romp in the playground, or hard spell at the books. We should be happy to undertake contract to supply same, and send instructions for self-measurement.

Very respectfully yours,
POWER & Co.

P.S.—We could do a special line in colours, if required for the Eton Society, from 50*s*.

DEAR MR. LYTTELTON,—How can you expect to keep your boys well set-up in the damp unhealthy climate of the Thames Valley? Why not remove the site of the school to Highgate Hill, Hampstead Heath, or some other congenial suburb? Yours without bias,
OLD HARROVIAN.

SIR,—So this is what comes of hunting the tame hare to death with dogs, and turning out little loafers instead of *gentlemen*. Blue blood, indeed! And what is worse, the teachers allow it. *Quis custodiet custodies?* as the grand old Mantuan sang. I shall transfer the hero of my imminent novel to some other school.

Yours more in sorrow than in anger,
The Swannery, Stratford. M. C.



SCENE—*The River Dart.*

Visitor. "HOW DEEP DO YOU THINK THAT POOL IS?"

Native. "CAN'T ZAY ZACTLY HOW DEEP HER BE; BUT I DO MIND PUTTING DOWN A POLE VIVTEEN VOOT LONG, AND HER WAS JUST YOUR VOOT DEEPER. I CAN TELL 'EE THAT FUR SURE."

More Home Nursery Hints.

(From Our Examiner in Housewifery.)

LINSEED Poultices are used for deep-seated information. Mustard or terps put in them will get at any information and can be used for poisons.

Almost a Handbag.

OUR attention has been called to a very fine sporting offer in *The Field.* An Agency advertises the following shoot:

"6 Rabbits, 4 pheasants (1905 bag); nice Lodge. Inclusive rent, Aug. 1 to Sept. 30, £300."

Reckoning the nice Lodge as thrown in, and allowing for the fact that the period named stops just short of the opening of the pheasant season, we work out the prospective cost at £50 per head (all rabbits), which is of course vastly above the average market price for this viand.



A FIRST NIGHT.

Indignant Playwright (to leading actor, behind the scenes). "Confound it, Man, you've absolutely murdered the piece!"
Leading Actor. "Pardon me, but I think the foul play is yours!"

JUST A FEW WORDS AT PARTING.

After forty-three years spent in *Mr. Punch's* service, first as the youngest of his Staff, then, for over a quarter of a century, his Editor, I resign my functions as President of his Council, *Primus inter pares*, and hand over its great responsibilities, its absorbing work, with its, to a certain extent, compensating advantages, to my duly appointed, younger, and well-qualified successor.

In February, 1863, under Mark Lemon's wise and genial rule, and introduced with a memorably hearty welcome from William Makepeace Thackeray, I made my first appearance among the members of the Staff of that period assembled round *Mr. Punch's* Council Board. In February, 1906, I bow to the present representatives of *Mr. Punch's* Council, grasp hands, bid farewell, and make my exit. *Bonsoir, la Compagnie!*

I readily avail myself of the opportunity graciously afforded me by *Mr. Punch's* Proprietors of thanking, *ex integro corde*, all the Knights of Pen and Pencil at this Table Round for the loyal support they have given me, and for the courtesy they have invariably shown me during these past twenty-five years and a half of Editorship. Of their friendship and loyalty I am, and always shall be, justly proud. Wherever surrender of principle has not been involved, private or party opinions have been either modified, or, in the best interests of *Mr. Punch*, have not been unduly pressed.

The aim of any *Punch*-appointed "Director of our Mirth" should be, and, if *Mr. Punch* is to hold securely the eminent position he has achieved, must be, to provide relaxation for all, fun for all, without a spice of malice or a suspicion of vulgarity, humour without a flavour of bitterness, satire without reckless severity, and nonsense so laughter-compelling as to be absolutely irresistible from its very absurdity.

In old days the best examples of pictorial art allied with humour, whether intensely comic or deeply pathetic, are to be found in the work of Dicky Doyle, John Leech, and Sir John Tenniel; and, on the literary side, *Mr. Punch*, for all time, will be proud of the great gifts of Thackeray, the genius of Hood who sang *The Song of the Shirt*, and will quote with pleasure the delightfully light rhymes and the sparkling prose of Shirley Brooks, while, in later years, he will gratefully recall the pathetic *Cry of the City Clerk*, written by Clement Scott, who was never on the Staff, and will once again chuckle over Milliken's *'Arry and 'Arriet* verses, which, with the same author's *Childe Chappie*, may be reckoned among the most popular papers that have ever appeared in *Punch*.

One thing it would be but false modesty on my part not to record, and that is the inexpressible pleasure I feel in acknowledging the evidence, affectionately pressed upon me from all quarters, of the widely and firmly established popularity of "*Happy Thoughts*."

I have spoken my epilogue. Shall I add, "*Happy Thought.—Retire!*" Why, certainly, for it is with the "Happiest Thoughts" that I *do* retire.

From *Mr. Punch's* stage, and appearing, for the last time, as his Editor, I wave my adieux to my good "friends in front!" *Au revoir*, frequently I hope, elsewhere. Then turning to salute affectionately the members of the United Company of Mirth Makers over which it has been for so long a period my greatest privilege to preside, and speaking in all earnestness, I adapt, to this occasion, the familiar valediction of tender-hearted *Rip Van Winkle* and say, "May you all live long and brosper!"

F. C. Burnand.



FULL SPEED AHEAD.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday night, Feb. 13.—Prevailing note at opening of Session to-day one of hilarity. Since House last met earthquake has engulfed many cherished companions. Still 670 Members go to make a House, and most of them are here. Over the thin ranks of Unionists a cloud of bereavement lies low, tempered by feeling of satisfaction in breasts of survivors that each knows one who has been saved. AKERS DOUGLAS, again *locum tenens* for absent Leader, thinks sadly of times that are no more. Remembers how, when he last filled the position in temporary absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, down with influenza, an observer taking note of the youth of recent additions to reconstructed Government spoke of occupants of Treasury Bench as "Young Men and old AKERS." The young men, alack! have been swept away in the flood that whelmed their Leader. Only some half-dozen ex Ministers hold the dismantled fort.

Among them are WALTER LONG, blushing for faithless friends in South Bristol; GEORGE WYNDHAM, radiant with smiles, looks round the benches where Ulster Members ought to sit, and cannot discover his friend WILLIAM MOORE.

"'Lochaber no more,' they used to sing in mournful melody," he remarked to ACLAND-HOOD seated near him. "Now it's North Antrim no MOORE."



"The Pink 'Un turned and anxiously regarded the ex-Chief Secretary."
(Sir Al-x-nd-r Acl-nd H-d.)



EGO ET DUX MEUS.

"My dear Arthur, nothing would ever induce me to leave you or to enter into any sort of competition with you."

The PINK 'UN turned and anxiously regarded the ex-Chief Secretary. Had much MacDonnelling made him mad? Did not pursue enquiry; preferred to return to contemplation of the good time coming when he, no longer Ministerial Whip, might linger at the dinner table past nine o'clock, unmindful of plots for snap divisions.

VICTOR CAVENDISH sat upright, immobile, expressionless, facing futurity with stony stare.

"What a splendid figure-head he'd make for a ship!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK, regarding him admiringly. "If it went down behind him with all hands aboard, he wouldn't wink an eyelid."

Treasury Bench so thronged that WINSTON, characteristically refraining from pushing early into place, was fain to seat himself on steps of empty Chair. In serried row of jubilant Ministers a gap kept opposite brass-bound box on table that marks bearings of Leader of the House. Presently C.-B. entered from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair, hailed with lusty cheer unknown in House from Liberal throats these ten years back. Enthusiastic Members below Gangway showed signs of inclination to rise to their feet; compromised by lifting their hats in salute. Quite a new thing this, small in its way, but indicating birth of greater ones.

C.-B., seating himself between ASQUITH and JOHN MORLEY, started on observing to right of former a figure top-hatted. Something familiar about the grey frock-coat suit first seen in the House when, twenty-six years ago, EDWARD CLARKE, a rising young man in Common Law Courts and Surrey Sessions, came in from Southwark. Yes, it was the ex-Solicitor-General of SALISBURY days. Elected for the City, he, in accordance with ancient privilege, claimed place, on Treasury Bench on this, the opening day of new Parliament. ALBAN GIBBS, his fellow Member, sat by him, bareheaded. The legal mind declined finally to commit itself. Desiring to make known to whom it might concern that in seating himself in the midst of the enemy's camp the action was taken "without

prejudice," Clarke put on a disproportionately tall hat. His the only head covered on the Treasury Bench.

House summoned to meet at 2 o'clock. Twenty minutes past, and nothing yet happened. Higher grew the buzz of conversation, broader the smile that beamed the full length and breadth of the Ministerial Benches. Never was seen or heard a more joyous throng. Suddenly the cry of "Black Rod!" rose above the din. It was the door-keeper who, having made his way through the throng blocking the Bar, stood by the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms and proclaimed the messenger from the House of Lords.

Deep silence fell over the jubilant crowd. It obviously unnerved Black Rod. If they had gone on laughing and chatting all would have been well. This silence had uncomfortable resemblance to experience on entering a vault; added to it was consciousness of five hundred pairs of eyes closely examining his full Admiral's uniform.

Advancing towards the Table, Black Rod showed disposition to tack. After getting his bearings, bore a straight course for the Table. The blood-curdling silence continued. Black Rod stared straight before him over the heads of the clerks at the empty Chair. He wet his lips and opened them; no sound issued. Was he going to break down as did his gallant predecessor, temporarily paralysed as he stood in the same place? Holding himself perfect after many rehearsals, he had evidently intended to recite his message. But this ghastly silence, these double walls of piercing eyes, too much. The awful solitude, the gripping chilliness of the Arctic regions, familiar thirty years ago, nothing to this ordeal.

Happily the Admiral had a card up his sleeve—or, to be precise, a piece of paper in his shirt-cuff. Not served in the Crimea for nothing, nor taken a share in stamping out Indian Mutiny without learning a thing or two. From within the cuff round his left wrist he produced what Prince Arthur, had he been present, would have recognised as half a sheet of notepaper. Spreading it out, he read his message, bidding "this honourable House" repair to the House of Lords.

There followed another fearsome pause. Black Rod had fulfilled his mission; how was he to clear out? Not backward this time, thank heaven. He stood a pace on one side and wistfully looked at the Pink 'Un, who rather enjoyed seeing another man in difficulties. Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Clerk of the House, director of its proceedings in its inchoate state, came to the rescue. Leaving his chair at the Table, he joined Black Rod, and the two walked forth, followed by a train of Members, at their head the Leader of the House and the Deputy Leader of the Opposition.



"The Fly in Amber."

Mr. Asquith espies a (political) stranger on the Treasury Bench.

(Sir Edw-rd Cl-rke.)

Business done. J. W. Lowther re-elected Speaker by acclamation.

Thursday night. Our Army swore terribly in Flanders. So it is said. Nothing to what the House of Commons has done on threshold of Session. Began yesterday, occupied this afternoon.



Pathetic Scene Outside the Railings of Palace Yard.

(Mr. Gerald Balfour said, during the Election, that he looked forward to much pleasurable amusement watching across the Table of the House the efforts of the New Ministry to hold together and to satisfy their supporters. Alas! he is no longer a member of the House!)

Quite a business-like performance. Tables hospitably spread. Wigged and gowned clerks in attendance. Batches of five Members swear in chorus. March on in single file to sign roll of Parliament. Thereafter led by untiring Clerk of House, who introduced them by name to Speaker. Some he had known before. Many unfamiliar faces. With equally grave urbanity shook hands with all.

Mr. Lowther lacks unique experience that befel Lord Peel when he was in the Chair. Amongst Members brought up for formal introduction was a Member he thought he had seen before. Searchingly scanned right arm above the elbow. Certain he saw gleam beneath the cloth the pale flame of a strawberry mark.

"My long-lost Brother?" he whispered under his breath.

"Yes, Arthur, dear boy," responded the new Member.

All this *sotto voce.* Would never have done for Speaker of House of Commons on such occasion to vary demeanour in recognition of family ties, however closely drawn.

"Sir Robert Peel, Member for Huntingdon," announced the Clerk.

The Speaker offered his hand with distant dignity, and Sir Robert, not quite successfully repressing a wink, passed on.

Nothing so good as that in dreary ceremony now drawing to conclusion.

Business done.—Members swearin' like anythink.

CAPABLE CADDIES.

Rumour has it that a movement is on foot amongst a certain section of the golfing public to ensure that for the future all caddies on English links shall be compelled to furnish satisfactory proof that they are physically and morally qualified for the porterage and cleaning of clubs, and acquainted with the more rudimentary principles of the game. To this end, it is reported, an entrance examination paper is in course of preparation, in which individuals aspiring to official recognition as caddies will be required to obtain a percentage of at least 80 marks. The following questions are said to have been already drafted:

1. Write your name, legibly if possible, in the top right-hand corner of the sheet.

   (Do not trouble to insert your nickname, as it is a matter of indifference to the examiners whether you are locally known as "Tiger," "Ginger," or "Bill Bailey.")

2. State your age. If this is less

than six, or more than seventy-five years, you may omit the remaining questions and retire at once from the examination.

3. Are you married or single? Give reasons for your answer.

4. Illustrate the finer points of distinction between
(a) a niblick and a gutty;
(b) a bye and a bulger.

5. Are you a Protectionist or a Total Abstainer?

6. Rewrite the following passage, correcting anything that may strike you as an error or an incongruity: "In an 18-hole match, X., a scratch player with a handicap of 20, stood dormy 12 at the 17th hole, but while half-way through the final green was unfortunate enough to get badly bunkered behind the tee-box. Being required to play 'two more' to his opponent Y., who had laid himself dead in 6, he only played one of them, thus holing out in 5, and securing a victory by the narrow margin of 4 up and 7 to play."

7. Given that the regulation charge for a round is a shilling, would you consider yourself justified in attempting to exact an extra half-crown for club-cleaning from a player in spectacles, with a handicap of 27 and a wistful expression? (Candidates are advised to say "No" to this question.)



Bus-driver. "All right, Ladies! You're quite safe. They're werry partikler wot they eats!"

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND.

[It has been stated that the late visit of the New Zealand Football Fifteen to this country ranks as the most important event in the history of the British Empire since the Diamond Jubilee. It is suggested that this renders even more remarkable the recent Election Returns by which the dream of closer relations with the Colonies is temporarily dissipated.]

Intrepid Islanders, whose fame
Has rung through Ocean's furthest channels
Since you were asked to cross the same
And bring along your football flannels,
People have missed the serious side
Of that victorious endeavour,
And coming decades as they glide
Will grow more decadent than ever.

We had not hoped, indeed, for fruit
From Mr. Kipling's favourite fancies,
Dealing with men who ride and shoot
On large Imperial expanses,—
Nor yet the Boer War; we plead
No case for those forgotten lessons;
Why should we hug the past, or heed
A mere external effervescence?

But when your troupe of "Total Blacks,"
Cubs of the Motherland (or scions),
Made rings about our Rugby backs,
And crumpled up their parent lions,—
That was a point, we thought, had pricked
Not skin alone, but flesh and blood-deep,
The muddied oafs themselves were licked
Upon their own maternal mud-heap.

England, we said, will surely heal
Her wounded heart, and find a solace
In wrapping up the island's weal
With that of Gallagher and Wallace;
The ancient breed who turned to bay
At Agincourt and other places
Will note the error of their way,
And fawn upon the junior races.

But no! They've put the Liberals in,
And goodness (not the writer) knows if
They ever purpose to repin
Their faith upon the creed of Joseph;
Yet how shall English Sport regain
The niche it recently vacated,
With Empire on the steady wane,
And Tory bonds depreciated?

We looked ahead in rosier dreams,
Pulling the ties of kinship tauter,
To building up our broken teams
From younger blood across the water;
You might have helped some hour of need—
A County trial or a Cup-tie,—
But fate has otherwise decreed,
The *nexus* that we knit are *rupti*.

The Colonies may drift apart
And justify the gloomy Sibyl,
Who tells us we shall lose the art
Of scientific dodge and dribble;
Evolving new formations yet
They may erase the Mother's image,
While English footballers forget
The proper way to pack a scrimmage.

And yet, sublimely unconcerned,
And quite incompetent to master
The lessons that he might have learned
From International Disaster,
It pleased the vagrant voter's mood
To concentrate his mental tissue
Upon the chance of cheaper food,
And hang the whole athletic issue!

THE NEW RENDEZVOUS.

The *Tribune's* spirited policy of attaching to its offices a comfortable meeting place where inquirers may read and write and receive replies to their questions on political and other matters has already been adopted by other editors, and in a very short time there will be no newspaper office of any importance but has its Information Bureau or Rendezvous as it is called.

Even at *The Tribune* not every visitor to the Rendezvous will be answered. All wild-looking gentlemen, for example, with a glare in the eye and a horsewhip or revolver in their hands, who ask to be shown the way to the Editor's room will be firmly ejected; nor is any encouragement to be extended to inquirers as to tomorrow's weather, or the probable results of next week's race, or to any one in need of temporary financial relief. A line, it is felt, even by *The Tribune*, must be drawn somewhere. Short of this, however, the Rendezvous should be very active and useful, and it will give us much pleasure from our windows opposite to see the intellectually hungry and thirsty entering its doors in despair and emerging the picture of mental repletion. Bouverie Street is becoming a new place.

Among the other papers which are busily organising Rendezvous of their own are *The Times* and *The Spectator*, *The War Cry*, *The Tailor and Cutter*, *The Standard* and *The Outlook*.

The Times proposes to limit the nature of information which it imparts for reasons of its own. Rather will it impart the secret of where such information, together with much other, from A. to Z, may be completely and expeditiously obtained, at a not too high figure, payable on the instalment system. Any questions also as to the best daily paper to take in, and the best circulating library to join, *The Times* Rendezvous will quickly and clearly answer. Any queries, however, as to the authorship of articles in the paper will be discouraged. Tea will be provided for those who join the paper's library, and a champagne lunch for all purchasers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This is a step in advance of *The Tribune's* enterprise, which takes no count of bodily emptiness.

The Rendezvous which *The Standard* and *The Outlook* have combined to open will be purely political. Questions upon the real meaning of Free Trade and Protection, Mr. Chamberlain's genius, Mr. Balfour's powers of delicate analysis, and cognate subjects, will be answered instantly by the Editor of *The Outlook*, who will throw in spicy prophecies of the probable course of events in the new Parliament. Such has been his recent success in the vaticinatory line that a continual crowd of inquirers may be expected. Incidentally, information will be given by the Editor of *The Standard* on circulating libraries.

The Spectator's Rendezvous is to be fitted with every facility for the care and maintenance of pets, and its proceedings will take the form of a series of *séances* for the exploitation of gifted fauna, such as cats and dogs and clean-minded parrots. The rural clergy are also expected to congregate here in some numbers on their visits to the metropolis.

Livelier fare is offered by *The War Cry* in its Shelters—we should say, Rendezvous. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Bernard Shaw to attend every evening to answer questions with regard to the working of the Salvation Army and the merits of the big drum. Mr. Chesterton will also attend every afternoon to discourse on brass bands; while *The Tailor and Cutter* will give a daily conversazione to which all Members of Parliament of whatever party are invited, when the Editor will point out the defects in their clothing, and perhaps assist them to change their coats.

From the above statements it will be seen that the Rendezvous habit is spreading, and will spread, for there is little doubt that in a short time many of the other leading organs will come into line too. Meanwhile we have been asked by licensed victuallers, both in Fleet Street and the Strand, to point out that the newspaper Rendezvous is no new thing.



Ugly Coster. "'Oo are yer starin' at?"
The Other. "I ain't good at Natural 'Istory."

Sir Edwin Cornwall, in response to many requests, has consented to give a lecture on "Municipal Osculation" in the statuary salon of the South Kensington Museum on February 30, when he will not only tell his hearers how to be popular in Paris, but show them how he imprinted a kiss on each cheek of the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, remarking as he did so, "There is no danger; the lady is quite armless."

AUNT AGATHA'S ADVICE.

(*With apologies to all omniscient aunts of the feminine press. N.B.—No paper patterns are given away with this number.*)

Aunt Agatha is most earnestly desirous of making it known that she is the best friend and stand-by of the lovelorn. No matter whether you are engaged three-deep, or are getting perilously near the shelf, pour your gushing confidences into her ear, and she will have an answer pat to suit the occasion. Whence she derived her vast and awful knowledge of the human heart need not be touched upon here; but you can safely trust Aunt Agatha. If you are not lovelorn yourself, perhaps you know some lady or gentleman who is. If so, do not leave this paper in the train, but pass it on. When an answer by post is desired, twelve penny stamps (unused) should be enclosed,—not necessarily for return, but as a guarantee of good faith. Aunt Agatha prefers to answer communications through the post.

But to business:

Lady Elgiva (Brixton) writes: "I have a lover and I love him very dearly, but he has never spoken to me, but I meet him every morning when I go to the tram. What must I do? Would he think me forward if I broke the ice, and asked him to tell me the time?"—Considering the probable superabundance of clocks at Brixton this might seem a little pointed. If you can get no mutual friend to accord you an introduction, Aunt Agatha does not see that you could do better than follow the example of the heroine of our grand serial, "From the Scullery to the Smart Set" (see Chap. mccLxxxiii.), and seem (you need not carry imitation too far) to sprain your ankle at an opportune moment. Choose a dry day, and practise your fall in advance. An undignified flop might prejudice your chances, while to be caught in the cow-catcher of the tram would ruin all. If he is a real gentleman he would be bound to hasten to your assistance, and although he might not, like Rex Vavasour, carry you two miles "in his strong, manly arms"—this would scarcely be necessary at Brixton—the introduction would thus come about naturally and easily. Aunt Agatha will be pleased to hear if your little ruse succeeds.

Clytemnestra Brown (Kensal Rise) writes:—"A gentleman has been paying me attentions at dances for seven years, but he has never given me a ring, and yesterday I saw him walking with another lady. I want to have him up for breach of promise. Can you advise me how to do it?"—Yes, Aunt Agatha has been there. But you will need a shark of a lawyer to convince the Judge, if you have no written promise from the gentleman. Fortunately, however, the verdict really rests with the jury, who require no evidence in cases of this kind, and will always find for the plaintiff if she has been properly coached in her part. Wear a picture-hat in court, and make play, but with discretion, with a handkerchief (lace preferred), and let your mother sob at intervals in the well of the court. Remember:—Silent tears from you: gurgling sobs from your mother. If you really have a weak case she might try the effect of stretching out her hands to you—they should be neatly gloved in black—as you stand down from the witness-box. The fact of your having been engaged to another gentleman for the past year is irrelevant, and need not be disclosed.



"Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house."
As You Like It, Act I., Sc. 2.

Smart Set (Tooting). As you say you do a milk round, it was very wrong of you to inform the lady whom you met at Margate that you were the Earl of Broadstairs, and had a rich uncle living at Clapham. You have brought the trouble upon yourself, and Aunt Agatha cannot advise. She will never countenance deception in any shape or form. If the lady has returned the ring, and you do not care to keep such a reminder of your present humiliation, send it post-paid to Aunt Agatha, who might be able to dispose of it to an uncle of her acquaintance. The proceeds would be given to a very deserving object, namely, to Aunt Agatha's Salt Air Fund (Week-ends at Brighton Branch), which is in need of fresh subscriptions.

Sans Azur (Ball's Pond Road).—Before paying your addresses to a lady you should obtain an introduction to her, and make sure that they are acceptable. Her brother was, after all, only obeying the prescribed code of etiquette, and Aunt Agatha thinks you were wrong in calling him "a bald-faced baboon." She hopes your eye is better.

Jaunty Jane (Peckham Rye), writes: "I have a gentleman friend who teazes me by saying that you are not an Aunt at all, but a thin-haired man with spectacles. He has bet me two pairs of gloves on the subject, so will you please tell me the truth?"

Aunt Agatha would advise you to have nothing more to do with such a "friend" (except to take the gloves from him), for he cannot be at all a nice sort of person. Aunt Agatha showed your letter to the Aunt belonging to another paper when we were playing billiards—that is to say, bézique—together, and your friend may be sorry to know that we both cried very bitterly at such evidence of hardened male scepticism, and had to have recourse to an effervescing tonic. Your friend has lost his bet, and Aunt Agatha thinks she ought to stand in with you in the matter of the gloves. Her size is seven-and-three-quarters. Not an Aunt indeed!

(*To be continued.*)

[Not in our columns. Ed.]

The Clerk to the Montgomeryshire Education Authority advertises for a Head Mistress for Llanwrin National School, in the following repellent terms:—

"Wanted, Head Mistress, Old Article 50. Welsh essential."

The Montgomeryshire Education Authority, being an Authority, must know what it is talking about: but we can well understand that Welsh should be an essential. How else could a candidate translate the advertisement?

A Case for the S.P.C.C.—A well-known firm has made a special feature, at their sales, of "Royal Worcester kid-fitting corsets." Why can't people let the children alone? Is this part of Mr. Birrell's scheme?

TO ALL THAT GRUMBLE.

You that only appear contented
When you are grumbling about your lot,
Mainly because of a much lamented
Absence of all that you haven't got,
Listen to me, for I bring you healing:
If you would scatter those moods away,
If you would conquer that injured feeling,
Listen to me, I say.

Years ago, for a certain season,
I was a pessimist (strange but true),
And, as a matter of fact, with reason,
Not for the fun of the thing, like you;
All that I merited, looked for, built on,
Seemed to be doomed to a fatal slump;
Mine was the mental complaint which Milton
Happily termed the Hump.

Came a night and of all Decembers
That was the vilest--I sat alone,
Bitterly smoking before the embers,
Hugging my grievance, and making moan;
Out in the open a biting blizzard,
Whirling the gravel about like snow,
Froze the marrow, and turned the gizzard
Inside out, at a blow.

Then I said, this is something hellish
(Which was a fact), and I crossed the room,
Flung up the blind, and with sour disrelish
Gazed for awhile on the roaring gloom;
Till, on a sudden, my awe struck glances
Fell on a sentinel's heav'n-sent form,
Driven, by pressure of circumstances,
Out in that beastly storm.

High on a magazine, bleak and lonely,
Nobly he paced his appointed beat
(Rather like Casabianca, only
That little horror complained of heat),
Daring an enemy's foot to trench on his
Windy preserves, he was hurled about,
Getting his spine well iced, not to mention his
Gizzard blown inside out.

Long I gazed on the gusty fellow;
Gazed, till mine uglier moods were spent;
Gazed, till my whole soul seemed to mellow
Into a chastened and bland content;
And, as I blessed him, and drew the curtain,
Leaving him up on his wind-swept mound,
Life, I remarked, though a bit uncertain,
Wasn't so bad, all round.

Grumbler, such is the Grand Idea:
Surely the moral is plain to see;
When you're in need of a panacea,
Think of the sentinel think of *me!*
Turn to Philosophy's consolation;
Doubtless the gods may have used you ill;
But by a Merciful Dispensation –
Others are worse off still!

Dum-Dum.

The Bourne Rural District Council, in advertising for an Assistant Surveyor of Highways, states that "Preference will be given to a young man (cyclist) who has been used to the management of a steam-roller." This points to a very remarkable development of the "Trailer."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite, reading *The Sea-Maid* (Methuen), is conscious of a reminiscence of one of Mr. Barrie's comedies which had a great success a couple of years ago. But the Little Minister has not the monopoly of islands set in summer seas, whose desolation is broken in upon by the arrival of castaways. Mr. Ronald Macdonald has discovered one on his own account, and makes mirth-compelling use of it. The idea of the *Dean of Beckminster, Mrs. Prowdeflesche*, and their delightful daughter, the Sea-maid, being for nearly twenty years sole denizens of the island, is realised with much humour. The Dean's wife, not forgetful of her former estate, insists, up to one o'clock in the day, on preserving the stateliness of manner due to the dignity of the deanery. In the afternoon, led by the Dean, joyously followed by the daughter, relapse is permitted. A stirring story of piracy on board a ship believed to carry gold among her cargo leads up to the discovery of the Dean and his family, and to their subsequent return to civilisation.

The Bishop's Apron, as exhibited to us by Mr. Somerset Maugham, at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, is choke-full of good things, and is in itself a real work of art. The Baron feels himself absolutely safe from all possible contradiction in asserting that, for satirical humour and quizzical observation, this novel takes a double first. As a clerical story nothing better has been written since Anthony Trollope's delightful *Barchester Towers*, which will always hold first rank on account of the inimitable *Mrs. Proudie*. The claimant for the episcopal apron is *Theodore Spratte*, Vicar of St. Gregory's, South Kensington, and Canon of Tercanbury (beautifully twisted name this), an "all things to all men," *and* women, ecclesiastic, who yearns for the apron and the gaiters, and regards the episcopal turned-up-at-the-brim topper as a kind of halo in hats. The portrait of this character is delicious, and so true to the life that every reader will from time to time lay down the book for a while, as smilingly he confides to himself, "I know that man, he comes from ——," whatever place his experience may suggest. There should be a sequel to this novel, to be named *The Bishop's Wife's Apron*. The basis for this suggestion will be found in the Twentieth Chapter, the last, and one of the sharpest hits in the book. But what a tribute to Anthony Trollope's popularity (in this particular line) is paid by Mr. Maugham's selection of Barchester as being the Episcopal See above all others in which everyone will be at once interested! The name Barchester immediately puts middle-aged readers on familiar terms with the Canon "in waiting." What pluck on the part of the author and what wisdom is shown, in his selection of this title. No one would dare to speak of Barchester unless he had something exceptionally good to tell. Every sketch of character in this story is admirable, from the pompous butler up to the heavy-eyed premier; while the portraits of the rising socialist, with his objectionable family surroundings, the Canon's gentle and impressionable daughter, the various members of the *Spratte* family, past and present, and the captivating worldly widow, are all highly finished and thoroughly representative. The novel should have a marked success.



More Political Honesty.- "Never again must the Radicals be allowed such a long start in their 'campaign of lies.'"

Suffolk and Essex Free Press.

CHARIVARIA.

A pretty custom which had almost fallen into desuetude has been revived with startling suddenness. Two actresses have been led to the altar by Peers of the realm.

Mr. John Burns' popularity is steadily increasing. We hear that since the arrival of his gold-lace uniform he has been invited to an enormous number of Fancy Dress Balls in Battersea.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has stated that he did not, during the General Election, come across any of the Chinese Slavery Cartoons of which complaint has been made. Our former Premier did not read papers; our present one does not even see posters.

Though a past-master in oratory, Mr. Balfour, with the modesty of true greatness, is not above taking lessons from others. Before starting his City election campaign he paid a visit to Billingsgate to study the short, telling speeches which have made that district so famous.

Action, we hear, is to be taken by the Labour Party in regard to the King's statement that he often works twelve hours a day. It is not at all impossible that His Majesty may be humbly invited to join the Eight Hours' Movement.

Many antique works of art are to be carefully removed from the old War Office to the new building. Say what one may against the War Office, it has always shown reverence for antiquity.

We have our own theory about the land-slide in Wales. As the people will not go back to the land, the mountain is making advances in their direction.

Plucky little Grays, the Essex town near the mouth of the Thames, has decided to supply itself with an artificial beach, and there seems little reason to doubt that one day we shall see Rotherhithe and Bermondsey blossom out into flourishing seaside resorts.

The Government intends to give Ireland Home Rule by instalments, and, in the same way, although the franchise is not to be granted to women at once, there is already talk of removing the grille in the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons, and replacing it, as at the Savoy, by a *Café Parisien*.

Six hundred Bristol girls have resolved to have nothing to do with boys who smoke. We agree that it is getting to be an effeminate habit.

Mr. John W. Gates is said to have organised a Trust for the purpose of "loaning" umbrellas to subscribers in large cities. This will surely be the most touching example of the trusting spirit yet known.

Music is now declared to be an aid to health. It certainly seems to make the hair grow.

Slight concessions to the people continue to be made in Russia. At Riga, last week, the Governor-General allowed four revolutionaries to be shot instead of being hanged.



First Clubman. "I say—how do you spell 'temporary'?"
Second C. "T-e-m-p-o-r-a-r-y, and the next word has two r's, e-m-b-a-r-r-a-s-s-m——"
First C. "*Thanks!*"

THE LONDON MENAGERIE.

The Sunday Times has lately taken to printing Society movements and doings and the arrivals at the Zoo, on the same page. But why not frankly combine the two?

The Countess of Cummerbund is now one of our most constant devotees of *patinage sur vraie glace*. She is each morning to be found at Prince's, when she often . . . . in making a sharp curve in the air, comes suddenly to the ground. Afterwards this beautiful creature struts up and down the enclosure, all unconsciously showing its exquisite shape and gorgeous colouring to the best advantage.

The Lady Diana Delamode is quite exhausted with her long round of bargain sales. She is never so happy as when . . . seated in a corner, slowly pulling to pieces a feather from a child's hat. The others watch but make no movement, since the feather-fluffer is thoroughly capable of taking care of its own, and something more.

The Hon. Thomas Noddy is passing through town on his way to Monte Carlo for a prolonged rest. Last evening, when seen at the Criterion restaurant, he . . . . was leaping from bar to bar with extraordinary agility, taking anything that was put before him, and all the time grinning and chattering in a most incomprehensible manner, to the vast amusement of the spectators.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

III.

"Are you feeling a little more certain of yourself on the Fiscal question?" I asked of Prenderby; but not in very sanguine tones, for the weather was all against settled convictions, and to-day he looked almost astral in his detachment.

"My instinctive horror of formulas is, I hope, notorious," replied Prenderby, "and, in that sense, I might, a few weeks ago, have described myself a Balfourite. But now that Mr. Balfour has taken to wearing orchids in his buttonhole, and himself ceased to be a Balfourite; now that he has proved disloyal to his cherished unbelief, and adopted an actual creed, I feel as if I had lost confidence in my own doubts. Who knows but one day I shall merge my identity in a party faction?"

"You might join the Unionist Free Traders," I suggested, "and still retain a fairly recognisable individuality. It could scarce be obliterated by the mere force of their numbers."

"One might do worse," said Prenderby. "I have a suspicion that the future of England lies with the Unionist Free Trade Party; that with a leg in each camp it will one day bestride the world like a Colossus. Have you noticed the report that Lord Rosebery has been seen to call upon the Duke of Devonshire? Now Lord Rosebery is a man who knows his Duke, and would have better tact than to intrude upon his repose, especially in the hibernating season, unless for some grave cause. What if these two should combine to form a Liberal-Unionist-Free-Trade-Imperial-Primrose-League? Its name alone should be an attraction."

"I hope it would have sound views on the Yellow Labour question," I said, "and be able to solve the riddle, 'When is a Chinese slave not a Chinese slave?'"

"The status of the Chinese slave," said Prenderby, "appears to have changed since the Election. The solution of your riddle was partially achieved by Lord Ripon, when (after the return of his party to power) he hazarded the guess that the Chinese slave was only half a slave. Half a lie is of course better than no truth; but now we have the startling statement of the Under-Secretary for the Colonies (who ought to know) that the Chinese slave has no existence at all. This must have come as a rude shock to honest men like Messrs. John Burns, Lloyd-George, and Lough, who had unwittingly given their support to the dissemination of what is now officially admitted to be a lie, whole and complete. I understand, further, that an Exploration Party is about to sail to South Africa in order to find out if there was any basis for the allegations advanced before the Polls. It is to be called the Post-Polar Expedition."

"If it goes on a warship," I said, "there will be no flogging on board." I like to draw Prenderby on from theme to theme with some show of logical sequence.

"No," rejoined Prenderby; "I fear the good old times have had their day. I notice as a significant coincidence that the abolition of corporal punishment in the Navy synchronises with the proposal to lengthen the short Eton jacket. But there are consolations. His triumph may modify the importunities of Mr. Swift MacNeill. It may even stave off Home Rule for a time."

"Talking of long and short coats," I said, "what is your view of the reefer jacket as affected by the Labour Party?"

"To me," said Prenderby sententiously, "it typifies the happy mean; it is a symbol of the moderation, the σωφροσύνη, that characterises the New Party. The public seemed to imagine that the Labour Members would want to make a bear-garden of the House. It forgot, or underrated, the civilizing influence of Lady Warwick. And, in any case, one always had to reckon with the atmosphere of the House, which, even since the advance in ventilation, has still a mollifying force over the wildest spirits. The almost sacred traditions of the place discourage the ebullitions of profanity. We have all felt the same thing in the Salle du Jeu at Monte Carlo.

"No, I have no apprehension lest the coming of the Labour Party should debase the manners of Parliament below the high standard recognised by the Irish Nationalists. If I have any fear of Mr. Keir Hardie's followers, it is the fear that they will neglect the interests of the People. To judge by their programme they are no better than landlords, or motorists, or brewers, in their passion for class-legislation. There is a note of tyranny in their motto '*L'état, c'est nous.*' They have yet to appreciate that under the category of the 'Working-classes' we must include those who labour with the head not less than those who labour with the hand, and that the term 'People' embraces even that section of the community which by the cruel chance of birth or fortune is rich enough to be idle. I suspect that our Popular Educators have given inadequate prominence to the old Roman fable of the Belly and the Members."

"I am confident, my dear Prenderby," said I, "that if a proper publicity is given to your views, they will go far to correct what is crude in the ambitions of the Labour Party."

"I am like Lord Hugh," he replied, with a rare modesty. "I am an idealist; and the Millennium is not yet."

By the air of finality which he imparted to these words, accompanied as they were by a very gracious glance towards the clock, he seemed to indicate the application of the closure.

I waived my right of pressing it to a division; and so withdrew. O. S.

THE CHORAL CURE.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Noticing that Dr. Cantlie, in last Thursday's *Daily Mail*, advises his patients to join a Choral Society as a remedy for indigestion, adenoids, enlarged tonsils, pneumonia and consumption, I invite you to give publicity to the following facts, which should serve as a warning to all who propose to practise this cure.

A year ago, in obedience to his physician, a sufferer from chronic bronchial catarrh joined the choral society with which I was then connected. He had a grating voice and no sort of ear, and went through an energetic course of lung exercise on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Having paid the fees he was entitled not only to attend the practices but to sing in a concert, for which we were actively rehearsing *Moses in Egypt*. It was subsequent to the final rehearsal that his friends missed him. He was last seen walking between two basses, chatting pleasantly. The solo tenor and the hon. secretary brought up the rear.

A dyspeptic lady of middle age joined the ranks of our sopranos some months later, when rehearsals for *The May Queen* were in progress. She had been advised that the movements entailed by voice production "gently massaged the digestive organs." She was an energetic vocalist, but had no appreciation of time, was rather deaf and too short-sighted to see the bâton. She was asked to drink a cup of tea one afternoon with her sister sopranos, and did not attend the subsequent practices, nor have we since had news of her. Trusting that these incidents will speak for themselves, I am, Yours truly, Alto Profondo.

Our Extraordinary Allies.

"H.M. Cruiser *Diadem*, with Prince Arthur of Connaught on board, arrived this morning at Yokohama, and afterwards left by special train for Tokio."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Once more the Swiss Navy must look to its laurels.



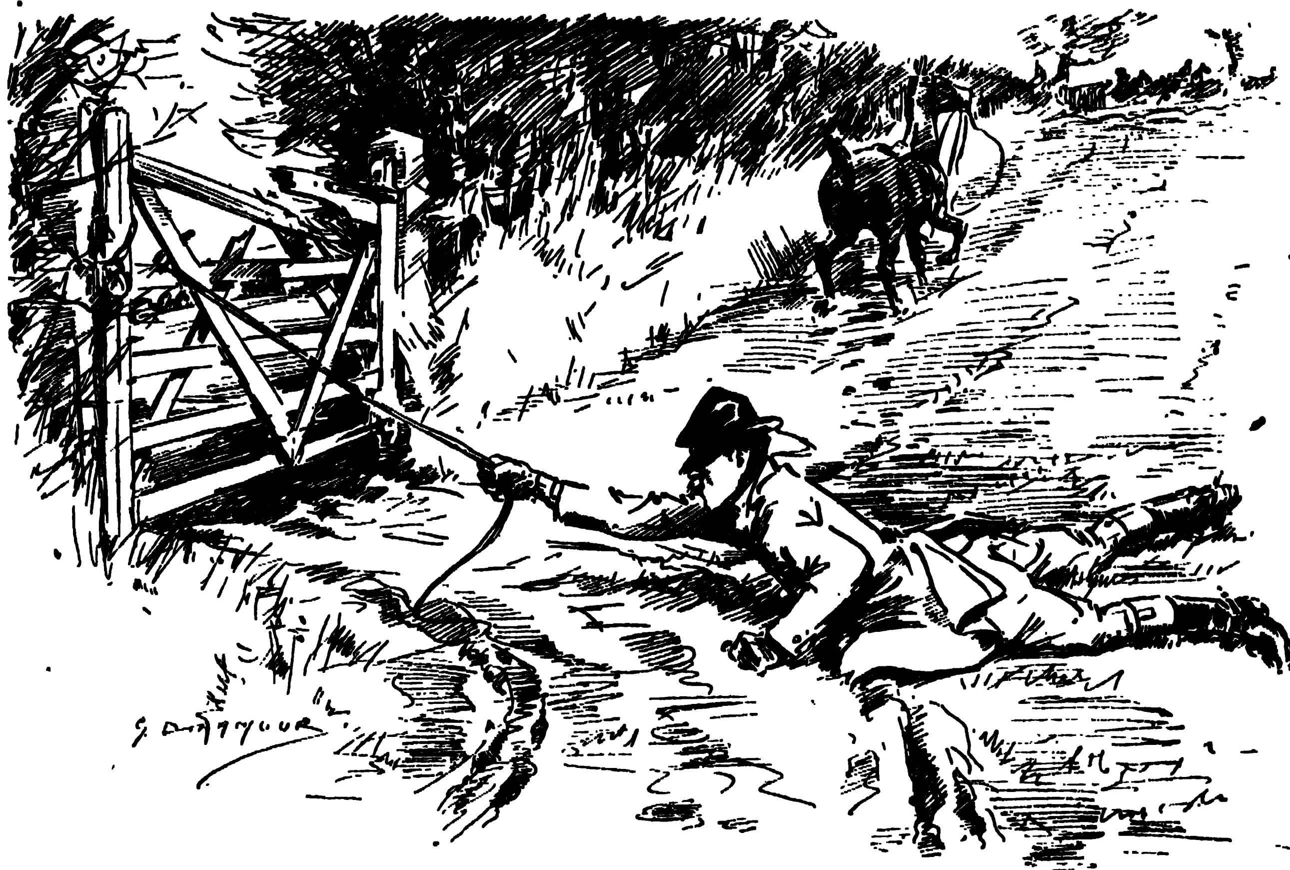
THE FREE-FOOD OUTLAWS.

Orlando . . . Lord R-s-b-ry. *The Banished Duke* . . . D-v-nsh-re. *Jaques* . . . Lord H-gh C-c-l. *Amiens* . . . Lord G-rge H-m-lt-n. *First Lord* . . . Lord B-lf-r of B-rl-gh.

Orlando. "I ALMOST DIE FOR FOOD; AND LET ME HAVE IT."

Duke. "SIT DOWN AND FEED, AND WELCOME TO OUR TABLE."—*As You Like It, Act II., Sc. 7.*

["Lord Rosebery has paid a call upon the Duke of Devonshire."—*Daily Paper.*]



THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Sportsman (feeling slightly mixed, but holding manfully to what he supposes to be his horse). "Steady, mare! Steady, old girl! Whoa!"

THE PRAMOTOR.

["Even baby may now play at motoring, under realistic conditions, in the 'Pramotor,' a new vehicle which is a combination of the old-fashioned perambulator and the up-to-date motor-car." *The Daily Mirror.*]

In Kensington Gardens I wandered
Far, far from the roar of E.C.
I heard a toot-tooting,
And by me went shooting
A goggled young bantling of three;
And while on the vision I pondered
Another flew past like a squib—
A twenty horse-power
At *x* miles an hour,
And steered by a babe in a bib.

I sank on a seat in amazement,
And turned with a wondering look
To a nurse who was sitting
Alone with her knitting,
Immersed in a yellow-backed book.
She quite understood what my gaze meant,
And promptly proceeded to talk
Of Tommy and Teddy,
Whose prams were already
Mere specks in the narrowing walk.

"Master Tommy," she said, "is a wonder:
Before he was many days born
He turned from the bottle
And cried for the throttle,
And tooted all day on the horn.
"And Teddy looks blacker than thunder
At Gollywogs, toffy or jam;
He savagely quarrels
With rattles and corals,
And shrieks for his motoring pram."

"But aren't you afraid," I suggested,
"To let them go driving like that?
It seems a bit risky
Suppose they get frisky,
As sometimes occurs with a brat;
Has their skill been sufficiently tested?
They drive in so daring a way!
Is it not a bit rash, nurse?
There might be a smash, nurse—
D' you think they are really *au fait*?"

As I spoke little Tommykins dashed up:
"Nurse, we'll get our licences now!
We've run down two collies,
A pram full of dollies,
A poodle, a pug, and a chow.
And down by the Palace we smashed up
A keeper, and then took to flight."
Such record proved plainly
I'd vexed myself vainly;
These chauffeurs were competent—quite.

WHY DON'T WE RUN?

[*Being some letters apparently provoked by the "Daily Mail" discussion on this subject.*]

"Company Promoter" writes: "Running a mistake in my opinion. Difficult to reach the coast before being caught. Better see the liquidation out like a gentleman, and get away quietly afterwards to America."

Mr. W. Sikes writes in similar vein: "Running too suspicious, excites the police and probably rouses the dog. My own system, stroll away whistling with swag in coat-tails, and ask policeman to call a cab. Running never done in exclusive burglary circles."

"Telegraph Boy" tells us: "Running out of the question in my case. Heart not at all strong, and slight paralysis in left leg. Besides—why *should* I run?"

Mr. P. F. Warner cables: "Inability to run due to excellent local bowling."

"Ruined Bootmaker" complains: "Why not, indeed? This craze for motoring absurd. Will support any scheme for promoting pedestrianism."

WILL-POWER; OR GETTING THE NEEDLE.

He was a pale enthusiastic young man of the name of Simms; and he held forth to us at great length about his latest hobby.

"Now I'll just show you a little experiment," he wound up; "one that I have never known to fail. First of all I want you to hide a needle somewhere, while I am out of the room. You must stick it where it can be seen—on a chair—or on the floor if you like. Then I shall come back blindfolded and find it."

"Oh, Mr. Simms!" we all said.

"Now, which one of you has the strongest will?"

We pushed Jack forward. Jack is at any rate a big man.

"Very well. I shall want you to take my hand when I come in, and look steadily at the needle—concentrate all your thoughts on it. I, on the other hand, shall make my mind a perfect blank. Then your thoughts will gradually pass into my brain, and I shall feel myself as it were dragged in the direction of the needle."

"And I shall feel myself as it were dragged after you?" said Jack.

"Yes; you mustn't put any strain on my arm at all. Let me go just where I like, only will me to go in the right direction. Now then."

He took out his handkerchief, put it hastily back, and said: "First I shall want to borrow a handkerchief or something."

Well, we blindfolded him, and led him out of the room. Then Muriel got a needle, which, after some discussion, was stuck into the back of the Chesterfield. Simms returned, and took Jack's left hand.

They stood there together, Jack frowning earnestly at the needle, and Simms swaying uncertainly at the knees. Suddenly his knees went in altogether, and he made a little zig-zag dash across the room, as though he were taking cover. Jack lumbered after him, instinctively bending his head, too. They were brought up by the piano, which Simms struck with great force. We all laughed, and Jack apologized.

"You told me to let you go where you liked, you know," he said.

"Yes, yes," said Simms rather peevishly, "but you should have willed me not to hit the piano."

As he spoke, he tripped over a small stool, and, flinging out an arm to save himself, swept two photograph frames off an occasional table.

"By Jove," said Jack, "that's jolly good. I saw you were going to do that, and I willed that the flower vase should be spared. Good for me!"

"I think you had better start from the door again," I suggested. "Then you can get a clear run."

They took up their original positions.

"You must think hard, please," said Simms again. "My mind is a perfect blank, and yet I can feel nothing coming."

Jack made terrible faces at the needle. Then, without warning, Simms flopped on to the floor at full length, pulling Jack after him.

"You mustn't mind if I do that," he said, getting up slowly.

"No," said Jack, dusting himself.

"I felt irresistibly compelled to go down," said Simms.

"So did I," said Jack.

"The needle is very often hidden in the floor, you see. You are sure you are looking at it?"

They were in a corner with their back to it; and Jack, after trying in vain to get it over his right shoulder or his left, bent down and focussed it between his legs. This must have connected the current; for Simms turned right round and marched up to the needle.

"There!" he said triumphantly, taking off the bandage.

We all clapped, while Jack poured himself out a whisky. Simms turned to him.

"You have a very strong will indeed," he said, "one of the strongest I have met. Now, would one of the ladies like to try?"

"Oh, I'm sure I couldn't," said all the ladies.

"I should like to do it again," said Simms modestly. "Perhaps *you*, Sir?"

"All right, I'll try," I said.

When Simms was outside I told them my idea.

"I'll hold the needle in my other hand," I said, "and then I can always look at it easily, and it will always be in a different place, which ought to muddle him."

We fetched him in, and he took my left hand....

"No, it's no good," he said at last, "I don't seem to get it. Let me try the other hand."

I had no time to warn him. He clasped the other hand firmly; and from the shriek that followed it seemed—I say it seemed—that he got it. There ensued the "perfect blank" that he had insisted on all the evening. Then he pulled off the bandage, and showed a very angry face.

Well, we explained how accidental it was, and begged him to try again. He refused rather sulkily.

Suddenly Jack said: "I believe *I* could do it blindfold. Miss Muriel, will you look at the needle, and see if you can will me?"

Simms bucked up a bit, and seemed keen on the idea. So Jack was blindfolded, the needle hid, and Muriel took his hand.

"Now, is your mind a perfect blank?" said Simms to Jack.

"It always is," said Jack.

"Very well, then. You ought soon to feel in a dreamy state, as though you were in another world. Miss Muriel, *you* must think only of the needle."

Jack held her hand tight, and looked most idiotically peaceful. After three minutes Simms spoke again.

"Well?" he said, eagerly.

"I've got the dreamy, other-world state perfectly," said Jack, and then he gave at the knees just for the look of the thing.

"This is silly," said Muriel, trying to get her hand away.

Jack staggered violently, and gripped her hand again.

"*Please*, Miss Muriel," implored Simms. "I feel sure he is just going to do it."

Jack staggered again, sawed the air with his disengaged hand, and then turned right round and marched for the door, dragging Muriel behind him. The door slammed after them....

* * * * *

There is a little trick of sitting on a chair and picking a pin out with the teeth. I started Simms—who was all eagerness to follow the pair, and find out the mysterious force that was drawing them—upon this trick, for Jack is one of my best friends. When Jack and Muriel came back from the billiard-room and announced that they were engaged, Simms was on his back on the floor with the chair on the top of him—explaining, for the fourth time, that if the thing had not overbalanced at the critical moment he would have secured the object. There is much to be said for this view.

Nature-Study.

Responding to the toast of "The Houses of Parliament" the Member for Peterborough said of M.P.'s:—

> It seemed there were three processes they had to go through: there was first the larva stage of the candidate, then there was the chrysalis stage, in which he was at present, and then there came the third stage, when he hoped to evolve as the perfect insect.

A correspondent asks what caused the omission of all reference to Eggs.

Surely this reticence was natural.

Two gentlemen were recently requested to leave the Palm Room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for not being in evening dress. The Paris *New York Herald* says, "They threaten to bring suits."

But why "threaten?"

School Girl's Latin.—"*Do ut des.*"—Do as you would be done by.

WIT MADE WITTIER.

Mr. Archer, in his notice of the Waldorf revival of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is now transformed by modern methods into a really amusing play, protests against *Tony Lumpkin's* gags in his scenes with his mother. For instance, when she says, "I that have rocked you in your cradle," *Tony* interjects, "What did you want to rock me in? A butter-boat?" And when she proceeds, "And fed that pretty mouth with a spoon," he puts in, "You wouldn't have fed it with the fire-shovel?"

These gags are so much to the taste of the audience, and do so much to make poor Goldsmith go down to-day, in competition with Messrs. Paul Rubens and George Grossmith Junr. and other successful dramatists of the moment, that Mr. Oscar Asche, who is just now playing another classic of comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is thinking of taking the hint and also getting his comic scenes into line with London humour. Thus in Act III., in the rehearsal of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, many of the audience, he is convinced, would feel more at home if they could be regaled with a few repartees in the Lumpkinian manner, as follows:—

Bottom. Are we all met?

Quince. Are we all wet? I'm not at any rate. I'm only half wet. Two or three more Scotches would do me a fair treat.

Bottom. I said, are we all met?

Quince. O! Pat, pat, and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage; this hawthorn brake our tiring house; and we'll do it in action —

Bottom. Of course we'll do it in action. What did you think we should do it in? A motor bus?

Quince. What say'st thou, Bully Bottom?

Bottom. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please.

Quince. You've caught some fleas?

Bottom (*shouting*). There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please.

Quince. Ay, ay. As how?

Bottom. First, *Pyramus* must draw his sword to kill himself.

Starveling. Well, what would you have him draw it for? To open a tin of sardines?

Bottom. Which the ladies can never abide.

Starveling. If they don't like it they can lump it.

And so forth. Mr. Asche, however, intends for the present to stick to Shakspeare.

None the less it will, perhaps, come to be the custom to attach a cockney writer to every theatre where old comedy is to be revived. We are convinced that in London no old play, however witty and well written in its original form, could be a failure in revival if a sufficient number of characters said, "Go and eat coke" a sufficient number of times.



Tramp. "Call him off, Mister! Call him off!"
Householder. "No need to worry. He can't climb."

A Delicate Matter.—The Louth University Extension Society announces "A Course of Six Lectures on *The Age of Elizabeth*." Surely the question could be settled in one.

The Realistic School of Fiction.

"Reaching the courtyard of the station she unostentatiously hailed a hansom, and having given her new address to the cabman, took her seat."—*The Gambler.*

The author, at any rate, leaves nothing to chance.

"These goods, made of pure wool, are specially adapted for gentlemen wintering abroad in consequence of their valuable absorbent properties."—*Advt. in "The Morning Post."*

This is letting the embezzler down pretty gently.

ADAPTED FOR AMATEURS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I am a dramatic author to whom an untoward combination of circumstances has so far denied a West-End appearance. Not that I am one of the great unacted; far from it. Amateurs cry for me! As, however, I have found from experience that the conditions of amateur productions seldom admit of a perfect interpretation of the writer's meaning, I am preparing a version of my work in which all such contingencies shall be foreseen. I append a brief example of my method. It will be observed that it contains nothing which even the most amateur company cannot present *in exact accord with the instructions of the author*. It is, in short, a play that nobody can spoil.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur Pinero Robinson.

Title (which can be changed to anything else in order to avoid payment of royalties):

SUITED AT LAST!

The interest of the piece commences, before the rising of the curtain, with a sustained pianoforte recital, comprising the *Overture to Zampa*, *Three Dances from Henry VIII.*, and *The Eton Boat Song* (twice repeated). Through the music a confused hammering should be heard at intervals. Finally the curtain rises quite suddenly in the middle of a bar, and reveals:

The Great Hall of Bilton Castle. The room measures 13 feet by 9, and is furnished with a table c. *and chairs* r. *and* l. *At one side is a door opening into a narrow passage. On the opposite side another door into the same passage. At back a window, with view of distant mountains. The light is that of four oil foot-lamps, one smoking.*

Enter Angelina, *a beautiful young girl with a pronounced complexion. She trips over the cross-bar at the foot of the door.*

Angelina (*murmurs inaudibly for five minutes, then louder*). And if he did but suspect his true intentions, I tremble for the result. (*N.B. About half-way through this soliloquy the lights in the auditorium, previously full on, should be lowered abruptly.*) But hark! Who comes here? (*Listening at door* l.) Yes, it is the Duke's footstep. Confusion!

[*A pause. Then enter* r. *the Duke of* Bilton, *an elderly aristocrat with flowing white-upon-black hair. He trips over the cross-bar.*

Duke. Yes, Angelina, your ear has not deceived you, albeit the acoustic properties of the castle led you to expect me by a door opposite to that by which I actually entered. But stay! I have that to speak which brooks no delay!

Angelina (*seating herself*). Can it be the mystery of my birth! I am all attention.

Duke. Then hearken! Never shall I cease to remember—(*A significant pause, they look at one another anxiously*)—I say, never shall I forget—(*Another pause*). But hold! (*Producing small buff-coloured volume*) I will recite the fatal particulars as printed. (*Proceeds to do so—from the edition of the play published by* Sam French and Co.) Nothing therefore remains but to sign our contract. Have you pens and ink?

Angelina. No.

Duke. Paper?

Angelina. No.

Duke. A pencil?

Angelina. Alas, no! All the hand properties have been forgotten.

Duke. No matter! I will write it with my forefinger on the tablecloth. (*Does so.*) Come! Your signature!

Angelina. Never!

Duke. Perdition! But I will be revenged!

[*Exit* r. *He trips over the cross-bar.*

Angelina. What can I do? I am deserted by all.

Enter Edwin, l. *He comes in gaily, tripping over the cross-bar.*

Edwin. Not so. I am here. At last, dearest, we are alone! But wait, I have left the door open.

Angelina. Heed it not, beloved. The Mysterious Hand will close it. (*The door shuts.*) Said I not so?

Edwin. At last, dearest, we are alone.

[*Crossing* r.

Angelina. Enchanting prospect!

[*Crossing* l.

Edwin. You are mine. (*Placing two fingers on her waist.*) Mine, body and soul!

Angelina (*apprehensively*). The thought is Heaven!

Edwin (*slightly inclining head towards her*). My heaven is on your lips!

Angelina (*averting hers by an equal distance*). I faint with rapture!

Edwin (*with obvious relief, crossing briskly* l.). But a truce to such happiness, I have a secret to reveal.

Angelina. What is that?

Edwin. Er - [*He hesitates.*

Angelina. Why do you not speak? (*He is silent.*) Ah! I see it all. You no longer love me! Is that your secret?

[*He is still silent; she stands watching him, her lips moving convulsively.*

Edwin. I cannot say. I feel as though someone at the left-hand bottom corner of the stage, were trying to suggest something to me.

Angelina. Ah! Do not reject it. It is the Mysterious Voice!

Edwin. I am not rejecting it. It is too faint. (*Half turning* l.) What? What do you say? You must speak louder. Louder yet! I am not able to hear what you say!

[*N.B. This is a truly Maeterlinckian touch, the convenience of which will be obvious to every amateur.*

Angelina (*at the conclusion of a lengthy dialogue*). It cannot be. I am betrothed to the Duke.

Edwin. Betrothed! Then there is no hope?

Angelina. None. Hark! (*She starts violently.*) What noise was that?

Edwin. It sounded like a shot.

Angelina. Something has happened.

[*A paper bag is heard to explode, off.*

Edwin (*repeating himself*). It sounded like a shot.

Enter an aged retainer. He trips over the cross-bar.

Aged Retainer (*amusedly*). Alas! My master is no more!

Edwin. No more! Angelina, then you are free to become my bride.

[*He takes her hand, at the same time nodding towards the corner of stage.*

Angelina. Yes, Edwin. We are "Suited at Last!"

[*Tentative embrace by* Edwin. *Tableau.*

Edwin (*in a hoarse whisper*). Curtain!

[*The curtain descends about two feet and then sticks.*

Angelina (*same tone*). Curtain!!

Aged Ret. Curtain!!!

The Mysterious Voice. —! - ! - ! —! For heaven's sake play something!

[*National Anthem heard. Exeunt* Edwin, Angelina, *and* Aged Retainer *hurriedly. The stage is empty. The curtain falls.*

"MAMMON WEEK BY WEEK."

(Notes by our Throgmorton Lounger.)

Feb. 27, 1906.

Gilt-edged Securities.—Consols drooped on a rumour that Mr. John Burns is refusing to pay Income Tax, and closed ¼ down. L.C.C. stock, however, was buoyant on enthusiastic support from Paris, and Water Boards rose ⅜ on the last snow-storm.

Colonial and Foreign Stocks.—New Zealand Three and a-half per cents shed a full point when the report reached the "House" that Mr. Seddon is about to publish a complete set of his speeches, to be sold on the hire-purchase system; but a market rumour that *The Times* is preparing a new edition of the *Encyclopædia* induced a brisk gamble in Morocco Fours and an even livelier demand for Levantine stocks.

Yankee Railroads.—Now that Miss Roosevelt's wedding is over, the inevitable reaction is following on Wall Street's frantic gamble of last week. Mr. W. Lawson, it will be remembered, predicted that the wedding presents and



MORE JIU-JITSU.

The Professor (to pupil). "I need hardly impress upon you, Sir, the necessity of carefully watching everything I do!"

trousseau would travel over the Baltimore and Ohio line, and his determined "bull" raid on B. and O.'s raised the stock four dollars above the highest price touched during the coon-song boom of 1901.

Industrials.—The chief feature has been a persistent selling of omnibus stock, doubtless due to the growing popularity of motor-bus honeymoons, Society's latest fad. "Snap-shot" shares made a sharp rise on the rumour of another Royal engagement.

Mining Markets.—In the Kaffir circus things have been very jumpy this week, but the Jungle was torpid, and even the news that a large consignment of snakes had just been exported to Hamburg failed to rouse it from its lethargy. The outstanding feature of the miscellaneous market has been a heavy slump in copper, following on the recent very favourable balance-sheets of "penny-in-the-slot" companies. The market has been staggering under the last load emptied upon it.

Money.—Business at the Bank of England has been very congested lately, and we hear from an authoritative inside source that grave apprehension is being felt that the Bank Rate will be raised to 2½ miles an hour. The usual Saturday withdrawal of threepenny-bits, for instance, was exceptionally heavy last week.

THE PEOPLE'S POETS.

[On reading through a Monster Album of the Most Celebrated Comic Songs of the Day.]

Brother bards, whose words are printed
In this Monster Album, would
You be angry if I hinted
They are not so very good?
Would you show some irritation
If you found out that I had,
Without further reservation,
Summed them up as very bad?

For, to put the matter plainly
(Candour is a fault of mine),
I have searched the volume vainly
For a single decent line.
Surely all those verbal terrors
Cannot possibly be due
To a plague of printer's errors:
Some must owe themselves to you!

Yet these lines I do not care for
Have been sung with great success
In the music-halls and, therefore,
Must have merit, more or less.
Though they may not be a model
For their kind, they cannot be
Such abominable twaddle
As they, somehow, seem to me.

Do I lack the analytic
Quality that should belong
To the favourable critic
Of a modern comic song?
Tell me what it is amuses
Crowded audiences while
It persistently refuses
Me the solace of a smile.

Can it be your trick of making
Rhymes that are not rhymes at all
Sets the countless waistcoats shaking,
Nightly, in a music-hall?
Can your favourite employment
Of a line that will not scan
Cause such streperous enjoyment
In the ordinary man?

Can you, merely by ignoring
Lindley Murray's famous laws,
Set the many-headed roaring
Its tumultuous applause?
This hypothesis engages
Me as, thoughtfully, I turn
These exasperating pages,
Which I am about to burn.



Our Only Subaltern (by way of enlivening the evening). "COME ON, BOYS! IMAGINE I'M THE RED!"

THE SOCIAL SEMINARY.

[A lady has pronounced the first of Dr. EMIL REICH's lectures upon PLATO to be *très chic.*]

So Greek is not condemned to die:
From RHADAMANTHUS' clutches
A trifle has been taken by
Persuasion of a Duchess;
Hellas shall not go all to pot,
Nor down the darkling way fare;
Her noblest sage is now the rage
With denizens of Mayfair.

In no sequestered Academe
Nor turreted quadrangle,
They con the strange Utopian dream,
The dialectic wrangle;
Superbly dressed St. George's (W.)
Attends the course in carriages,
The flow of soul is fixed to roll
2.15 at Claridge's.

In time for lunch the ladies come:
Their cutlets and potato
Precede a mingled pabulum
Of Dr. REICH and PLATO;
He sets the brains of châtelaines
In quite a pleasant flutter,
He fills the hearts of wives of Barts
With views too deep to utter!

Yet we can hardly hope he'll bring
Park Lane, by easy lessons,
To know the imitation thing
From οὐσία (the essence)!
Can woman change her mental range,
Tuned to a wholly new key,
From idle chats on frills and hats
To ethics and the ψυχή?

Not she! But now, when tempests rise,
And feuds are hourly ripened
Against a tongue whose sad demise
Will dock the tutor's stipend,
We gladly learn of fees to earn
From fashionable maidens,
When once our fairs in gilded squares
Have caught the Hellene cadence.

We'll see — as soon as fancy's fire
Touches the ready tinder—
That admirably coiffured choir
Elucidating Pindar;
The really smart shall learn by heart
The Chian poet's fable,
And keep the glib but trusty crib
On every boudoir table.

Hopes lie upon the Olympians' knees:
If they will kindly nod at us,
There *is* a chance for HOMER Teas,
And Evenings with HERODOTUS;
When Public Schools have lost their Rules
Of Accidence, oh! what'll
Be quite so *chic* as Attic Greek,
So *twee* as ARISTOTLE?

THE NEW MAGNANIMITY.

["We are very glad to see that Mr. JOHN BURNS appeared at the PRIME MINISTER's dinner on Saturday night in the customary dress of a Privy Councillor. In doing so he showed both good sense and good taste, and we can assure him that none of his political opponents who are worth any consideration whatever will so far deviate from these qualities as to make this very proper act of respect to the KING the occasion for sarcasm or animadversion."—*Globe.*]

MR. BURNS must be greatly relieved by the good taste and generosity of this paragraph. No more will his clothes be made the occasion of sarcasm or animadversion. He may rest at ease. Henceforward it is his statesmanship only that will concern his critics—or those of them that can rise above party-feeling to the study of that science. But what a picture—the staff of our pink contemporary, with their hands on their well-bred hearts and their faces shining with honest self-approval, deciding in solemn conclave that Mr. BURNS, having done the correct thing in the matter of costume, is to be encouraged, commended, and spared further gibes! What would the author of *Sartor Resartus* have to say? And where are our historical painters, that this scene in the evolution of journalistic manners and magnanimity is not put on record?



THE RETURN OF ARTHUR.

"THERE CAME A BARK THAT, BLOWING FORWARD, BORE
KING ARTHUR, LIKE A MODERN GENTLEMAN
OF STATELIEST PORT; AND ALL THE PEOPLE CRIED,
'ARTHUR IS COME AGAIN, HE CANNOT DIE.'"—TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P



RATHER A TRYING VISITOR.

That Pushing Young Person from over the way (who has come to call at her old home). "Oh, no; you mustn't worry about us in the least! You know we're *right* opposite, so it doesn't seem strange at all really. You see we're *such* a small party now, so, of course, we don't want *nearly* so much room.—Oh! I'm sure you won't mind my telling you, will you? We *have* so enjoyed watching your furniture being moved in. What a lot of quaint, old-fashioned Cobden things you have!! But *how* it does show one's belongings up when one has to bring them out into the daylight; they do look so *different*, don't they!? Yes! Oh! and *do* tell me, where *did* you get all those *queer* Chinese pictures, and what *do* they represent? We *can't think*; we never saw anything at all like them!!"

House of Commons, Monday night, February 19.—"Talk about the sucking dove," said the Member for Sark, looking across at the desolated Front Opposition Bench; "when it comes to cooing you gently it isn't in it with Don José."

General Election has wrought many changes: no metamorphosis so complete as that of the ex-Colonial Secretary on this his first appearance in the thronged assembly of new Parliament. Doubtless only temporary. Better make note of it whilst it is dominant.

Some of us remember the familiar, recurrent, scene that marked his interposition in debate in the shattered Parliament Prince Arthur led. When he rose, alert, aggressive, men on the crowded Benches around him drew themselves together in pleased anticipation of sport. They fired his blood with strenuous cheer. This afternoon when he rose to open debate on Address from Opposition side the few score Members behind him, flotsam and jetsam from wreck of long-triumphant Party, valiantly cheered. Howard Vincent contributed fully one-half of the sound. Even so it was chillingly feeble.

Situation on Front Bench is made the more embarrassing by incursion of Nationalists and Labour Members on Benches below Gangway. That a part of the House which nominally belongs to the re-united Unionist Opposition. Alack! there are not sufficient good men and true to fill it. So undesirable aliens, swarming over, have taken possession of the land.

This creates situation unknown to oldest Member. At worst of times, even with Liberals in 1886 and again in 1896, there were sufficient in measure to go round Benches above and below Gangway. When a cheer rose from one quarter it was echoed from the other, giving semblance of full Party muster lined up in face of foe. To-day the mass of hostile insurgents below Gangway throws a pall of gloomy silence over a full half of the Opposition side. Effect indescribably ghastly; depressing even to the dauntless soul of Don José. Particularly notable in his voice. No more



Robson's Ghost.

The Solicitor General. "I say, you know, it's really absolutely ghastly having one's own ghost always about the place! Upon my word I wish Chaplin had beaten him!"

(Mr. Arn-ld L-pt-n, Member for Sleaford, and Sir W-ll-m R-bs n.)

rang forth the clarion cry with which, seven short months ago, he was wont to fall upon Free-Fooders clustered near him or upon Free-Traders seated opposite. More than once his voice, strangely hesitating, fell so low there was difficulty in catching the concluding words. Dejected in appearance, apologetic in manner, hesitating in phrase, he achieved the feeblest speech the perplexed Mace has heard from him these thirty years.



The Cobden Club

In Mr. Chamberlain's old seat.

(Mr. H-r-ld C-x.)

C.-B. and his friends will make a mistake if they regard the change as permanent. It was due to the first acute realisation of the change in the Parliamentary situation, possibly accentuated by fleeting indisposition. Don José is at his best with his back to the wall fighting against overwhelming odds. That is an attitude he may be expected to resume when familiarity has melted the chilling influences prevalent to-night.

Business done. — Address moved. Acland in seconding it delivered speech far above average attained at this stale, unprofitable performance; well deserved the applause it evoked and the compliments lavished by Leaders on both sides.

Tuesday night.—In one of those flashes of genius which sometimes illumine Parliamentary debate Howard Vincent this afternoon hit upon an idea that promises to give picturesque touch to our proceedings. Referring to a new German Tariff hostile to this country coming into force next week, he triumphantly asked, "What are the Government going to do about that?"

From a seat below Gangway on Ministerial side came a voice promptly, decisively, answering "Nothing."

Turning in the direction whence the interruption came, his eagle eye fell full upon a pink necktie of disproportionate size. Dazzled by the sight, and recognising in the wearer the ex-Secretary of the Cobden Club, he scornfully disputed the impartiality of his judgment. But it was not Harold Cox after all.

"*I* said it," confessed a new Member seated further back.

Shading his eyes from the glare of the necktie and fixing them upon the reckless interrupter, Howard Vincent severely remarked, "Oh, *you* said it. But perhaps the hon. Member has no special knowledge of the question."

Up rose the new Member and proudly proclaimed, "I am an employer who imports foreign iron and so gives employment to English Labour."

This certainly awkward for the Sheffield Knight's argument. The blow driven home by hilarious cheers from the crowded Ministerial Benches. Then it was he diverted attention by a clever move. Immemorial custom of Members to allude to each other in debate as "the hon. Member," "the right hon. Member," or "the noble Lord," as the case may be. Howard Vincent, not knowing the gentleman's name or the constituency for which he sat, proceeded thenceforth with note of subtle, but none the less effective, scorn to allude to his interlocutor as "The hon. Manufacturer."

There is, of course, nothing criminal or even despicable in being a manu-



In all his Glory.

(A surreptitious sketch in Downing Street.)

facturer. If he does not belong to one of the trades that is "going" or "gone," a manufacturer is frequently a person in comfortable circumstances. But if you want to know to what depths human frailty might drag a man, making him repellant to the higher instinct of cultured humanity, you should have heard the inflection in HOWARD VINCENT's voice when he referred throughout the remainder of his speech to the anonymous Member as "The hon. Manufacturer."

Apart from scathing rebuke intended to be conveyed, this method of indicating a Member obviously has advantages. There are twenty-nine hon. manufacturers in the present House. Also there are eleven provision dealers, four drapers, one mineral water manufacturer, one druggist, and an auctioneer. Now example has been set in influential quarter, we may expect the intervention of any of these gentlemen in debate to bring references to "the hon. provision dealer who sits opposite," "the hon. draper who has just sat down," or "the hon. mineral water manufacturer who made so admirable a speech on the subject of explosives illustrated by the repressive action of wire when deftly bound round corks and attached to the necks of bottles."

Business done. -Many speeches on divers subjects.

Friday night. Everyone delighted to note how C.-B. celebrates his triumphant promotion by new departure in manner of speech. Whilst Leader of the Opposition, the duty falling to him of taking prominent part in set debate, he was wont to come down loaded with manuscript which he ineffectively read to a bored audience. He was supported by the example of the ever-lamented SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, whose impromptus, born in the glades of the New Forest or by the study fire in his town house, were read with commanding gusto to an unappreciative House.

Effect in both cases identical. The House would rather listen to a halting speech stumbled through with honest intent for a painful ten minutes than to a finished oration fairly written out and unfalteringly read for half-an-hour. The pity of it is, alike with C.-B. and the SQUIRE, there was no necessity for inflicting the penance. C.-B. is a trained and able debater, quick to see the weakness in the enemy's argument, ready to answer him in clear phrase, here and there illumined with the precious light of humour.

It was only of late years, doubtless depressed by the circumstances attendant on a Liberal Opposition before it was vivified by DON JOSÉ's agency, that he fell into bad habit. Since new Parliament met he has reverted to a better style.



"WELL, LITTLE ONE, HOW MANY BROTHERS AND SISTERS HAVE YOU GOT?"
"ONE BROTHER AND ONE SISTER. HOW MANY HAVE *YOU* GOT?"
"I'M BETTER OFF THAN YOU. I'VE GOT FOUR OF EACH."
"OH, THEN YOUR MOTHER HAVE GOT EIGHT TO WASH."

In his speech at opening of debate on Address he was assisted by notes in stating the Ministerial position with regard to Foreign Affairs and Home Legislation. That proper enough. But for most part, necessarily when replying to DON JOSÉ, he spoke on spur of moment, and drove it home too. In seconding the motion for the election of SPEAKER, a ceremonially ordered business in which a written address was possible and might have been excused, he delivered a perfect little speech without the aid of notes.

Business done. — Still harping on Address.

FROM *The Sporting Life.*—"Will Mr. CHAMBERLAIN forward his address to PETER GOTZ, care of *The Sporting Life* Office, at once?" We hope Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will stand out for the Jiu-Jitsu style.

Half a Honeymoon.

BEFORE his wedding, we are told, Mr. LONGWORTH attended the House of Representatives, and then "paired for a fortnight."

From a contemporary we learn that Mr. LONGWORTH's house is only "two stories (*sic*) high." But then American stories are often rather tall.

ALL-TRUEISM.

"THERE are marked signs of the revival of romance," says "Ambrosia" in *The World*, and we are inclined to agree with her. Indeed, we had noticed lately on our own account that an Age of Quixotism was impending, and that the Romantic Spirit was already abroad in our newspapers and on our hoardings. Amongst other encouraging evidences of the New Chivalry we are delighted to learn the following:—

The Chinese coolies will no longer be boiled in oil, put to death by the Thousand Slices, or otherwise inconvenienced for trifling infractions of their contract with the Transvaal slave-drivers; on the other hand, the resident Randlords will wear the "cangue" to make sport for the next holiday of the virtuous British working-man elector.

The proscriptions, dragonades, noyades, and Sicilian Vespers which have decimated, desolated, and made a howling wilderness of the Distressful Island during the past twenty years of "resolute government" shall now come to an end. Every English child shall be compulsorily taught Gaelic, and write, for instance, Dublin as "Baile Ath-Cliath," Cole as "MacCumhaill," James as "Seumas," and his own name in the most improbable Irish spelling possible. The Nationalist M.P.'s, who have hitherto been gagged in the House of Commons, shall now be allowed to champion the woes of Ireland in Erse (that is, if they can manage it).

The national scandal known as "Tea on the Terrace" shall be forthwith abolished, but whelks and fried fish may be served to Labour Members by attendant Countesses, who, however, are not to demand or expect gratuities.

The Gibson girls who have not yet captured Peers shall be allowed to consider this year as Leap Year. Any girl, unmarried and between the ages of seventeen and seventy, may, *pro hâc vice*, entitle herself a "Gibson girl." Any Peer may thereupon give his vote, in case of emergency, as "Not Content."

ZIG-ZAG.



Gilded Johnny. "HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOUR BALLY CAB TO GET TO VICTORIA?"
Cabby. "OH, JUST ABOUT THE SAME TIME AS AN ORDINARY KEB, SIR."

Euthanasia.

"I AM very glad to tell you that your herbs are doing my face good—it is dying away lovely."—*Advt. in "The South Wales Evening Echo."*

We console ourselves with the thought that at any rate its last hours were beautiful.

THE "HOUSE" IN BEING.

(Items of interest not generally known.)

THE opening of Parliament by the KING is an event of such recent occurrence that a few details about the "House" (which might escape the ordinary observer) cannot fail to be of interest to our readers.

Situated—as it undoubtedly is—on the banks of the river (Thames), the "House" enjoys a unique prospect of St. Thomas's Hospital, possessed probably by no other building of its kind, at any rate in London.

Standing on the Terrace and gazing towards the farther shore, we observe the graceful outlines of Westminster Bridge on our left, but on turning round and facing the House again we find (as no doubt many an M.P. has done before us) that the same bridge is now on our right!

The Clock Tower, a tower of no inconsiderable height, derives its name from the fact that it contains a time-piece (near the top), the hands of which are said to be considerably longer than those of even a good-sized kitchen clock.

The Library is a fair-sized room in which Members can write their letters without paying for the note-paper and ready-gummed envelopes, enjoying also the free use of excellent blotting paper, which is frequently renewed as occasion demands.

The Dining Room, when full of Members, presents quite an animated appearance, with its snowy table-cloths, sparkling glass and cutlery. Deft-handed waiters flit hither and thither, taking up a plate here and putting down a glass there—very much, in fact, as they do in a good-class restaurant. For the benefit of teetotalers it should be added that water may be had for the asking.

Space forbids——

[It does, indeed!—ED.]

LUCRETIUS AT LOCKHART'S.

ENCOURAGED by the resounding success of the lectures on PLATO at Claridge's (whose praises are sung in verse in another column), a committee of ladies have arranged with the proprietors of Lockhart's for the delivery of a supplemental series on the Roman philosophers by the renowned encyclopædist Dr. SCHLEMIL STREICH.

The subject of the first lecture, held last Friday afternoon, was LUCRETIUS, and the great hall of the central cocoa rooms in Hertford Street, Mayfair, was packed to repletion when Professor STREICH, tastefully gowned in the laticlave of a Roman senator, assumed a recumbent position at the triclinium and at once launched into his subject. All the critics, from IAMBLICHUS to VAN VLOTEN, observed Dr. STREICH, had proceeded on the radically false assumption that LUCRETIUS was a serious philosopher and a misogynist. There could not be a more colossal mistake. He was in reality the MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS of later Republican Rome, and, as TESCHEMACHER had conclusively proved, a strong advocate of marriage with the deceased wife's sister. Dismissing these arid pedantries in his lucid exordium the lecturer then embarked upon an interesting digression on the melodic system of Croatian folk tunes, several of which he cantillated in an exquisite falsetto, accompanying himself on a czimbalom which had been presented to him (with a course of lessons thrown in) by the late hereditary Hospodar of WALLACHIA.

Woman, resumed Dr. STREICH, after a brilliant cadenza, was necessarily a negligible factor in the geopolitics of the Fescennine phalansteries. Yet even here she exercised an influence none the less cephalic for being indirect. (*Sensation.*) Even in these unpropitious surroundings she had already realised the necessity of NIETZSCHE's profound dictum, *il faut méditerraniser la musique.* Skirt dancing was a lost art amongst the Bantu tribes, but GUMPERTZ had discovered in the rock sepulchres of Anatolia unmistakable glyptic evidence that a game closely resembling hockey was played by the odalisques of Angora. (At this point there was a pause for refreshments, pots of splash and doorsteps being the favourite pabulum, and while the audience discussed these the Professor warbled *La donna è mobile.*)

Resuming the thread of his lecture, Dr. STREICH pointed out that the theory which ascribed the death of LUCRETIUS to a love potion had been generally rejected by the hierophants of the Higher Criticism. This, in his view, furnished strong presumptive evidence of its intrinsic credibility. KUNO PLINCKHAUSEN, however, had pointed out, with the *raffiné* subtlety which marked the etymological quidnuncs of Upsala, that it was probably not a philtre but a filter of the pre-Pasteurian epoch which was the cause of the Roman poet's regrettable decease. But such bacteriological speculations must always be looked upon with suspicion. Much more plausible was the conjecture of SCHNORR VON CAROLSFELD, the famous populariser of ORNITHOPARCUS' theory of invertible counterpoint, that LUCRETIUS' poem was a translation of the libretto of a Coptic oratorio in which CLEOPATRA had sustained a leading *rôle*. Now CLEOPATRA, whatever WINKLER and BLEEK might say, was the great pioneer in the high art of geopolitical gastronomy, which they were assembled that day to promote by every means in their power. She was probably of Basque origin, of the authentic Escualdun type, and had emigrated to Egypt with a troupe of Celto-Iberian snake-charmers.

Professor STREICH entreated his hearers, whatever their politics might be, to cultivate their personality. Character without personality ceased to be cephalic, and degenerated into an anæmic palimpsest. PHUPHLUNS, the Etruscan Bacchus, AHIMILKI of Tyre, Admiral JAURÉGUIBERRY, and LAMBERTUS HERTZFELDENSIS were all of them more or less concrete examples of the failure to develop personality, and even those who had never heard of them before might well take warning by their fate. For himself he had always been a confirmed Quinologist, and attributed his literary success chiefly to the enunciation of disputable propositions in sesquipedalian phraseology profusely sprinkled with the names of unfamiliar authors, and in the company of a sufficient number of adulatory neophytes of the impressionable gender.

The quest of the simple life was hopeless and unsatisfying. Rather should their aim be to emotionalise reason, to de-simplify the obvious, and to substitute for a sterile Monism the voluptuous *régime* of polysyllabic thaumaturgy.

The Professor, in conclusion, translated the lines beginning *suave mari magno* into Telugu, Toltec, Algonquin, Swahili, and Mœso-Gothic, and gave a wonderfully realistic imitation of a symposium between Canon CHEYNE, Dr. HARNACK, Lord HALIFAX, and M. POBEDONOSTZEFF.



A GOLF CASE WAS RECENTLY BEFORE THE COURT OF APPEAL. WHY NOT A GOLF COURT ON THE LINKS?

"RAIN," says *The Scotsman*, "has been in the ascendant in this district since quite an early hour." One is certainly a little tired of the commonplace expression, "Isn't the rain coming down?" and *The Scotsman* does well to strike out a new line.

TO AN INFANT APE.

[A baby monkey, the only one ever born in the menagerie, has recently made its appearance at the Zoological Gardens.]

Young William, when a week or two ago
Your infant lips pronounced their primal crow;
When, carefully washed and brought outside to dry,
The precincts loomed on your expectant eye,
Just at the moment, enterprising elf,
No one was more astonished than yourself.
No spicy nut grove sighing in the breeze,
No playmates pendant from adjoining trees,
No maiden aunts in whose exiguous fur
Fleet parasites should properly occur,
No cocoanuts were there, no ripe banana
Wherewith to pound your fellow quadrumana,
No Amazonian glade whose fastness woos
The spider monkey's pensive-eyed papoose,
The while his parents pulverize the rash
Intruder with the well-timed calabash;
No ruined temple where the hungry kaa
Swallows the baby Bandar-log's papa -
Nought (though a vague uncertainty anent
The species you propose to represent
Compels this careful pen to introduce
A background broad but just a trifle loose)
Nought—to conclude the phrase—could you detect
Such as a new-laid monkey might expect;
Instead a view incomparably *triste*, a
Momentous dulness occupied the vista.
Yonder across the intervening space
A languid stork exploits his amorous grace,
While close at hand unsavoury pens confine
The prickly but innocuous porcupine.
About thy cage the vulgar human tribe
Pronounce the wheeze and urge the ill-bred gibe,
Turn up their noses if thy ways displease,
Or smile at thy adhesive properties,
Or criticise thy looks, while one small creature
Says, "Lor, Eliza, ain't it just like teacher!"

Well mayst thou view with ill-concealed disgust
The casual refuse charitably thrust
Under thy nose; the unromantic rusk,
The orange's unappetising husk;
Well may it irk when youths with shiny faces
Prod thee with walking-sticks in tender places.
Yet are there compensations to thy lot,
Evils that men endure and monkeys not,
Recurring troubles which the captive ape
Is fortunately able to escape.
No anxious crowd of fashion's hierophants
Await from thee the *dernier cri* in pants;
You will not suffer apprehension lest
The art cravat should mar the fancy vest;
At thy devoted head no matron hurls
Her seven charming (and unmarried) girls;
On thee no Bridge-distracted female rounds
For going "hearts" on insufficient grounds;
No motor bus from which you strive in vain,
Once having mounted, to descend again,
Shatters your nerves, nor will you be annoyed
By the existence of the unemployed.
Here will you sit with calm abstracted mien,
Your face well nourished and your mind serene,
Nor stir at all save haply to ensnare
Some passing toque, or dubious tuft of hair;
Here you will live admired of every eye,
And they will duly stuff you when you die.
Really, I think (there, there, my son, don't bawl),
You haven't done so badly after all. Algol.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Like all writers who have early made their mark, the author of *John Chilcote, M.P.*, putting forth fresh effort, is confronted by the rivalry of herself. Is *The Gambler* (Hutchinson) as good as Mrs. Thurston's last book or her first? One who was, if not actually the first, in the first flight of those who recognised the genius of the currently unknown writer of *The Circle*, confidently answers in the affirmative. As a piece of literary workmanship it is the best thing she has done. The most delightful chapters are the earlier and the later ones dealing with Ireland and Irish people. Neither Lover nor Lever could have been more successful in bringing out those peculiarities of Irish character which are presented in *Denis Asshlin*, successor to an ancient name and an inheritance whose ruin his reckless management completes. His daughter *Clodagh*, round whom the story is spun, is a more charming study. The old servant *Hannah*, *Tim Burke*, stableman and butler in turns—the present critic, hospitably entertained in the south of Ireland, over the waste of twenty years still scents the odour of the stable wafted from the person of the ancient liveried butler hovering round the dinner table not forgetting the dog *Mick*, are all sketched with sympathetic hand. The fashionable English folk with whom *Clodagh* comes into connection are more conventional, but they serve their turn as chorus, helping to make up an excellent performance. One defect that mars the pleasure of the reader is incessant asseveration that somebody smiled and someone else laughed. Here, from a single page (298), is an example. "*Mrs. Bathhurst* turned to her with her pretty languid smile. . . . . *Nance* smiled shyly. . . . . *Lady Diana* returned the smile. . . . . She drew back and laughed a little. . . . . She laughed once more. . . . . He smiled a little." In preparing a second edition let Mrs. Thurston take up the book, run her pen through the several separate lines devoted on nearly every page to this banality, and she will be surprised to find not only how much valuable space is saved, but how the style is strengthened.



"With thee conversing I forget all time."
Paradise Lost.

Mr. Lloyd-George, replying to a deputation of straphangers, promised that "there would be legislation; but on what lines he was not prepared to say." Why not on the District for a start? He also said that "the question was certainly ripe for a forward step." As a matter of fact the "forward step" is being rather overdone. Every time the train stops a number of over-ripe gentlemen drop from their strap and take it.



AN EARLY MORNING SNAPSHOT IN THE SUBURBS. MR. BUMPUS DRESSES HIS WINDOW.

PALATABLE ALIASES.

["Members of the Cornwall County Council and of various other Cornish local authorities attended a dinner at Truro yesterday with a view to popularising dogfish as an article of food. A meeting of the Sea Fisheries Committee earlier in the day had approved of the change of the name from dogfish to flake, and after the dinner the company unanimously affirmed that flake was a most excellent, nourishing, and agreeable form of food." *Daily Paper.*]

THE good example of the Cornish Fisheries Committee has, we understand, not been without its effect, and the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers has appointed a Special Committee to frame and submit attractive *aliases* for those denizens of the briny deep who have hitherto been handicapped by forbidding designations - the case of the smelt, shark, and conger eel in particular calling for preferential treatment.

The movement, moreover, has made itself felt in extra-piscine circles. Thus, at the annual banquet of the Amalgamated Society of British and Polonial Sausage Manufacturers, held on Saturday evening last, a telegram was despatched to the Cornish Sea Fisheries Committee congratulating them on their sensible action, and inviting suggestions as to the best and most reassuring method of renaming the various substitutes for pork.

Again, a meeting of the Mayfair Matrons' Domestic League was held last Friday with a view to popularising rabbit as an article of food in the Servants' Halls of that neighbourhood. On the motion of Lady GWENDOLEN VAVASOUR it was unanimously resolved that in future the name "rabbit" should be changed to "bunnison," on the analogy of venison.

Universal approbation, however, is more than could be expected. We regret to learn that the Committee of the Ladies' Kennel Club met on Thursday last to protest against the arbitrary action of the Cornish Sea Fisheries Committee in changing the name of dogfish to flake. As Lady JULIA GRIFFON pertinently remarked, this was a case of the thin end of the wedge, which they could not be expected to sit down under without vigorous protest. If County Councils once began tampering with the names of fish, they would never rest content until they had rechristened the entire flora and fauna of the British isles.

THE MANAGER'S COMPLAINT.

SHE danced among the unfinished ways
  That merge into the Strand,
A maid whom none could fail to praise,
  And very few withstand.

A sylph, accepted for the run,
  Not at a weekly wage;
Fair as a star when only one
  Is shining on the stage.

She met a lord, and all men know
  How soon she'd done with me;
Now she is in *Debrett*, and, oh,
  That's where they all would be!

Hara-kiri in the Fatherland.

"THE recent history of English sausage-making does not lead one to hope that English makers will throw themselves into sausages as vigorously as the Germans do."—*Daily News.*

OF TAME LIONS.

[Verses composed on the Kalends of March.]

MONTH of the Winds that, like the royal beast
When on his prey he pounces to annex it,
Should strictly enter raging from the East
And having finished make a lamb-like exit;

Why have you not arrived in rampant mood,
As Afric's monarch hurtles through the jungle?
Can there have been some inexactitude,
Some silly meteorologic bungle?

We were to hide our heads from your attack,
But these are dulcet airs that softly stroke us,
Zephyrs, not mentioned in the almanack,
Nor contemplated by the crescent crocus.

That harbinger of Spring, by lawn and glade,
That looked to see you in your Lion's habit,
Laughs in your face and feels much less afraid
Than had you been a small domestic rabbit!

What have you done to lose your strength and speed?
Have the rheumatics made your tawny flank ache?
Or was it Shrovetide's undigested feed
That left you torpid from excess of pancake?

I do suspect this last. And here I find
Another Lion has in you a symbol
Of its own self—I mean the British kind,
Once so superbly muscular and nimble.

Whether he swills his beer at public bars
Or bolts his private beef and boiled potato,
Or else at Claridge's, among the stars,
Corrects a heavy lunch with pills of PLATO

He, too, has overstrained his powers inside,
And to the stomach's wants so weakly pandered
That, while elsewhere the nations filch his pride,
None comes, in cost of living, *near* his standard!

And still we raise new gastronomic shrines,
Making a rude embarrassment of Ritzes,
Till the dull beast, outworn with meats and wines,
Loses at last what poor remaining wit's his.

Come then, O March, put on your Martial show,
Lest we, who have our sinews soft and flabby,
Forget how Lions look, before they grow
Sleek as their lower type, the pampered tabby.

Month of the Winds, let loose their healthy roar!
Call up your tonic gales from out their cavern!
Sting us to see that life is something more
Than just a round of restaurant and tavern! O. S.

An All-Round Man.

THE Oxford Correspondent of the *Star* writes to his paper: "Rugger, too, is well represented by Mr. W. J. CURWEN, of Magdalen, who plays Lucio."

We must confess that we see nothing very remarkable in this. It is the commonest thing in the world to find an athlete sitting down to a quiet game of Halma, Lucio, or Chess, after some desperate contest upon the field in the afternoon. It is not as though any mention were made of Mr. CURWEN's excelling at Lucio; he is merely reported as playing it.

By the way, for the honour of the sister University, we feel bound to state that there is at least one football blue at Cambridge who puts up a good game of Unlimited Lucio.

A BUMP ON THE ALABASTER.

IT is impossible not to sympathise with Captain MARSHALL's desire to be taken seriously, for this is a passion with every professional humorist. At the Comedy Theatre, in the character of his Prime Minister, he has had the courage to maintain a high earnestness, unrelieved by cynicism; to be always *au grand*, never *au petit, sérieux*. But there is this fatal flaw in his scheme, that it depends for its initiation on a farcical episode. The bump which the Premier sustains on the back of his head, when he slips on his very expensive *Alabaster Staircase*, is a device of pantomime. It reconstructs his brain on an advanced Radical basis, but it might equally well have rendered him an object for the consideration of the Commissioners in Lunacy; which is, indeed, his own physician's view of the actual result. No personality but that of Mr. HARE, and perhaps of one other living actor, could hope in these trying conditions to impose itself upon the outraged intelligence of the audience.

This intelligence received a further shock in the Cabinet scene. In the absence of all dramatic effects—since we knew quite well what was going to happen,—great pains had been taken to reproduce faithfully the details of the Council Chamber; but very little would seem to have been expended over the actors themselves. We may form what views we like of the mental calibre of an average Tory Ministry; but that nearly every member of the Cabinet should have the obvious air of being a super is unimaginable.

If the play lives it must be on the strength of what was designed to be its weaker part, namely, its light comedy. Miss LOTTIE VENNE and Mr. MATTHEWS were simply admirable. Of the many good things assigned to these two, the best was the *Duchess of Ranelagh's* comment on the Premier's flowered language: "I never care for figures of speech, they are so *unreliable!*"

Miss SYBIL CARLISLE, always natural and unaffected, has seldom been better suited than in this character of a high-spirited girl whose affections are not too deeply engaged. Never called upon to show an intensity of feeling to which she does not pretend, she played her light part with charming tact and discretion. She even succeeded—no easy thing—in making the audience embarrassed by her assumed nervousness when this quality was required by the situation.

Miss GRANVILLE played the *rôle* of the Prime Minister's wife with her accustomed ease and distinction of manner; and Mr. LESLIE FABER, as *Pickford, M.P.*, acted with becoming fervour. But it would have been a happier chance for him, and for the play too, if some of the author's seriousness could have been spared for the development of character through the emotions; if, in fact, the Radical Member had been allowed to win over this girl from her Tory environment, instead of finding her sympathetic to his views from the outset.

But it is parlous work dictating to a chartered humorist what form his solemnities should take. FREE-SEATER.

P.S.—A correspondent sends me the following reflections evoked by *The Alabaster Staircase*:—

NEMO REPENTE FUIT . . . .

If there is any foundation of truth in the theory advanced by Captain MARSHALL that a bump on the head is sufficient to produce a sudden and complete change of views in the bumpee, we may expect shortly to read the following items of intelligence:—

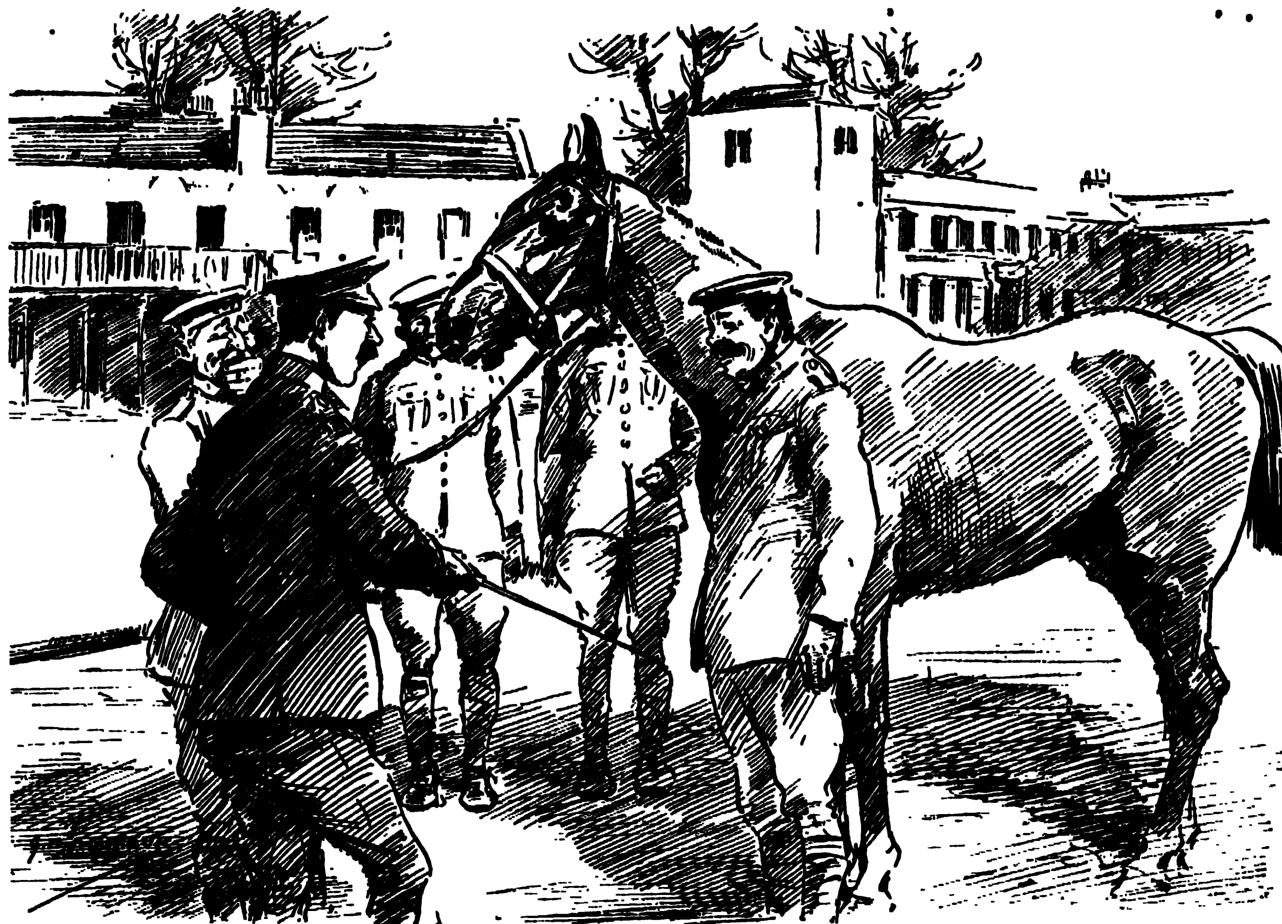
"The Right Hon. J-HN B-RNS, whilst steering a Thames steamboat, was so startled at seeing three people come on board at once, that he incautiously let go of the spokes, and was struck rather smartly on the side of the head. The next day the hon. gentleman was seen wearing an orchid and an eyeglass. He is understood to be preparing a Bill for the imposition of a 20*s.* duty on corn, and another for the



AN AWKWARD "APPROACH."

C-MPB-LL-B-NN-RM-N (*caddie, to* JOHN BULL). "YOU OUGHT TO CARRY IT IN ONE, SIR."

M-LN-R (*ex-professional to the South African Golf Club*). "IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, SIR, YOU WON'T TRY IT. YOU MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE. BETTER PLAY SHORT."



TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.

Officer (examining a Mounted Infantry Class). "Well, I think you understand about the hoof and what the frog is. Now, just tell me where you would expect to find corns?"
Mounted Infantry Recruit (suspecting a catch). "In the Manger, Sir."

transference of all Money Bills to the Lords for their sole consideration."

"The Archbishop of C-nt-rb-ry, while reaching after a dusty tome on a high shelf in his library, was struck on the head by the fall of a very heavy volume of Patristic Theology. The eminent prelate was seen next day walking down Regent Street arm-in-arm with Dr. Clifford and Mr. Birrell."

"Mr. B-lf-r, during his City campaign, was hit by a missile (improperly discharged without the customary warning of 'Fore!') upon the cranium. He is now understood to have two philosophical treatises in the Press, one *On the improper use of the "Driver" in Chinese Slavery;* the other in favour of Home Rule, entitled *Putting on the Green.*

"Colonel S-nd-rs-n, slipping upon a piece of orange peel, was subsequently detected in possession of a moonlighter's mask and a blunderbuss."

"W-lh-lm II. had the misfortune to have a heavy portfolio, full of Press cuttings on the Morocco Conference, fall full upon his bump of self-esteem. Since this unlucky mishap he has delivered seventeen speeches from which the first personal pronoun is conspicuously absent."

English as She is Wrote.

"Clem. Hill, the famous South Australian cricketer, who it was announced some weeks ago had retired from the cricket field, is incorrect."—*The Sun.*

A Papal Bull.

"We gather from this declaration by the Roman Catholic Metropolitan that the heads of that Church have put their feet down as regards their own schools and their treatment. We hope the heads of the Church of England will not be less decisive and resolute."—*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

From the Blue-Coat School.

History Class.

Subject—*George II. and the Pelham Ministry.*

Master. Who said and when: "Now I shall have no more peace?"

Small Boy (after a long interval of thought). Please Sir! George the Third on his death-bed.

From the "Daily Express": "Large quantities of ammunition have become obsolete for naval purposes, *and have either been disposed of or handed to the War Office.* Storage accommodation has thus become available for *modern* explosives."

The italics are ours, but the brutality of it is the Admiralty's.

From *Advt. of Art Exhibition*:

WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS
One Steeplechase, after Herring.

Surely this is our old friend, the Drag.

THE AWAKENING OF ETON.

The extraordinary success achieved by Mr. Arthur Bourchier's lecture on the "Art of Plain Speaking" at Eton has led to a natural desire on the part of other distinguished old Etonians to place their services at the disposal of the Headmaster to supplement the instruction imparted by the regular staff. On Saturday evening last no fewer than four addressed the school, the first being Dr. Haeger, the famous hygienic voice-producer, who was introduced by Canon Lyttelton in a brief speech of welcome as the noblest vegetarian vocalist of his acquaintance.

Dr. Haeger then mounted the rostrum, the subject of his address being "Breathing with Brains." Dr. Haeger began by pointing out that the articulate enunciation so beautifully advocated by Mr. Arthur Bourchier presupposed, as an indispensable antecedent, a complete mastery of the art of respiration. Breathing might be roughly defined as the inflation and deflation of the lungs, but here as in other matters everything depended upon the method. For instance, some authorities advocated clavicular and others diaphragmatic breathing, and each of these schools was divided into subsidiary ramifications. Two things, however, were certain: that breathing of some sort was absolutely indispensable, and that the man who breathed with brains would make his voice carry further, and therefore secure a better hearing, than the man who did not. (*Loud applause.*) The ideal of efficiency was to combine the characteristics of Mentor and Stentor. To achieve this end all compression of the larynx, pharynx, and thorax must sedulously be avoided. Linen collars must be absolutely discarded (*sensation*), for all collar-work was distasteful, and ties must be taboo (*slight interruption*). All clothing, whether upper or under, should be porous and elastic, so as to give the freest possible scope for the utterance of bright, resonant, and persuasive sounds. In a word, let their motto be "Great cry and all wool." ("*Hear! Hear!*" *from the Headmaster.*) This was no new theory, but a reversion to the wise policy enshrined in the epitaph on the Roman matron *domi mansit lanam fecit* (*Cries of "Construe!"*). Sir A. Woolsampson was one of the strong men in South Africa, and his name ought to inspire them to follow in his footsteps. But in order to breathe intelligently and utter noble sounds it was not enough to adopt a rational and ethical dress. A hygienic diet was also indispensable to add richness of timbre and emotional intensity. Paradoxical as it might sound, just as woollen clothing was the best cure for a woolly voice, so nuts were the best remedy for a husky delivery. Before he became a vegetarian he could not sing for nuts, now he could not speak without them. (*Cheers, and cries of "Time!"*)

The Headmaster, interposing, said that he was sure he was only expressing the unanimous feeling of the school in thanking Dr. Haeger for his beautiful and illuminating address. He now called on the Duke of Devonshire to address them on "Sleep as a factor in Public School Life."

The Duke of Devonshire began by observing that it was not safe to generalise or lay down a hard and fast rule in this matter any more than in fiscal policy. There was an old proverb which said, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." He dissented from this view, on the ground that Napoleon for a great part of his life was content with only five hours' sleep, and yet the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. Some animals, such as weasels, seemed to be able to dispense with sleep altogether, but their example was not to be imitated, and it was hardly necessary to remind Etonians of the moral contained in the song, *Pop goes the Weasel.* (*Loud laughter.*) Sleep, he went on, was a favourite theme with the poets. He himself had a nodding acquaintance with Homer, and he would never forget the painful impression created on him by the perusal of the line in *Macbeth*, "Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more.'" A great deal had been said of the insufficient amount of sleep enjoyed by schoolboys, and he was glad to be able to announce that the Headmaster had kindly consented to his request to give the whole school an extra hour in bed the next day to commemorate his visit. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

Canon Lyttelton, after thanking the Duke for his beautiful and suggestive discourse, then begged leave to introduce Mr. G. P. Huntley, who was not only an old Etonian but an old Ippletonian. (*Great applause and singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."*) Mr. Huntley, when at Eton, was distinguished by his modest bearing, his unfailing industry, his affection for the masters, and his proficiency in the playing fields. While still at school he was the winner of the double firsts at Henley, and in the Eton and Harrow match he scored the finest dry blob of the day. (*Intense enthusiasm.*) Mr. Huntley, with his wonted good nature, had come all the way from Ippleton at great expense to address them on "Rabbit Shooting," and he (the speaker) was confident that they would be greatly edified by what he said. He begged to introduce Mr. Huntley. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Huntley then entered upon his discourse, but before doing so thanked the Headmaster for his encomiastic remarks, which were only too flattering. (*No, no.*) Yes, they were. (*No, no.*) Fortifying himself with an apple, Mr. Huntley then began. The pursuit and slaughter of the wily rabbit, he said, would be much more difficult than it is, were it not that the Chinese had invented gunpowder, and that Providence had endowed that active but toothsome quadruped with a white scut. Much more did he say to the same admirable effect, but as he munched an apple all the time none of his words reached his audience. He sat down, however, amidst the vociferous acclamations which have come to be second nature to him.

Mr. George Graves, another old Etonian, and in his time champion wet bob at the wall game and the bosom friend of the Provost, then rose to discourse upon "Unnatural History," with special reference to an animal of his own breeding and training which shall be nameless. His rising was the signal for a prolonged sensation, which lasted for fully ten minutes, during which the popular but unfortunate gentleman lost the left half of his moustache and a small and immaterial portion of one ear.

Before he could begin his remarks the Headmaster begged for order that he might say a few words to introduce the speaker, as it seemed that the audience had mistaken him for a football referee. Mr. Graves, he said, was perhaps the most learned man since the great French naturalist, Buffoon. He knew the animal kingdom from the word lo. (*Cheers.*) There were no fauna that were floorers to him. (*Renewed riot.*)

Mr. Graves, propped up in an arm-chair, then addressed the meeting. It was, he said, the proudest moment of his life to appear at Eton, where he understood the boys enjoyed not only sufficient sleep but the continuous presence of a *Daily Mail* reporter. For his own part, taking into consideration the warmth of his welcome and everything that had happened, he preferred Harrow. [*Horrible scene.*

"All over the City," says *The Daily Chronicle* on Ash Wednesday, "between one and three thousand pancakes were eaten by City men whose digestions were good enough to wait upon their appetites." The picture of hundreds of obliging digestions running about the room with napkins over their arms and saying, "Yes, Sir, coming in a minute, Sir," is a pleasant one; though scarcely more credible than the high average of consumptive energy (amounting to several h.-p.) which the statistician attributes to the City man.

THE EXHUMORISTS.

THE "Smart Set" (says a contemporary) has got hold of another neat expression. "You must pull your socks up" is the latest form of saying "Never mind," or "Pull yourself together." The other day at a Bridge dinner, it was amusing (to our contemporary) and a sign of the times to hear a certain youthful eldest son recommend a Dowager Countess of seventy to "pull her socks up."

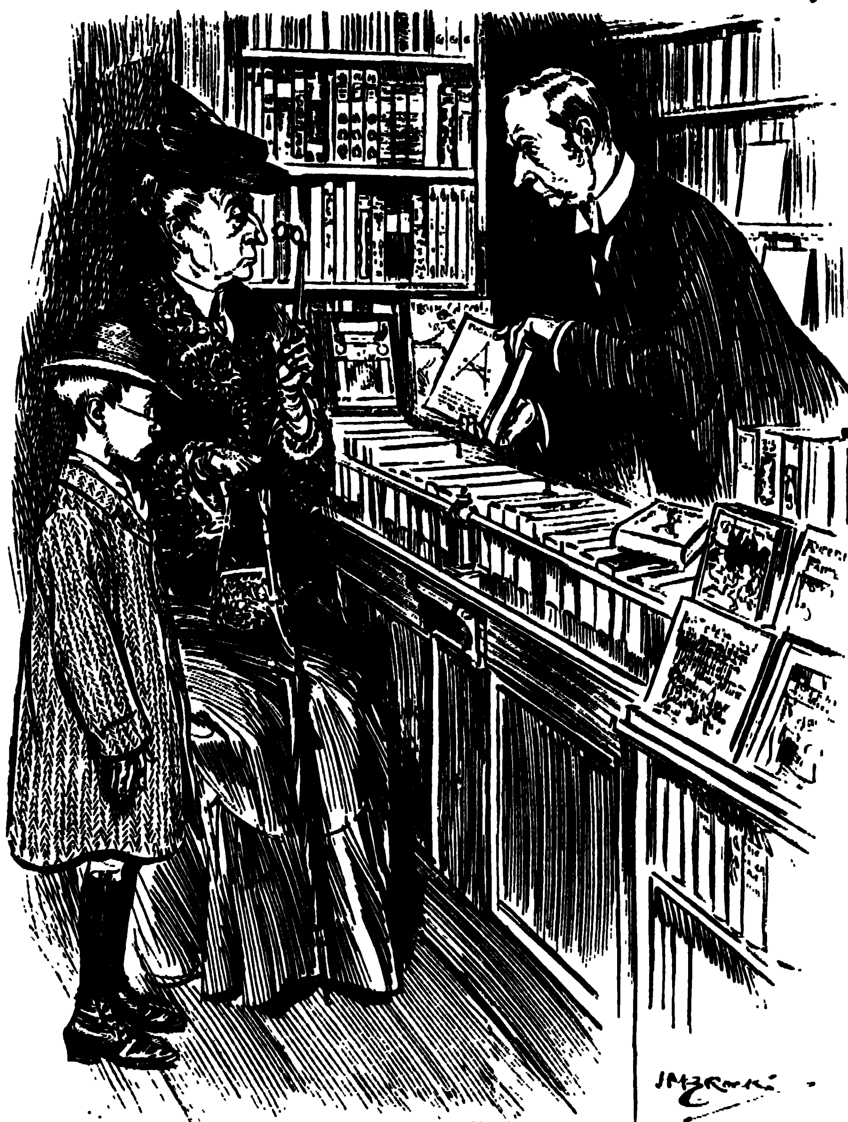
The phrase is, perhaps, not much more than twenty years old, and so affords fresh evidence of the up-to-dateness of the Smart Set. Other instances follow.

As Colonel NEWCOME was leaving a Smart Set function early the other evening, Viscount A. ran up the steps. He looked at the Colonel intently, and then inquired, "Who's your hatter?" The Colonel very courteously gave the information. His questioner, instead of making a memorandum of it, burst out laughing, and clapping the Colonel on the shoulder explained that far from him was any desire to purchase a similar hat. To ask a man "Who's your hatter?" was, he explained, the very latest Smart Set way of hinting derision of the hat. The Colonel, when he had thoroughly grasped the idea, professed himself highly diverted.

A certain Indian Judge was shivering down Pall Mall the other day when an acquaintance crossed over from the other side of the road and, drawing the Judge aside by means of his buttonhole, inquired, "Is this cold enough for you?" The Judge replied that he found it much too cold to stand still talking to idiots. When his acquaintance had explained that to ask shivering people whether it was cold enough for them was one of the latest jocularities of the Smart Set, the Judge walked on in a pleasant glow of warmth.

The other day the Duke of B was motoring, when he heard another car pursuing him furiously, its driver shouting something. The words were lost in the smell of petrol, and the Duke slowed down, thinking he might have run over someone without noticing it. When the other car came up he recognised the voice of a well-known member of the Smart Set, who was shouting, "Hi, Guv'nor, your wheel's going round!" Considerably alarmed, the Duke looked over the side of the car, and perceived that this was actually so. He was about to leap out when it occurred to him that after all it was only natural that the wheel should go round. He thanked his informant courteously, but could not refrain from expressing his surprise at the trouble the latter had taken to draw his attention to an obvious fact. It was then explained to him that to call out "Hi, Guv'nor, your wheel's going round" was the latest piece of smart humour. He then laughed heartily, and catching sight of a cyclist in the distance set off in pursuit. As the cyclist subsequently got off his machine and hurled a large stone after the car, the Duke concluded that he (the cyclist) did not belong to the Smart Set.

Strangely enough, as the Duke was driving through the East End only two days later, more than one street Arab called out to him, "Hi, Mister, yer wheel's a-going round!" This is interesting, as showing how quickly a new witticism will run through all classes of Society, like measles through an infant school. It goes without saying that, as soon as any such phrase penetrates to the lower orders, it is at once discarded by the Smart Set.



"Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing Boy."—WORDSWORTH.

Lady. "SHOW ME SOME BOOKS SUITABLE FOR THIS CHILD, PLEASE. NO FICTION; BUT ABSOLUTE TRUTH, AND WITHOUT ABSURDLY FANCIFUL PICTURES."

Bookseller (after thought). "WELL, MADAM, I SHOULD THINK THIS" *(showing "Euclid's Elements")* "MIGHT MEET YOUR REQUIREMENTS."

CITY OF LONDON ELECTION

RESULT

MARRIAGE OF KAISER'S SECOND SON.

Daily Mail Poster, Feb. 28.

WE wonder what the result would have been if Mr. BOWLES had got in. The City of London cannot be too careful; the KAISER evidently has his eye on it, and is prepared to reply effectively and at once to any move it may make. In this case his motive is rather obscure, but we feel sure it means something.

ON A GORGONZOLA CHEESE.

O THOU whose presence, drawing nigh,
So affably infects the breeze,
That bring'st a kindling to the eye
Of him that likes his victual high,
To Thee I sing—I know not why—
O Gorgonzola Cheese!

In truth, these odours, frankly blown,
Retire the thoughts to that stern clime—
Not here, but 'neath th' æstival zone
Where rules the Crab:—'tis there alone
That thy full poignancy is shown
In all its charnel prime.

For there such powers to Thee belong
That Thou hast gained a deathless fame;
From blistered Ind to damp Hong Kong
Men rank Thee (and they 're not far wrong)
Peer to the Elephant, so strong
Thou art, and yet so tame.

One I have known did so expand
That, long before he came in reach,
The guests, in ordered sequence, fanned
A pained mechanical command
"Avaunt!" nor knew they waved the hand,
Nor tarried in their speech.

Take him for all in all, I hope
I may not meet his like again;
Yet was he balm, and scented soap,
And ambergris, and heliotrope,
To one, whose *début* seemed to ope
New vistas of a Drain.

He, through an Indian summer's height,
Had been mislaid; when found at last
He looked "an image of delight,"
For Hermes' art had sealed him tight;
Fragrant and fresh, that very night
He honoured our repast.

But lo! a wonder came to pass:
The ruler turned; we saw him seize
The scoop; he pierced the scented mass;
There rose a whistling sound; alas,
He was but rind! The rest was gas!
Oh! Gorgonzola Cheese!

* * * * *

Man that has well and deeply dined
Regards thy flesh with high esteem;
But little thinks that one may find
Beneath that unattractive rind
A heart to suffer, and a mind
To ponder and to scheme.

O hard of heart and beetle-eyed!
'Twere, as the Swan observes, "clean kam"
To bid him look for aught inside;
Yet have I known—I speak with pride—
A Cheese that lived, and loved, and died,
All with a Homing Ham.

These twain, while years above them rolled,
In the canteen were doomed to stay;
We sold them—they would *not* be sold;
They loved each other; they were old;
The welcome they received was cold;
So they came back next day.

Few were the homes that knew them not.
We cast them out at every call;
But, when they reached the fatal spot,
Back—like a pigeon to his cot—
Back to their comrade, home they shot.
We had no luck at all!

At last a fiery Colonel swore
(And all men shivered at the sound)
To try and palm them off—*once more*:—
'Twas done. Precisely as before,
Dawn found them beating at the door!

* * * * *

The Colonel had them drowned.

DUM-DUM.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE of Mr. BALFOUR'S most cherished ambitions has been attained. He is now a Member of Parliament.

"The only thing M.P.'s resent," says Mr. HENRY NORMAN in *The World's Work*, "is that if they die in harness no word of regret is officially spoken in the House." We think that in certain cases the necessary encouragement should be offered.

It is now officially stated that modern guns are to be supplied to the Volunteers. At the same time, we understand, a letter is to be issued to Foreign Powers thanking them for their kindly consideration in not invading our shores when we were unprepared.

Small wonder if our Army has not been all that could be desired in recent years. It has just been discovered that, for some time past, many officers have been shaving their upper lips contrary to regulation.

Our soldiers, under some new War Office rules, are to be taught shorthand—and someone writes to ask us whether this is to enable them to handle the new short rifle. A very silly question.

This is scarcely a time when nations like France and Germany, whose very existence is threatened, should be wrangling instead of standing shoulder to shoulder. President CASTRO, we are told by *Reuter*, has now declared that he will clear the French out of Venezuela, and then begin on the Americans, British, and Germans, who, the PRESIDENT avers, are worse than the Chinese.

This, by the way, is not true as far as the British are concerned. They are superior to the Chinese. Britons never never shall be slaves; whereas the Chinese insist on returning to "slavery" as soon as ever they are set free.

Referring back to Venezuela, we learn from a confidential source that the reason for the bold attitude of that country is that she has received secret promises of support from the Principality of Monaco, which is justly chagrined at not being asked to send a representative to the Algeciras Conference.

Because Mr. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT'S motor-car knocked down a little girl near Pisa, that gentleman was subjected to a Battle of Vegetables. This should put the Riviera on its mettle at Mi-Carême.

It is announced that the Prince of WALES is sending the collection of Indian wild beasts presented to him by the Government of Nepal to the Zoological Gardens. This disposes once and for all of the rumour that his Royal Highness intended to keep the animals at Marlborough House, and to dispense with a house-dog.

The tremendous infantile mortality which prevails among cats is now stated to be due, to a large extent, to their inability to swim.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN'S new poem is announced to be published "early in April." The phrase has a suspicious air of euphemism.

A charitable gentleman has presented gramophones to 300 asylums and other institutions, on condition that they are played for half an hour every day. The inmates of the asylums are said to insist on an hour.

A man has been committed for trial on a charge of pocket-picking at Kensington High Street Station, and it will be more difficult now than ever to know what to do during the long weary waits on the Metropolitan Railway.

Dr. EMIL REICH has propounded PLATO'S theory of the non-existence of matter to a fashionable audience at Claridge's Hotel. Several well-fed ladies who were present coyly accused the deceased philosopher of being a sad flatterer.

Annoyed at the inconvenience to which they were put by the recent cab strike in Berlin, many fares are now refusing to give the cabbies their customary *pourboire*. It is on occasions such as these that new oaths come into existence.

A large number of "strangling cages"



A PROSPECTIVE SLUMP IN CORNERS.

Dicky. "WHEN I'M A MAN I'LL MAKE ALL THE ROOMS IN MY HOUSE *ROUND* THEN YOU CAN'T PUT ME IN THE CORNER."

are being made in Shanghai native city, so we learn from a local paper. Permission has now been given for such of the coolies in South Africa as wish to return home to do so.

Poets all over the world have been annoyed by the publication of a paragraph reporting that a lady, who recently lost her reason at Providence, Rhode Island, has developed a remarkable facility in writing verse.

"Visiting the Sins of the Father."

"CHISWICK.—Board residence for a gentleman with homely people, 18s. per week."—*Advt. in "Evening News."*

Surely this is going too far. A landlady may have a certain right to insist that the lodger should be unmarried; but she has no business to make stipulations as to the looks of his parents.

Note by the Stage Carpenter.

IN an account of a concert *The Wiltshire Chronicle* says of one of the performers that "she had no difficulty in reaching high A at the conclusion of the beautiful solo, 'O for the wings of a door!'" A misprint doubtless for "O for a door in the wings!"

KINGSKETTLE YET.

["Mr. KEIR HARDIE possesses the one essential qualification for the headship of a modern party—he is a Scotchman." *The Outlook.*]

A native of Kingskettle speaks:

HERE'S words o' wisdom, JOCK, an' oh!
They're gouden words indeed—
Ay, I'll admit it even though
They hail frae south the Tweed.
For I've that kind o' open mind
That's no the gift o' mony:
I'll gie in fu' the deil his due
Whenever he has ony.

I'm prood—ay, mair than I can tell—
For noo, my man, I hear
The gospel I hae preached mysel
This five and twenty year.
Ay, gin ye need a chief to lead
That winna mak' a botch, man—
I've kent it fine frae Auld Lang Syne
Ye aye maun tak' a Scotchman.

An' noo I doot the word I've preached
Thro' a' the lang lang past
Wi' sic an eident tongue, has reached
To Lunnon toon at last;
An' here's a strae to show which way
The wind's begun to blaw, man—
Who's Who, I'm tellt, will soon be spelt
The proper way, *Wha's Wha*, man.

Tak' ony sphere—tak' Letters, Airt,
The Kirk, the Cabinet,
Ye aye will find the leadin' pairt
Played by a Scotsman yet.
An' what's the cause? Jist Natur's laws—
Wha's made a bonny nation
Whaur ilka ane is blessed wi' brain
As weel as eddication.

For, JOCK, forbye thae gaudy blooms
That flaunt in Fame's demesne,
There's mony a flo'er that Fortune dooms
To blush awa' unseen:
Some mute C.-B. his weird maun dree
Ne'er guessin' his resources;
Some TOMMY SHAW, unlairnt in law,
Here hides his legal forces.

Tak' Fife. There'll likely be a tale
O' micht-be leaders born
Ilk year in Dairsie, Cupar, Crail,
Pitscottie or Kinghorn;
An' weel we ken there's twa guid men
O' intellec' an' mettle
We could withoot a shade o' doot
Discover in Kingskettle.

Making a Job of it.

"THE firemen continued their exertions until after two o'clock, by which hour all the damage that could be done was at an end."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*



Stranger. "I suppose there's not much society about here?"

Barber. "Society! Why there ain't two soup an' fish families within a radius o' fifteen mile!"

MAN AND BANNERMAN.

[*Being the first portion (and quite enough too) of a report of a lecture on the Prime Minister recently delivered by Mr. George Bernard Shaw.*]

The Chair was taken by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. A. B. Walkley, each occupying half of it. Mr. Wells first introduced Mr. Shaw to the audience as the most advanced thinker of the time (bar one), and Mr. Walkley followed by calling him the wittiest of dramatists. During these remarks, Mr. Shaw's beard was observed to be wearing its permanent blush.

The speaker then began his address:

Ladies and Gentlemen (he said): I flatter you by coming here this evening (*laughter*) to tell you the truth (*laughter*), and not only the truth but the truth about a very difficult subject (*laughter*) about your Prime Minister. (*Roars of laughter.*) You won't, of course, understand what I say (*laughter*), being totally unused to the truth (*laughter*), and having not the faintest idea what it is when you hear it. (*Great laughter.*) But if there is one man who can tell it, it is I. (*Laughter.*) My friend Wells thinks he can (*laughter*); but he can't. (*Shouts of laughter, in which* Mr. Wells *joined.*) My friend Walkley, wittiest and wisest of dramatic critics, with one exception (*great laughter*), since that over-rated wind-bag Aristotle (*roars of laughter*), thinks he can tell the truth (*laughter*); but he can't. (*Renewed laughter, in which* Mr. Walkley *joined.*)

At the beginning of this year, on January 1, I so far forgot myself as to behave like an ordinary human being. (*Laughter.*) For a moment I became like that lowest of reptiles, a ratepayer (*laughter*), or a banker (*laughter*), or a school-girl. (*Laughter.*) I made a resolution. (*Great laughter.*) I did not say "I will be good" (*laughter*), nothing so foolish (*laughter*), so impossible (*great laughter*) as that. I did not say "I will not swindle any one in 1906" (*laughter*), because I knew I should. (*Roars of laughter.*) I could not help it. (*Laughter.*) No one can. (*Renewed laughter.*) I did not say, "I will be modest" (*great laughter*), because I had no intention of being so. (*Renewed laughter.*) I did not say, "I will look upon self-praise as no recommendation" (*laughter*), because I knew I could not keep to it. (*Great laughter.*)

But what I did say was this. I said, "I will so arrange it that my ceaseless activity in all directions will make it necessary for my name to get into the leading papers every day in the coming year" (*roars of laughter*), and up to the present it has. (*Increased laughter.*) I have not missed a day. (*Laughter.*) Neither, you will say, has Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. (*Laughter.*) True. (*Laughter.*) But can he keep it up? (*Laughter.*) Can he? (*Laughter.*) What about the recess? (*Laughter.*) He will have to drop out then. (*Laughter.*) But not me. (*Laughter.*) There will be no recess for me. I am not a Member of Parliament. (*Laughter.*) God forbid! (*Roars of laughter.*) Least of all Prime Minister. (*Renewed laughter.*) I need no holidays. When I need a change I do something else. (*Laughter.*) And that is why I shall keep my resolution, and that is why the Prime Minister, had he made a similar one, could not keep it. (*Laughter.*) [*Left talking.*



THEIR HOUSE IN ORDER.

FIRST PEER. "ANOTHER NOTICE OF US IN THE PAPERS!"
SECOND PEER. "HA! WHAT DO THEY SAY?"
FIRST PEER (*reading headlines*). "SPIRITED DEBATE IN THE LORDS." "DULL NIGHT IN THE COMMONS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday night, Feb. 26.—When for my sins I sit through a two or three hours' debate in the Lords, I think of the poet DYER, of whom CHARLES LAMB tells delightful stories. On a time DYER was a patient at an earth-bath establishment. The proprietor had holes dug in the garden, tucked his patients comfortably up, and there left them for an ordered period. When all were interred DYER brought forth the manuscript of his latest poem, and read it aloud to his hapless neighbours.



THE CASSANDRA OF THE CAPE, —not much "Good Hope" about it! (Lord M-ln r.)

So to-night Lord HARRIS delivered an inchoate speech an hour long to an exceptionally crowded House gathered to hear MILNER'S maiden speech. In the Commons, so assailed, Members would, after first quarter of an hour or so, stroll forth. The higher humanity that peoples House of Lords scorns such weakness. Are there in discharge of public duty; will fulfil it at any personal cost.

Situation aggravated by circumstances creating it. It was MILNER'S show. He had given formal notice of intention to raise the whole question of Ministerial policy in South Africa. Personal and political interest combined to give House animated appearance. Whilst the red benches were filled, the side galleries were crowded with Peeresses and their kin. Prevalence of mourning gave something of sombreness to scene. In brightest times House of Lords is oppressed with sense of funereal decorum. As the assembly gathered this afternoon there was a buzz of conversation. But it was carried on in undertone. Men (even women) spoke as if somewhere in the stately chamber there lay a Body awaiting burial.



"MINISTERIAL POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA." (Earl of Elg-n.)

The influence extended to the Members of the other House penned in boxes above the Bar. A reverent silence fell upon the throng of Privy Councillors on the steps of the Throne. Lord HALSBURY, entering late, walked on tiptoe to the Front Opposition Bench, as if afraid of disturbing someone in a pulpit. On his way he, with averted gaze, passed the Woolsack, on which was seated in lonely dignity one whom it was five years ago the fashion in good society to regard as an arch Pro-Boer. And now ALFRED MILNER, home from his proconsulship in South Africa, was about to defend his repressive policy, attack that of the new Government, under the august presidency of "BOB" REID.

The whirligig of Time brings its revenges. Surely there has not often been one so dramatic as this.



"UNDER THE AUGUST PRESIDENCY OF 'BOB' REID." (The Lord Chancellor.)

The new Peer, making his maiden speech, painfully hesitated at opening of its delivery. "For greater accuracy," as the SPEAKER says when about to read the King's speech at the opening of Parliament, he had "obtained a copy" of his remarks neatly typewritten. Over the manuscript he assiduously bent, with natural consequence that his voice did not fill a chamber which under more favourable conditions is the sepulchre of speech. As he warmed to his work, grew more familiar with the surroundings, he improved. He tried no grace of oratory, no flight of rhetoric. Had a plain statement to make, and delivered it in tone and manner appropriate to reading from a Blue Book.



HAMLET AND THE GHOST.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Asquith.)

Le Revenant. Unhousel'd, disappointed,
unanel'd:
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, Horrid-ge! O, Horrid-ge! Most Horrid-ge!
. . . Hamlet, remember me.

Hamlet. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory *holds a Seat*
In this distracted globe.
[*Act I. Scene V.—"A more remote part of the platform."*

Then Lord HARRIS leisurely strolled on to the bowling-end of the wicket. His appearance was imperfectly accounted for by notice on the paper inquiring whether PRIME MINISTER was correctly reported as having alluded to "the taint of slavery" in connection with Chinese Labour. In the Commons the question, being printed, would in due course have been put, answered, and there an end on't. HARRIS, fortified by voluminous notes, talked for an hour by Westminster clock.

To be precise, proceeding savoured more of thinking aloud than ordered speech. It possessed corresponding quality of disconnectedness. There were pauses during which perturbed Peers furtively looked up to see if their noble friend had dropped asleep. No; he was only looking for a stray sheet of his notes. When found, he proceeded in the same provokingly leisurely fashion till fresh difficulty with the notes brought another spell of dead silence. Only once he woke up in approach to energy as he described the innocent shareholder in a Rand mine, his dividends threatened by policy of the new Government. That a mere flash in the pan. When it flickered out, he trundled on as before.

"HARRIS seems to think it is a Board meeting he is addressing," I whispered to the MEMBER FOR SARK.

"So it is," said he, looking round the galleries at the rows of fair women pluckily attempting to suppress a yawn. "Very much so."

What an oddly inconsequential reply!

Business done.—In Commons, Address agreed to.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—Out of the dulness of Committee of Supply suddenly evolved a profound mystery. Advancing with timid step, it speedily bounded along like a motor-car crossing the Hog's Back when no policemen are in sight. It was DALZIEL who began it with inquiry for particulars relating to a vote of £1200 for expenses of the Departmental Committee appointed by Brother GERALD at the close of last Session to make preliminary inquiries into bearings of Redistribution Question. Where was the Report? When would it be laid on the Table of the House?

JOHN BURNS, Brother GERALD's successor at the Local Government Board, assumed air of embarrassed mystery. The Committee had concluded its labours, but he had not seen a Report; did not even know the scope and the direction of inquiry. True a confidential document had reached him, but without special permission he was not in a position to communicate its purport.

Here was a nice mess of mystery! The Radicals pricked up their ears; they smelt a rat; some of the keener-sighted saw it moving in the air. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, back with us after long pained parting, naturally came to front. If there was no Report, where was the money? The £1200 asked for by the vote?

"We are," said ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, "entitled to know how every penny of the public money is spent."

From Labour Members, learning how to be happy though married on 50*s.* a week, there came deep-noted cheer.

JOHN BURNS couldn't say where the money was, who had got it, or who was expecting it. Subject apparently ignored in confidential document. WALTER LONG, appealed to as representative of late Government, equally ignorant. All he knew was that Officials at Local Government Board were honourable men.

This, though indisputable, did not throw any light on the mystery of the £1200.

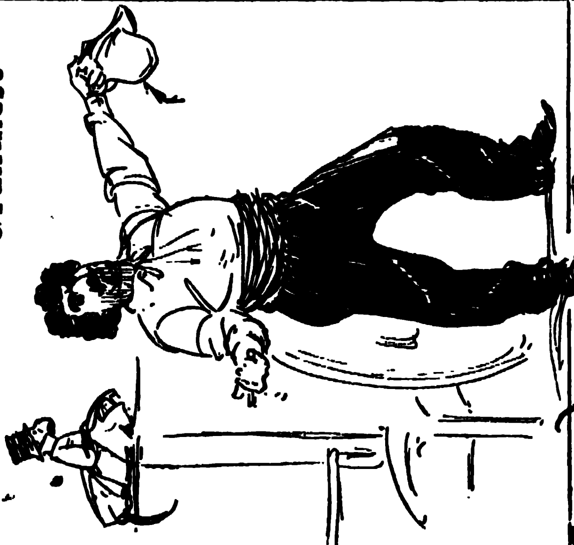
At this moment, Committee seething with excitement, enter Sir HENRY KIMBER. Members on both sides sniffed at him suspiciously. He was the man chiefly instrumental in bringing question of Redistribution before the last Parliament. Had been baroneted in recognition of his services. Had he further——?

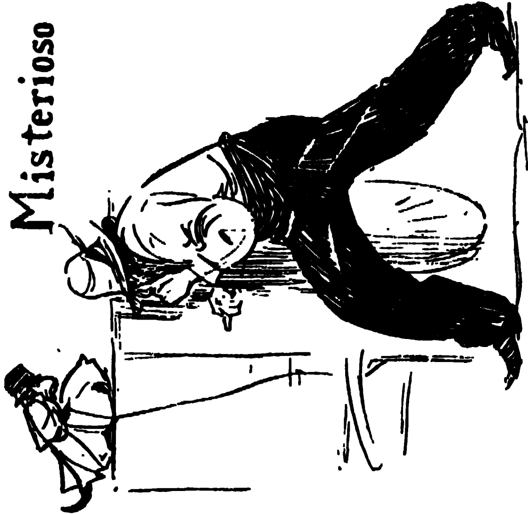
Members of acute sensibility could almost hear the £1200 jingling in his

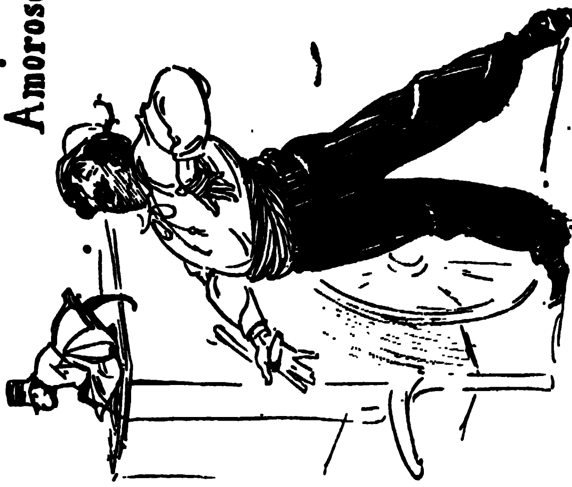


BLENHEIM CONSULTS BIRMINGHAM.

A pretty incident on the steps of the Throne.
(The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh and Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n.)

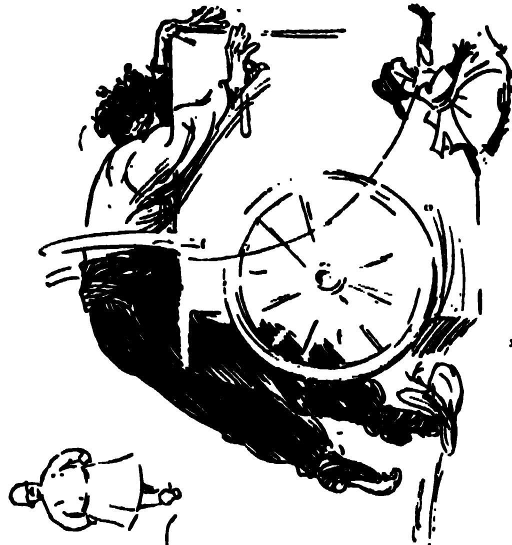












THE ORGAN-GRINDER WITH THE MUSIC IN HIS SOUL.



Ah Miss It, the great Golf Champion. | Miss Wun Lung Wing, President of the Ladies' Chopstick Hockey Club. | Double U Gee, the Cricket Champion. | O Kiki, the famous Halfee Backee. | San Dow, much strongee man. | Soo Mee Run, with some of his prizes.

["A new phase of China's awakening was shown a few weeks ago in the first great athletic meeting in that country."—*Daily Mail.*]

trousers pocket as, all unconscious of the nature of the storm, he unconcernedly walked up the floor.

Clancy rushed in where others feared to tread. "Does the hon. Member for Wandsworth," he sternly asked, "know anything of the disposition of this £1200? Has it in bulk or in part reached his private purse?"

Kimber tremblingly answered in the negative. He knew nothing either about the money or the Report of the Committee. All he knew was that Redistribution was a very desirable thing. Were hon. Members aware that, whilst the Borough he had the honour to represent ?

"Order! Order!" cried the Speaker sternly. Kimber sat down without having the opportunity of offering a few observations interesting to new Members on the inequality of Parliamentary representation.

In the end it was decided to postpone the vote so as to give Prince Arthur, coming to his own again, opportunity of throwing light on the mystery.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Friday.—"I beg to move that Mr. Caldwell do take the chair as Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means."

It was Henry Fowler who spoke. By fortuitous circumstance, Mr. Caldwell happened to be at hand. With agility pleasing in one of his long Parliamentary experience he hopped into the chair at the Table. If any meant to dispute with him the pride of place, they would find it appropriated.

But there was no competition. An hilarious cheer, long sustained, came from both sides, as the new Deputy Chairman stood erect. Even Irish Members, who regard a Chairman of Committees as something akin to a member of the Irish Royal Constabulary, cheered the statesman whom we really must not any longer allude to by the pet name "Jimmy."

For a dozen years he has been a Parliamentary institution, just like the Mace, perhaps even more like the brass-bound box on the Table. Being after all only human he has his frailties. One is tendency to deliver in level voice speeches of prodigious length. Whilst suffering these (though not gladly) House has recognised his honest intention and sterling qualities. It has chaffed him, but it likes and esteems him. His appointment to the Chair is counted among the best the keen discernment, the unconventional tendencies, of C.-B. have brought about.

"Thank you, Toby, dear boy, for your good wishes," the Deputy Chairman said, as I shook his hand. "Only, when you see me in the Chair through a long afternoon, think kindly of my suffering, having to sit and hear speeches I could myself have made much better, with more pointed application of the 'Seventhly.'"

Business done.—Debated proposal to include bread and cheese in the curriculum of free elementary schools.

ESPRIT DE CAR.

Motor Bus Service Notes.

["His uniform gives the motor bus conductor an almost military smartness and *esprit de corps.*"—*Weekly paper.*]

Lieut.-Conductor Tompkins has been court-martialed and dismissed the Motor Bus Service for conduct unbecoming to a conductor and a gentleman.

The Vanguards, 1st Batt. Union Jacks, 2nd Batt. Arrows and the Kingsways will be brigaded for service between the Old Kent Road and Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday.

An excellent day's hunting was enjoyed with the Rearguards' regimental pack on Tuesday. The meet was at Oxford Circus, where an old lady was immediately started and followed by the field at a sneezing pace down to Holborn. Here she doubled, and got away down Farringdon Street, where she weakened, but eventually ran to earth at Blackfriars Station.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., has been appointed honorary Colonel-in-Chief of the new County Council (Cornwall's Own) Asphyxiators.

Driver-General Biles, who retires to-day, entered the service as lamp-cleaner in 1816, was promoted for meritorious work against the pirate buses in 1865, and was subsequently mentioned in despatches in connection with the cheap expeditions to Wembley Park. He was transferred from the R.H.B.'s (Royal Horse Buses) to the Motor Service Corps in 1905, and served through the Twopenny Tube war of 1905-6.

We understand that Mr. Haldane is in favour of the abolition of the Motor Omnibus Army Corps introduced by Mr. Brodrick, while retaining the territorial system under which buses are known as Kilburns, Cricklewoods, &c. The horse busery will be superseded as inefficient (except for commissariat purposes), but a number of the vehicles will be converted and modernised for use in the other arm.

THE STORY OF PUDDEFOOT.

PUDDEFOOT met HITCHLING at the Piccadilly end of the Burlington Arcade, and they walked up Bond Street together. PUDDEFOOT's first words were, "Hallo, HITCHLING, where are *you* off to?" As a matter of fact, HITCHLING was trying to get to his Club in St. James's Street, but as PUDDEFOOT had seized hold of his arm without waiting for an answer to his question, and turned him (as I say) into Bond Street, it followed that HITCHLING's destiny was for the moment in other hands than his own.

Three times did PUDDEFOOT and HITCHLING walk up and down Bond Street . . . while PUDDEFOOT talked. Passers-by might have noticed that HITCHLING looked worried and bewildered, and that he made little timid efforts to withdraw his arm from the grasp of PUDDEFOOT. But, as they passed Conduit Street for the seventh time, it was noticeable that HITCHLING's brow cleared. He had the calm look that a man wears who has come to a great determination.

PUDDEFOOT had just made a play upon the name BOWLES, the point of it deriving in no small degree from the fact that the word Bowls, spelt so without the "e," connoted a pastime or recreation of some standing; and this he had followed up with some reference to "terminological inexactitude," the which indeed he spoke of as "the latest joke in the City." They were then approaching RENTON's the Hosier, and it so coincided that here PUDDEFOOT's comments upon the matter came to an end. Said PUDDEFOOT: "And where are *you* off to, old man?"

"I was just going into this place," said HITCHLING, "to buy a tie."

"How lucky," said PUDDEFOOT. "I shall be able to help you choose it. I should think a pale green, with— —"

"No, I must have a black one," said HITCHLING.

"Black?" said PUDDEFOOT. "Not mourning, I hope, HITCHLING?"

"Yes," said HITCHLING.

"My poor dear old fellow," said PUDDEFOOT, "my very dear old fellow, I need hardly say how sorry No near relation, I trust?"

"An old school-fellow," explained HITCHLING, as he paid for the tie.

"Dear, dear!" said PUDDEFOOT. "I had not heard - A contemporary of mine, too, I suppose? Tell me - "

"I hardly like to talk of it, PUDDEFOOT, if you don't mind."

"Quite so, quite so, my dear fellow. Your feelings do you credit. At least I may hope his death was an easy one?"

"Run over by an omnibus," said HITCHLING.

"Tut, tut!"

"In Bond Street," added HITCHLING.

A Victoria omnibus passed as he spoke, and with a slight jerk he had PUDDEFOOT off the curb.

Now HITCHLING was, as will have been gathered, a man of foresight; but in this case he had greatly under-estimated the effect of an omnibus upon PUDDEFOOT. There was a collision, certainly; but when the passengers had, on the advice of the conductor, resumed their seats (all except one man who said he was a doctor), PUDDEFOOT was picked up, and discovered to be suffering from nothing more vital than a contused forehead and the temporary loss of his senses.

All this was happening outside RENTON's the Hosier; and as HITCHLING turned away to hide a sigh he noticed an announcement in the window. After reading it carefully, an idea occurred to him, and he entered the shop again.

"I see," he said to the gentleman behind the counter, "that you undertake to exchange goods that do not meet with the approval of your customers?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied the man; and he went on to explain this and other causes that had helped to make RENTON's, as he said, the most famous hosier in the town.

"Quite so," assented HITCHLING. He drew a little package from his pocket, and sighed deeply. "Would you be so good, then, as to take back this black tie, and give me a dark grey one in exchange? I find I shall not want the black one after all."



A GOOD START.

New Maid Servant (just arrived). "MAY I HARSK IF MY YOUNG MAN 'AS CALLED YET?"

What he said. Taint of slavery.
What he meant. 'Tain't slavery.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

From yet another of *Mr. Punch's* young men—and the most illustrious of all—comes a new book; and what can *Mr. Punch* do but stretch out the hand of welcome? Everyone knows Titmarsh's *Paris Sketch Book*, with its wonderful history of *Cartouche* and other delectable matters. Everyone knows his *Irish Sketch Book*;—well, here is his *New Sketch Book* (courageous title!), never before published, but now gathered together with inspired industry by Mr. R. S. Garnett from the pages of the old and defunct *Foreign Quarterly Review* in 1842 and thereabouts, what time the great and genial giant was contributing to *Punch* "Mrs. Tickletoby's Lectures on English History" and other delightful papers. The *New Sketch Book*, which is published by Alston Rivers, deals, in the unmistakable Thackerayan manner, with Eugene Sue and Alexandre the Great, Hugo and Balzac, and other Continental authors of that day. *Mr. Punch* places it in his archives with reverence.

The High Toby (Methuen) has nothing to do with dog life personal to the companion of *Mr. Punch* or others. The name pertains to what were known in the good old times as Gentlemen of the Road or (in their temporary absence) as highwaymen. *Dick Ryder*, otherwise *Galloping Dick*, Mr. Marriott Watson's hero, is of the type glorified by an earlier novelist in the person of *Dick Turpin*. He was not the man to rob the poor or to raise his hand against a woman except in kindness. Adventurous by nature, adventures came to him by night and day, were briskly faced and are brightly told. It is not the kind of record to read right through from cover to cover, as there is necessarily something of sameness in the success of the hero in difficult circumstances. But to take up in a chance half-hour of leisure, it will be found most acceptable.

It was a gentle lady and her name was Alice Brown,
And she wrote a charming story of a small New England town;
Her publisher was Constable, that enterprising thing,—
But it isn't of her publisher I'm going for to sing.

She called her story *Paradise*, and told of simple folk
Who loved and smiled and suffered and bent to duty's yoke,
Of *Malory* and *Barbara* (who in the end was *Nick's*);
And books like these will cost you (net) exactly four-and-six.

France in the Nineteenth Century (Hutchinson) has no pretension to throw new light on the history of sixty eventful years. Mrs. Latimer hints at access to private papers, but frankly admits that she has drawn her materials from contributions to magazines and newspapers by contemporary writers, French, English, and American. The story is, indeed, a series of snapshots taken by chance passers-by. To Mrs. Latimer belongs the credit of arranging them with skill and dramatic effect. The volume dealing with facts has the charm of romance. Its interest is increased by a score of photograph portraits taken from life.

Mr. Keble Howard, author of *The Smiths of Surbiton* (Chapman and Hall), is, I feel sure, an admirer of Tennyson; so he will, perhaps, have heard this story: The poet had been spending an afternoon with a novel by Miss Somebody or Other, and for two hours he had not said a word to his family. Suddenly he threw the book down, jumped to his feet, and cried excitedly: "Hooray! I see daylight at last! Harry *is* going to be confirmed!" Now *The Smiths of Surbiton* is of course a much more interesting book than that. There is certainly a Harry in it, but he is grown up when we first meet him, and his confirmation days are over. We meet him, though, at a critical moment: when, if you will believe me, it is the nearest thing in the world whether he is or is not to be Baby Smith's godfather. Mr. Smith, too, himself is not without his adventure. He has a slight pain, and the doctor calls. The doctor feels his pulse and looks at his tongue. (I assure you I held my breath here.) "A trifle coated," he says. "Now I want you," he goes on, and I still held my breath quite tight, "I want you to unbutton your dressing-gown, and the coat of your pyjamas."

It is generally unfair to an author to quote extracts from his book; and I feel that I should be better employed quoting the stock phrases for any novel of Mr. Howard's—"delightful," "full of charm," "a delightful simplicity," "beautiful," "fragrant." Mr. Howard's first book, *Love and a Cottage*, deserved all that. But he has now become a man with a mission, the founder of a school, the apostle of simplicity and naturalness . . . . and he is overdoing it.

Wordsworth—one cannot get away from the poets—Wordsworth should serve as a warning for Mr. Howard. Wordsworth also was an apostle of simplicity. One day he sat down and wrote:—

"And Betty's most especial charge
Was: 'Johnny, Johnny, mind that you
Come home at once, whate'er befall,
Come home at once, nor stop at all;
My Johnny do, I pray you, do.'"

In a preface to this poem he says, "I never wrote anything with so much glee." Mr. Howard, on page 281, says, "It would be pleasant, at any rate for the writer"—to go on. He really *must* be careful! Only his sense of humour can save him now.

The publishers of that indispensable companion, *Who's Who*, indulge in a touch of subtle humour by issuing in identical form the *Medical Dictionary* (A. and C. Black). In *Who's Who* we gloat over particulars of our friends and acquaintances, including hints at their favourite recreation. In the *Medical Dictionary* we find nearly 900 closely printed pages, giving fullest range to any moderate man or woman's favourite frailty in the way of illness. All the ills that flesh is heir to are catalogued, traced to their origin, with sensible, lucid instructions for early treatment. It has been said (probably by a lawyer) that a man who in legal difficulties conducts his own case has a fool for a client. The axiom applies equally to a sick man who dispenses with the services of a doctor. But there frequently arise cases of urgency where prompt elementary treatment might lead to the saving of life. Regarded in the light of first aid to the wounded, the *Medical Dictionary* will be found invaluable. Dr. Comrie, who edits it, avows desire that it should occupy a position somewhere between that of a technical dictionary of medicine and one intended merely for the domestic treatment of commoner ailments. The scheme is admirably carried out.

First-class factory of an artfully technical mass article is seeking for a responsible, organize, capable Merchant, versed with building trade, for acceptation of a branch office. Epoch-making new proceeding of manufacturing. High profit provable.—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*

Esperanto again?

From Answers to Correspondents in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*.—"We should advise you to bathe the inflamed parts with a decoction of puppy heads twice daily." The bark would, of course, be removed before application.

During the absence of the "Duke of Lancaster" abroad, we understand that Sir Henry Fowler is to be left in sole charge of the Duchy.



Mistress (after many remonstrances on unpunctuality). "Really, Mary, you must try to be more punctual about serving the meals. When they are late, your Master blames *me*."

Mary. "Ah, well, Mum, of course *I* can go, but *you*'re a prisoner for life."

SOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

The Tribune invites its readers to write to the Editor telling how they fared at the hands of the advertisers in *The Tribune* columns. *Mr. Punch* has no doubts about those who advertise in his own pages, but he has been tempted to invite the Editors of other journals to put to proof the promises made in their advertisement columns, and forward results. He suppresses names.

"I used to suffer from weak eyes. In fact I could hardly keep them open, and I could not see beyond my own nose. On seeing Dr. Flyblister's advertisement in your columns I wrote for his booklet and eye ointment (price 7*s.* 6*d.*), and as a result I got my eyes opened. So strong are they now that I can even see through certain people."

"I bought a 'Fitwell' suit (made to measure, 13*s.* 6*d.*) as advertised in your paper. I was disappointed with it at first, for it did not fit me well. You will be delighted to learn that in the second week I had it on I was caught in a shower of rain, and now it fits me like a glove."

"I used to have the most provoking habit of always blushing. Seldom could I go to parties and dances, for whenever anybody spoke to me I always blushed and was much confused. On seeing in your advertisement columns that a certain gentleman would cure blushing for a small fee, I corresponded with him, and what I learned from him convinces me that I shall never blush again."

"You will be pleased to hear that I have already made 10*s.* with the help of that book you advertise, *A Million Ways to Make Money*. They say a penny saved is a penny earned, and so I have earned 10*s.* by not buying the book."

"I used to suffer very much from consumption. My four boys were eating me out of my house and home. I bought a bottle of Dr. Banting's Sure Cure and mixed a little of it with the boys' food. The results have been wonderful. There is little or no consumption in my house now."

"I had a rich aunt who was of a ruddy complexion and had been ailing for a long time. I was her heir, so you can readily understand how very sorry I was to see her lying ill for such a time. Doctors had given her up years ago, and yet the poor old lady lingered and suffered. I was determined to put an end to her pain, yet I could not discover the right means to do so. Just when I was giving way to despair I saw an advertisement in your paper stating that Dr. Rumbolt's Porous Pills would do for Purple Patients. I immediately presented her with a box, and before that box was finished all her sorrows and pains were over. You cannot imagine how thankful I am."

A NEW PROFESSION;

OR, WHAT TO DO WITH OUR SONS?

My hopeless boy! when I compare
 (Claiming a father's right to do so)
Your hollow brain, your vacuous air,
With all the time, and wealth, and care
 Lavished upon your mental trousseau;

Over my waistcoat's ample pit
 This ravening grief holds constant session—
That through a total lack of wit
You are deplorably unfit
 To follow any known profession.

No tutelary genius shone
 About your scalp in school or college;
Therefore you cannot be a Don,
Or anything reposing on
 A fundamental plinth of knowledge.

You never nursed the godlike spark
 That kindles men to serve the nation;
I trow that, as a Treasury clerk,
You never could have made your mark
 Or even earned a decoration.

The medical prelim. would mar
 Your hopes of making healthy men sick;
And, as for practice at the Bar,
Your gifts—I don't know what they are,
 But know, at least, they're not forensic.

You might, by steady cram, aspire
 To dodge the test of martial duty;
But you have shown no keen desire
To face the pom-pom's withering fire,
 And die for HALDANE, Home and Beauty.

Remains the Church, where you might seek
 A paltry income from the pew-rate;
Yet here, again, I find you weak
In certain graces, such as Greek,
 That go to make the perfect curate.

Still, there's the chauff—What's that I hear?
 You wish to say that, thanks to Heaven, you
Have found a suitable career
At some £300 a year
 Drawn from a grateful country's revenue?

My credulous son! Your faith would break
 The records of the Middle Ages!
Skilled work, and past your wits to fake,
Needs must he do who means to make
 Six of the best in weekly wages!

What's that? The House intends to treat
 Its private self to public payment?
Eventually hopes to meet,
By saving money on the Fleet,
 Its bills for bed and board and raiment?

Embrace me, boy! I felt afraid
 That you would never find your mission;
You knew no sort of craft or trade,
But here's your *métier* ready-made!
 You shall become a Politician!

My hopes for you, preposterous oaf,
 Were ashes; now to flame you fan 'em;
No need to toil or spin or chauff
When you can comfortably loaf,
 And touch £300 per annum.

Embrace your father! You shall see
 How well the prospect serves to stem his fear;
He'll stand his son the entrance fee,
And you shall join, a paid M.P.,
 The finest Club in either hemisphere.

O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT METER.

THERE is nothing that so much brings home to a man the responsibilities involved in the tenancy of a flat as the possession of an Electric Light Meter and the necessity for "reading" it every now and then. In the happy country district in which it is my privilege to spend a part of my time we proceed on an amiable system of mutual confidence. The producer of the light supplies me with all that I may require at a fixed sum for the year. He trusts me not to waste it in merely ostentatious illumination, and I return the compliment by hoping (often against hope) that his light will be adequate for all my nocturnal purposes. In London, however, so business-like are our methods and so rigid is our suspicion of one another, that we require a check, and thus it has come about that a meter has been fixed to the wall of the entrance passage which, in our domestic language, is somewhat boastfully described as the Hall.

Now to me, who know nothing about the internal economy of electric light, this meter is an object of mystery and terror. It is constructed mainly, I think, of metal, and possesses dials decorated with figures and made practical by hands. When I look at it my mind brings up by an irresistible association of ideas a man whose hands are black with oil, who wears a blue linen jacket, and whose conversation is of a highly technical quality to which my limitless ignorance yields an undeviating assent. I should no more dream of disputing the accuracy of his electric statements than I should question the judgment of Professor OLIVER LODGE if he told me that my kitchen was a hotbed of psychic manifestations, or should impugn the veracity of Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW if he informed me that his own continued existence afforded the best and, in fact, the only proof of the argument from design.

It seems, however, that my Electric Company—I use the pronoun not so much to imply that I possess the Company, as to show that the Company owns and exercises a right to demand my occasional cheques—it seems, I say, that my Company is inspired by fairness, and that its dealings with me are to be based on the strictest rectitude. It has recently furnished me with a card of printed instructions entitled "How to Read the Meter," and for some time past I have been laboriously occupied in endeavouring to master this new knowledge. "The Meter," I am told, "is read in the same way as a gas meter, the right-hand dial showing units, the second tens, the third hundreds, and so on." This statement is, no doubt, clear and illuminating (as all Electric Light statements ought to be), and I am quite prepared to admit that the language is plain almost to baldness. For me, however, it is useless, for I suffer from an incurable preliminary defect: I do not know how to read a Gas Meter.

Then follows a phrase which in its intensity is dramatic: "The figure to be taken is the one that the hand has last passed which will be the lowest numerically of those it is between." I merely pause here to suggest that "lower" would be more correct grammatically, and then I dash on breathlessly to learn that "there is no difficulty about this when the hand is clearly between two figures, but when it is over or nearly over a figure it is sometimes doubtful whether the figure has been passed or not." How true that is! Life is like that, and death, and all the other things that happen to ordinary men and women in their passage through this vale—but it appears to my obscure intelligence to have no special or direct application to Electric Light. After this



THE NEW CHAUFFEUR.

Mrs. Britannia. "NEARLY READY, HALDANE?"

Voice from underneath the Car. "ALL IN GOOD TIME, MUM. THISH 'ERE CAR TAKES A LOT O' THINKIN' OVER!"

["I am convinced that if I do anything in a hurry, I shall do it badly."—*From Mr. Haldane's Speech in the House, Thursday, March 8.*]



Sentimental Youth (to partner, shaken by a passing tremor). "OH, I HOPE YOU DON'T FEEL COLD?"
She. "NOT AT ALL, THANKS. ONLY 'THE GREY GOOSE WALKING OVER MY GRAVE.'"
Sentimental Youth (with effusion). "HAPPY GOOSE!"

I became involved in a maze. I failed entirely "to obtain the number of units used," for the diagrams and numerals had on my brain the numbing effect produced by illustrations of figure-skating. It was no comfort to learn that "representatives of the Corporation are supplied either with business cards or badges," and, finally, when I went out to inspect the actual Meter I realised that it had been fixed to the wall at an altitude of ten feet, and that without a step ladder (which I do not possess) it would be useless for me to endeavour to read it at all.

"MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD."

THE case of the young man called CRAZE, who recently fled from his cottage at Abertridwr because he heard raps on the wall, and is "completely broken down by his experiences" and refuses to go near the cottage again - is not so rare as some people seem to think.

JONES TERTIUS, happening, one day last week, to stand for a few moments in the passage outside the door of the Head's study, on the other side of which TOMPKINS minor was engaged in a discussion with the Doctor on the propriety of appearing in afternoon school wearing an imitation high collar manufactured out of cardboard, heard a succession of resounding raps. In a subsequent conversation TOMPKINS minor (who appeared broken by his experiences) said he hoped he might never visit the room again.

When rendering "*Dear heart, I only love thee*" to a party of friends at her semi-detached villa in the Brixton Road, Miss ELIZABETH SPINKS was interrupted by loud raps on the division wall, and in consequence completely broke down at the eighth bar ("Oh, could I gently whisper"). Miss SPINKS has since removed to Balham, and she refuses to go near her former residence.

When fulfilling a Bridge engagement a few nights ago, a gentleman of moderate means, during the course of the game, heard mysterious raps, apparently coming from beneath the table, and slightly anterior to his opponent's declaration. The gentleman came away completely broke by his experiences. He refuses to go near the house now.

What we are coming to.

FROM a Weekly Parliamentary Report in the near future: "Last Monday Mr. BROWN, the new Member for Blankborough, took the oath, his seat, and the first quarter in advance. He has not been seen since."

Asking an Impossibility.

WANTED, party to take forty gallons milk, more or less, twice daily.—*Scotsman.*

AN American paper ascribes to Mr. J. M. BARRIE the complaint that it is the English actor's desire to "get everything possible out of a line—to squeeze it dry." Our complaint is (not, of course, of Mr. BARRIE's own plays) that most lines require so little squeezing.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

The Appointment.

I.

Mr. Adrian Spilling, of the Education Office, to Miss Meta Bland.

(*By hand. "Wait reply."*)

My dear Girl,—What has happened? I waited for you from five minutes to three until twenty past four, when I had to go in order to show up in Whitehall for a little while. Where can you have been? It is not as if I had so much time to spare that it can be frittered away like this. Surely I wrote clearly enough—"Under the clock, Victoria, at three." I distinctly remember writing these words. Please let me have a line at any rate to say you are all right. Yours always, A.

II.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

(*By hand. "Wait reply."*)

My dear Adrian,—Do send me a word to say you are well, and that it was only some horrid office business that kept you. I am so nervous about you. I waited as you told me under the clock at Victoria, from five minutes past three (I could not possibly get there before) until four, and then I gave it up and went to Mrs. Legge's to tea, as I was compelled to do. Unless you had come and gone before I got there, I cannot have missed you, for I watched everybody that entered the station. These broken appointments are terribly wearing. I am tired out this evening, and quite unfit to dine at the Sergisons, where they always talk about Velasquez and show you sprigs of the true poet's laurel. Ever yours, M.

III.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

(*By hand. Answer to No. 1.*)

Dear Adrian,—I haven't the slightest idea what your letter means. I repeat that I waited under the clock at Victoria from five minutes past three until four. If you also were there you were invisible. I am relieved to find you are all right. Yours, M.

IV.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

(*By hand. Answer to No. 2.*)

Dear Meta,—It is inexplicable to me. I was certainly there, and as certainly you were not; and another afternoon has been lost. These things I simply cannot view with composure. Life is too short. I will let you know about Thursday as soon as I can, but my Chief seems to be inclined to resent my long absence to-day, and I shall have to be a little careful. Yours, A.

P.S.—It has just occurred to me that you may have been waiting at the London and Brighton part of the station. That, of course, would explain it, although how you could imagine me to mean that I cannot think.

V.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

Dear Adrian,—I have only just learned that there are two stations at Victoria. Considering how often I have been to Brighton lately, you surely might have been more explicit and said quite plainly that it was the other that you meant. It is all very foolish and disappointing. I should like to forget it. Yours, M.

VI.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

Dear Meta,—I should like to forget it too; but what you say simply bowls me out. I always looked upon you as one of the few women who have any intelligence. How you can say you did not know there was another Victoria passes my knowledge, when it was from there that we went on that awful visit to your aunt at Faversham. However, I shall know better next time. Yours, A.

VII.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

Dear Adrian,—I thought we went to Faversham from Charing Cross; but anyway I don't see why you are so bitter about poor Aunt Adelaide. I am sure she was very kind to you, and even let you smoke in the house, which no one was ever allowed to do before. It seems to me that since you knew all about there being two Victoria Stations you might have walked over to the other one to see if I was there. Yours, M.

VIII.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

Dear Meta,—I don't understand you at all about your Aunt. All the time we were there you were scheming to be out of doors, and I still remember your sigh of relief when the train started on the Monday morning; but now you take a directly opposite view. I suppose women are like this. As to coming over to the Brighton side to see if you were there, I never dreamed you could be so foolish as to make the mistake, and besides, if I had left my post I might have missed you. But do let us drop this wretched subject.

I am very sorry to say that I can't possibly take you to hear Hegedüs on Friday as we had planned. My Chief has asked me to dinner, and it amounts to a command. But I could come afterwards and take you home. Yours, A.

IX.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

Dear Adrian,—It doesn't in the least matter about Hegedüs, as Mr. Cumnor-Hall, who was here this evening when your note came, is going to take us. Please don't trouble to leave your party in order to fetch me home, as Mr. Cumnor-Hall has asked us to have supper afterwards. He is always so generous about things like that. Yours, M.

X.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

Dear Meta,—Of course you must do as you wish about Cumnor-Hall. I shall certainly not come to fetch you, as he is not the kind of man that I care about. Your sneer about my want of generosity is the cruellest thing I ever remember any one saying to me. When one has only £300 a year in a Government office and a very small private income, supper parties at the Savoy are not easy things. If you want luxuries like that it is a pity you ever made me love you. Yours, A.

XI.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

Dear Adrian,—You are most unkind and unfair. You know I did not mean to suggest that you were ungenerous. I think of you as the most generous man I know. And you ought to know that the last thing I should ever do would be to sneer at you. I don't sneer at any one, least of all at you. But that horrid Victoria Station affair seems to have made us both ready to misunderstand each other. Do let us have all Saturday afternoon somewhere and forget this stupid bad-tempered week. Ever yours, M.

XII.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

(*By hand.*)

My Darling Meta,—We will go to Kew on Saturday afternoon. I will come for you at half-past two. I hope you will think this little piece of enamel rather sweet. I do. Yours always, A.

The Yorkshire Post, in announcing a musical competition in Hull, says: "The judges are Minor Canon Dams, of Carlisle Cathedral, who has already had experience of this kind of work, and Mr. Bernard Johnson . . . whose ready wit may be trusted to supply the place of experience." Dare we imagine the following dialogue?—

Canon Dams (*with faint praise*). We have—ah—heard worse performances.

Mr. Johnson (*readily*). And better.

CHARIVARIA.

OWING to the defection of the Labour Members last week, the Government found themselves in a tight corner. They escaped, but only by the narrowest of majorities—204, in fact, all told.

The Old Age Pensions Bill which has been introduced into the House provides that conviction for an offence involving penal servitude shall be followed by forfeiture of the pension. We need scarcely say that pressure will be brought to bear on Members whose constituencies include an influential Hooligan element to secure the removal of this obnoxious restriction.

It is rumoured that the latest proposal in regard to the policing of Morocco is that the London County Council shall undertake the work.

The engagement of the King of SPAIN and Princess ENA of Battenberg is announced. This is a distinct *coup* for our newspapers, which for some time past have been referring to the probability of such a match.

Some admirers presented SACCO, on the completion of his fast, with a diamond monkey. The curio is said to have been picked up at a recent Freak Dinner of Kimberley merchants.

By the way, "Ignoramus" writes to ask us whether a Freak, Dinner is a Dinner given by Freaks to Freaks. "Ignoramus" knows more than his name implies.

The Rivers Committee are proposing to abolish return tickets on the L.C.C. boats. This seems a mistaken policy. Lots of the return-halves must have been deliberately sacrificed.

Police-Constable ROBERT LOVELL, who has just retired, took 142,976 dogs to the Battersea Home, but not all on one string.

"The Ski Club of Great Britain" has come into existence, and a lady of the old school writes to us expressing surprise that there should be a sufficient number of aeronauts in our island to warrant the formation of such a society. We have explained to her that the word is pronounced *She;* and our correspondent now writes to protest against the New Woman and all her clubs.

A New Zealand gentleman who is making a tour of the world on foot has, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, met with marvellous adventures. He was arrested in Russia and Turkey as a spy, "and elsewhere has been fired at and attacked by wolves and bears."

Pessimists should note, for all they may say about the degeneracy of our age, that the idea of giving compensation where it is a moral but not a legal obligation is making steady headway. The number of periodicals of the lighter sort which offer prizes and even pensions to their readers is constantly increasing.

MISCHA ELMAN has declared to an interviewer that he loves everything English, and wants to become an Englishman. He also wishes that his father would talk English, and it is not impossible that the youngster may send him to a night-school.

A fillip has been given by the new French President to a national sport. He is said to have remitted the fines imposed on 592 pedestrians for being knocked down by cabmen in the streets of Paris.

It is suggested that, as a means of raising the funds required for the payment of Members of the House of Commons, a new class of Paying Peers shall be instituted. There should be no difficulty about this.

The statement that flowers will shortly be exhibited for sale on the platforms of the electrified District Railway, the atmosphere of which is now so much improved, compels one, in fairness to the Central London Railway, to mention that Twopenny Tuber Roses have been a popular article of commerce for many years past.

The Police cannot of course be ubiquitous, but we are sorry to read that, on the opening day of the Aldwych and Islington Tramway, £71 was taken.



Near-sighted Old Gentleman (throwing penny to what he takes to be a pavement artist). "THERE! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE DONE 'EM YOURSELF; BUT IT MUST BE DOOSID COLD SITTING THERE!"

THE YELLOW PATRIOTS.

(A Fragment from some Future Historian.)

....IT may well seem incredible nowadays that the Governments of these three Great Powers should suddenly find themselves on the brink of a war which none of them had ever regarded as desirable, or even possible. Yet such was the fact.

They had been carrying on protracted negotiations, in which, as usual, one side had been pressing for more than it expected to obtain, while the other refused much that it was prepared eventually to concede. But the points at issue were not considered by the two parties chiefly concerned as at all worth fighting about, while our own country was only indirectly interested in the dispute.

In those days, however, each of the three countries possessed an institution known, for some reason that cannot now be stated with any confidence, as the "Yellow Press." This was conducted by a small but influential section of journalists, to whose prescient sagacity it had been evident from the first that war was absolutely inevitable. Their patriotism was beyond all question, though it would seem to have restricted itself to the welfare of the particular journal to which they happened to have attached themselves. Thus they held it lawful and indeed praiseworthy to announce, in the gigantic "headlines" which commended themselves to the somewhat crude taste of that period, the most alarming discoveries of infamous designs of this or that foreign potentate against the Peace of Europe. That such exposures were based on the most insufficient evidence and might have dangerous consequences was considered immaterial, provided that they increased the prestige and circulation of the paper that published them—which, however incomprehensible it may appear to a modern mind, was undoubtedly their effect.

It is always difficult to induce any people to concern itself seriously about foreign politics, and for some time any such efforts produced nothing but a languid and temporary sensation. Popular attention in England just then was mainly absorbed by the more engrossing topic of "Cup ties" (a national diversion or sport of which no precise description has come down to us)—while on the Continent the feeling was so far from bellicose that in both countries there was a growing reaction against the burden of military service.

Consequently, before each nation could be inspired with the martial impulse, it was necessary to convince its population that they were in actual and imminent peril of attack. Excellent work in this direction was done by the enterprise of the Yellow Press in publishing reports of "Secret Understandings," "Ominous Speeches" by Great Personages, and "Plans of Invasion," all of which, it is true, were contradicted as soon as the paper had made what was termed a "scoop."

But the citizens in three Capitals became gradually imbued with the impression that War was bound to come, and that, on the whole, it could not come at a better time, since their Yellow Press assured them that their own particular country was in such a state of preparation as to be practically certain of victory.

The average citizen, too, was deeply incensed by the offensive gibes directed against his own nation by the journalists of a rival country. These attacks, being written in a foreign tongue and generally appearing in obscure periodicals, might have escaped his notice altogether, but for the vigilance of the Yellow foreign correspondents, who forwarded faithful translations at once—simply to illustrate "the trend of opinion."

Notwithstanding all this, the negotiations muddled along quite uneventfully, until the Yellow Press was actually suspected of being "unduly alarmist,"—which hurt both its feelings and its circulation.

And at length something happened. Possibly there was a slight hitch in the diplomatic proceedings—at all events a keen-eyed correspondent observed that a certain statesman, as he left the council, wore an anxious expression and his hat at a more acute angle of inclination—which portentous intelligence was cabled home at once.

Whereupon the Yellow Press drew the obvious inference, in enormous letters (of the size generally reserved for a "Society Scandal"), of "Impossible Demands," "Hopeless Impasse," and "Grave Crisis"—and made another scoop.

This was followed up by flamboyant articles on "Foreign Aggression," "Insular Insolence," and "The National Dignity," with suggestions that any Government which showed so little sense of its responsibilities as tamely to submit to such treatment must be composed of traitors who deserved instant impeachment. It was also reported (incorrectly, as afterwards appeared) that the other nation was rapidly mobilising its forces.

By this time the people in each country had realised the fact that they were in for a big war, and that, as their Yellow Press exhorted them, it was their duty, as patriots, to insist that their own Government should strike the first blow.

So the Man in the Street demonstrated, and sang national anthems, and waved inexpensive flags, and cheered outside the office of his favourite newspaper—without more than the very vaguest notion of what he wanted to go to war about.

In fact the excitement reached such a pitch that the three Governments, each fearing that they would not be able to resist popular pressure much longer, sent their Ambassadors frequent and urgent despatches, which, being in cipher, were interpreted by the Yellow Press as containing "Ultimatum," "Time Limit Fixed," or "Recall of Our Ambassador,"—with an intelligent anticipation quite remarkable in the circumstances.

Then came a day when the patriotic proprietors and staffs of the Yellow Press of each capital had the gratification of being summoned to a private audience by their respective Premiers.

What took place at these interviews is still largely a matter for historical conjecture but there seems reason to believe that our own Prime Minister, at all events, began by informing his hearers that the Powers reluctantly recognised that, unless the present highly inflamed state of international feeling subsided within the next twenty-four hours, they would have no alternative but to resort to the arbitrament of the sword. Which the representatives of the Yellow Press, aware of the extreme unlikeliness of any such subsidence, and the colossal "boom" that a war was certain to effect in their circulations, received with decorous expressions of concern and regret. The Prime Minister, after pointing out that a campaign on so gigantic a scale and of such protracted duration as was to be apprehended could hardly fail to prove almost as disastrous to the victors as to the vanquished, mentioned that the three Powers had agreed upon a plan which would reduce the carnage to a minimum, and might, he trusted, meet with the present company's approval.

It had been decided that, in the lamentable event of war, the belligerent forces should be composed entirely of those patriotic and high-spirited pressmen in each country who felt so keenly that the national honour could be vindicated only by blood—in short, of such gentlemen as he now had the honour of addressing. He added that, although the conditions of the conflict were still under discussion, he thought he might promise that they should have the advantage of being equipped with the new short rifle, and as many of the latest pattern of quick-firing guns as they might require.

Then he remarked that the eye of England would be upon them, and that he wished them luck—after which they withdrew.

Now they were none of them wanting in either moral or



WORKING OUT THEIR OWN SALIVATION.

THIS IS NOT A FEAST OF "FUNERAL BAKED MEATS." IT IS A PARTY OF HYGIENIC ENTHUSIASTS, FOLLOWING THE SYSTEM BY WHICH ALL FOOD IS MASTICATED EIGHTY-FIVE TIMES AND THEN ALLOWED TO REMAIN IN THE MOUTH TILL IT DISAPPEARS BY INVOLUNTARY ABSORPTION.

physical courage. They had faced unflinchingly the prospect of their country plunging into a desperate and appalling struggle. They were sternly resolved to see it through to the bitter end—but they had not calculated upon seeing it through anything but their office windows. For few of them had had any regular military training, while several were getting on in years. Moreover, although they entertained the highest respect for one another as smart journalists or up-to-date proprietors, each had his private doubts whether the others were precisely the kind of men who would stand more than a merely sporting chance in modern warfare. But, if they felt that a greater responsibility had been put upon them than they should justly have been called upon to undertake, it never for a moment occurred to them to shirk it. They were quite prepared to turn out and do their best—as soon as the necessity should arise.

And, although we have no positive evidence to that effect, it may be safely assumed that both their French *confrères*, to whom a duel was of course an ordinary professional incident, and the elderly and spectacled fire-eaters of the German Yellow Press exhibited at least equal ardour and determination, and that the call to arms would have found them no less ready—had it come.

But, by a merciful and wholly unexpected interposition of Providence, that call never did come. That very evening the welcome tidings was flashed to each capital that "the tension was relaxed," and that the situation showed "marked symptoms of improvement." It was found that the report that an ultimatum had been issued was exaggerated, and that there was no foundation for the statement that any Ambassador had been recalled—indeed, the crisis might be considered as already at an end.

Thus, at the eleventh hour, to quote from eloquent Yellow leading articles of the period, "the gates of the Temple of Janus opened once more" ('closed' would have been the more correct expression, but the meaning was obvious) "and the horizon of three great nations was no longer overcast by the sinister shadow of the goddess Bellona." The writers added that, "considering how essential it was in the interests of European Commerce and Civilisation to avoid anything that might lead to international friction, they could not too strongly deplore and condemn the miserable policy of 'nagging' and 'pinpricking' pursued by a certain class of foreign journalists—a policy which—but for the calm good-sense and moderation displayed by the entire Press of their own beloved country—might easily have produced consequences which they could not contemplate, even then, without a shudder!"

F. A.

Parliamentary Intelligence.

SCOTCH and Welsh M.P.'s who have in the past complained much of the flatness of their London surroundings as compared with their own mountainous districts, are rejoiced that Arthur's Seat has been moved to the City and that Snowden is to be found at Westminster.

The Member for the Scotland Division of Liverpool desires it to be known that he is in favour of the Tay-Payment of Members.

"COMFORTABLE board, near sea. Apply, &c." *The Schoolmaster.*

'Useful' would seem a better adjective. For ourselves, though, we have always felt that the whole romance of being Crusoed would be the fortuitous lighting upon a plank or two with which to build the raft.

LAST week in Bouverie Street we heard a rather loud tie proudly described as "*le dernier cri.*" If we hear it again we shall have to warn its proprietor that its next cry will indeed be its last.



Ida (very keen). "I say! Aren't you following? You *are* a slacker! What's the excuse this time?"
Ethel (otherwise). "Well, dear, it's Lent *so I'm giving up Beagling!*"

A SUDDEN SPRING.

(With acknowledgments to the Special Correspondents of our Contemporaries.)

Hammersmith. A combination of meteorological circumstances, together with the establishment of a formidable anticyclone over France, has quite transformed the Broadway. I took record of the first ten men I met; three had discarded overcoats, four were carrying them over their arms, and the other three were soldiers. A curious result of the fine weather is the absence of puddles in the roadways.

Putney.—The Atlantic disturbance which had threatened our islands has sheered off to the north, and it is no doubt to this happy circumstance that Putney to-day owes its share of the 500,000 square miles of sunshine which we are at present enjoying. The neighbouring parish of Fulham is, I understand, equally infected with the glorious weather conditions. I took stock of the first ten women I met; seven of these were without furs, one wore a feather boa, and two clung to squirrels. I *think* I saw a cuckoo, but it had passed round the corner before I could verify my observation. However, I certainly saw one man wearing a strawberry in his button-hole; you may take this as official.

Paddington.—The day opened here with a cloudless sky. Expressions such as, "Isn't it a lovely day?" "Pity to be indoors on such a morning," and, "My! ain't it 'ot!" were heard on all sides. Many people living near the Parks woke to the twittering of the lark, and breakfasted to the liquid flute-like tones of the blackbird or thrush.

I understand that a gentleman was seen in Kensington talking to a pedestrian with a pith helmet. I personally took note of the first ten men I met; three had shed their chest-protectors, two wore cummerbunds, and five were down with sun-stroke.

How happy could I be with both.

We gather from *The Birmingham Daily Post* that the Headmaster of the Holywell County School is strongly of opinion that the daffodil, and not the leek, should be the Welsh national emblem, and he asks, "Since both are called 'cenin' in Welsh, why not wear the prettier and the more odoriferous?"

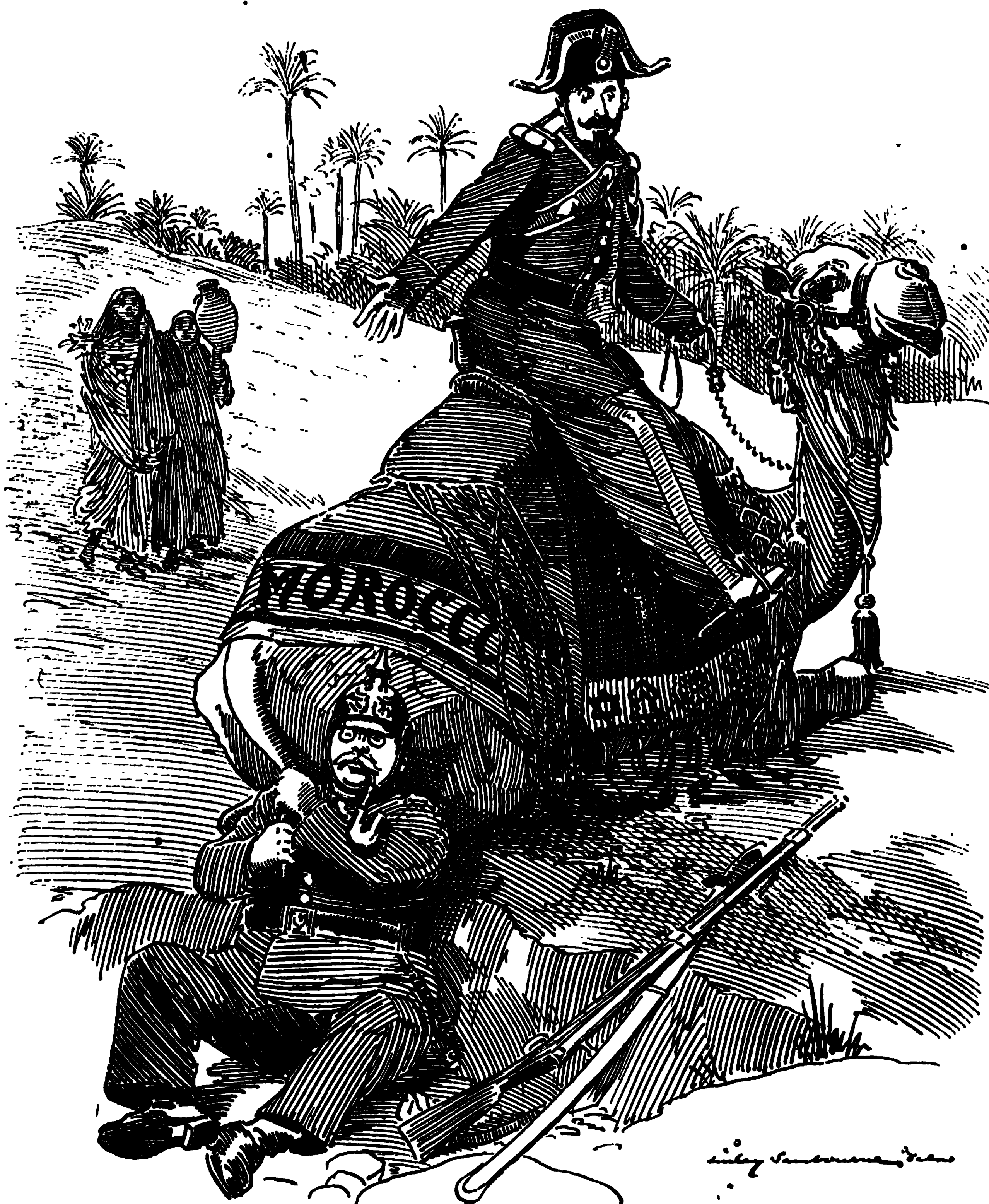
This means wearing both daffodil *and* leek, and is perhaps the best way out of the difficulty (since both are called "cenin").

More Professional Candour.

"French Master requires French Lessons."
Bath Herald.

"Watch Dog (Cross Russian Retriever), strayed on the 18th February, if found in any person's possession after three days will be prosecuted."—*Scotsman.*

But would not this make the poor dog even more cross?



SITTING TIGHT.

French Gendarme. "J'Y SUIS!" German Gendarme. "J'Y RESTE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Mar. 5.—C.-B. back after week's absence through illness. Returns to find other seats of the mighty vacant for similar reason. PRINCE ARTHUR still tarries on his way from the triumphant poll. DON JOSÉ also on sick list. Epidemic spread to Lords, where the Leader has not been seen for fully a week. Not unnatural feeling of depression prevalent. Ordered arrangements of business tumbled about. Were to have had field night on Fiscal Question, specially arranged for benefit of PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ. C.-B., always thinking of others, felt certain they would welcome opportunity of saying something definite as to their personal position in altered circumstances of the day at Westminster. Accordingly, primed KITSON with resolution affirming sacredness of Free Trade principles and challenging contradiction.

Nothing new in this procedure. Familiar to *Bombastes Furioso* when Utopia was still numbered among the kingdoms of the earth. Impossible to conceive two persons more remote in identity than the General commanding *Artaxaminous's* troops and Member for Colne Valley. Yet KITSON's resolution standing on Order paper is but a prose rendering of the distich *Bombastes* hung with his boots on a tree:

> Who dares this pair of boots displace
> Must meet *Bombastes* face to face.

Days gone by when, equally pertinacious Liberals insisting on submitting analogous resolutions, PRINCE ARTHUR and his men-at-arms filed forth from the lists. By accident result nevertheless



"Who dares this pair of boots displace
Must meet JAMES KITSON face to face."
(The Member for Colne Valley.)



"CLEAR THINKING."
(Rt. Hon. R. B. H-ld-ne.)

the same. Neither PRINCE ARTHUR nor DON JOSÉ would be present if original plan carried out and Free Trade Resolution submitted on Thursday. C.-B. having arranged the little performance for special benefit of the two right hon. gentlemen, it would be foolish to proceed with it in their absence. Accordingly, motion to-night indefinitely deferred.

Meanwhile sympathy of House centred upon KITSON. Having, in obedience to original programme, hung his boots on the tree, he walks round it in his stockinged feet, cursing the fate that brought a naturally peaceful Baronet into such a fray.

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates.

Tuesday night. Odd how from time to time chance turn of debate makes startling disclosure of the character of men with whom we have thought ourselves long familiar. Here's BALCARRES, for example, been in House these ten years. As Hon. Sec. of Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings appropriately, during declining years of late Ministry, buttressed it as Junior Lord of the Treasury. Threw himself with energy of middle-aged youth into performance of fascinating duties of Whip. In short, has buzzed about pretty prominently. Yet only this afternoon did the House catch glimpse beneath a studiously placid demeanour of the volcano of a passionate nature, instantly responsive to cry for help for the weaker side.

It was ACLAND-HOOD who inadvertently but directly led up to disclosure. It appears that SYDNEY BUXTON been trying to do something iniquitous in matter of nomination of Post Office Committee. A long involved story, occupying in development freshest two hours of the sitting. In brief it came to this, that, early negotiations for nomination of Committee breaking down, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL placed on paper a motion leaving its nomination to Committee of Selection.

That on face of it eminently impartial arrangement; but perfidy lurks behind its simplicity. The PINK 'UN told how, happening to be hovering about the Bar, he "spied" SYDNEY BUXTON handing to the Clerk of the Table half a sheet of notepaper. Naturally suspicious, he made his way to the Table, asked what the document contained, "and," he cried, holding out the Orders of the Day and shaking them in the face of the quivering POSTMASTER-GENERAL, "it was this," indicating the amendment aforesaid.

This dramatic interposition of his ordinarily impassive Chief moved BALCARRES. In addition he had a personal grievance that evidently seared a haughty spirit.

"We Whips," he said, "are commonly alluded to as the ordinary channels of communication."

No one who had yet spoken had made the allusion. Evidently somewhere at some time it had cropped up, causing effusion of bad blood. More than once in the course of his speech BALCARRES, with increasing bitterness, repeated the phrase. If they had called him an equator it might have been meant disrespectfully but would not have mattered. "A channel of communication," and an ordinary channel at that, was more than trained patience could stand.

In a fine passage, glowing with scorn, BALCARRES, having crumpled up SYDNEY BUXTON, turned on unoffending C.-B., who had ventured to offer a few remarks, and with threatening forefinger, reminiscent of *Lochiel's* interlocutor on the eve of Culloden, bade him beware of the day when the Lowlands should meet him in battle array.

"We," he proudly said, "can be voted down. But the findings of your Committee will be discredited in advance."

Here the channel of communication abruptly dried up, and the House, grateful for relief from terrible tension, hurried forth to the Division Lobby.

Business done. Storm in a teacup. Objection taken to POSTMASTER GENERAL'S procedure in getting Select Committee appointed. C.-B., having scored a majority of 201, gracefully yields to wishes of minority, and peace reigns at Westminster.

Friday night. The Aliens Act come home to roost. Has dealt decided back-hander at Parliamentary week-ending. Hon. Members seem to be especial objects of suspicion on part of agents administering it. Attention is not even confined to sitting Members. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, attempting to land after enjoying a breath of that briny which old associations make indispensable to the pleasure of life, was stopped at the gangway and asked if he were the possessor of £5 in lawful cash. The CAP'EN, his vocabulary not exhausted even after an electoral campaign in the City, made suitable reply.

Sir JOSEPH LEESE, taking up the curdling story, recently made the House's flesh creep by narrative of his personal experiences. Coming home from brief visit to Continent, his eyes brightened by gleam of cliffs at Dover, his patriotic breast inflated with English air blowing off the Downs, he was stopped by what he described as "a little gentleman in French uniform," who inquired whether he was an Englishman.

An artist, desirous of varying the traditional type of John Bull, might do worse than present a portrait of the Recorder of Manchester. For a moment startled by the question, he gazed speechless over the head of his interlocutor. Then he let him have it straight.



SO LIKE A DESTITUTE ALIEN.

"'Am I an Englishman?!!!' Who the what the—why the !!!! Never w's so 'nsulted 'n m' life!!!"

(Sir J-s-ph L-se.)

Shortly after, the shrivelled remains of "the little gentleman" being decently removed, another hapless man, this time in ship's uniform, came up and asked, "Are you a British subject?" [*Curtain.*

In their zeal for administering the Act these inquiring gentlemen are no respecters of persons. Except EVANS-GORDON, no Member of last Parliament worked harder to pass Aliens Bill than HOWARD VINCENT; and he too, coming home after taking his walks abroad in Boulogne, found himself *suspect.* Unlike JOSEPH LEESE who, perhaps not saying exactly what he meant, protested it was "degrading to be asked if he were an Englishman," HOWARD VINCENT gloried in the misunderstanding. There is in truth something in his martial figure, his piercing eye, his war-worn moustache, that suggests the foreign Field-Marshal. Had he been privileged, as on historic occasion ST. JOHN BRODRICK was, to wear military uniform in the company of the KAISER and his Colonels, he would have seemed so much at home that no bystander would have suspected he came from Sheffield.

In the misunderstanding on board the packet-boat he discerned fresh testimony to distinction of looks and manner. He regretted that the learned Recorder of Manchester, returning to his native land, should have been, even for a moment, regarded as an undesirable Alien. For himself, he had no complaint to make.

That all very well in a particular case. But the annoyance indicated in other instances is a serious blot on the pleasure of week-ending. "Moreover than which," one result of the passing of the Act has been the abolition of third-class return tickets to the Continent. This, coming on top of refusal of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to reintroduce franking, and the dwindling quantity of the shilling dinner provided by the Kitchen Committee, is calculated to make some younger sons in Opposition Camp reconsider their position.

Business done.—Talk about Agricultural Compensation.



COACHING THE MINISTERIAL BOAT.

"It's a clinking good crew and amazingly well together."

(Mr. R. C. L-hm-nn.)

A Cruel Blow.

LADY BLEW THE WHISTLE.

THREE POLICEMEN INJURED.

Daily News Headlines.

A Chance for Black-listers.

"LAPPER (Experienced) Wanted."

Birmingham Daily Mail.

THE whole world, according to *The Daily Express*, is going mauve mad. Another fashion authority, however, insists that not mauve but something nearer pink is the correct spring shade, and doubtless the world will now go rose madder.



Master to fair American, who has just ridden into the middle of the pack. "DOES NOT YOUR HORSE KICK HOUNDS?"
Fair American. "THAT'S SO. I RECKON YOU'LL WANT TO MOVE 'EM AWAY!"



"What an ass old Brown is!" "Oh, I don't know. He's got far more brains than appear on the surface."

ARE JEWELS MALIGNANT?

[In a lecture delivered at the Westminster Palace Hotel on "Occultism in Jewels" Madame Cavalier, an Indian lady, said that jewels were not mere lifeless lumps of crystal, but possessed a soul and sex, and were capable of influencing those who wore them.]

Mr. F. Tobias Crackit writes from Dartmoor, as follows:

May I be permitted cordially to endorse Madame Cavalier's observations regarding the malign influence exerted by some gems upon their wearers? I can testify to the truth of her statements from personal experience. A combination of amethysts and pearls, says Madame Cavalier, is very dangerous. It is. I once had an amethyst and pearl scarf-pin and was fool enough to wear it. I say "fool" because I knew it would be simply tempting fortune to venture out in that amethyst and pearl pin. But vanity overcame my better judgment.

It looked really rather nice, and gave to my appearance just that finish which marks the perfectly dressed man.

I was thinking of returning home when I was accosted, in a grossly insulting manner, by a total stranger, who claimed my scarf-pin as his property and intimated that I had acquired it by dishonest means. I was unable to convince him or the policeman he summoned that the pin was an heirloom, descended to me from my mother's side of the family, and the experience was altogether most unpleasant. It took me quite a long time to work off the disagreeable effects of this monstrous accusation.

On several other occasions I have suffered cruel misfortune from causes which could only be attributable to the diabolical malevolence of some jewel which happened to be upon my person, and for the present, at any rate, upon the recommendation of a member of the Judicial Bench, to whom, not without some reluctance, for I have a horror of ignorant superstition, I confided my trouble, I have abandoned the wearing of precious stones altogether.

I have long been a believer in the theory put forward by Madame Cavalier that certain stones have sex and are capable of propagating their own kind. I have several diamonds interred in my back garden, but to achieve results from which reliable data could be obtained more stones are required than I possess. If any of your readers are interested in this truly fascinating branch of mystic science I shall be happy to include a few large and flawless gems (sex immaterial) in the experiments upon which I hope to engage, when I have completed the geological observations at present demanding my whole attention.

Salaries for Members.

A difficulty has arisen in regard to the proposed payment of Members. It has been pointed out by a student of the speeches of Mr. Lloyd-George and others on Education, that, where grants are made from public moneys, the Government must and shall exercise control over the expenditure of such grants. This reminder has created a very painful impression.

A Holocaust of Olympians.

"During the shooting in the Gwalior State the Prince of Wales bagged nine tigers and three pantheons."

Western Mail, Cardiff.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

The *début* of Marko Karameloff, the Bulgarian conductor, with his orchestra of seventy-five trained instrumentalists, attracted a large and fashionable audience to the Euterpe Concerts Hall last Saturday night. In directing the performance without a *bâton* M. Karameloff resembles other notable conductors of the day; what honourably distinguishes him from his talented *confrères* is that he has achieved such a complete control over his men that they are able to dispense with instruments altogether. The results achieved inevitably fall somewhat short in actual sonority of those with which ordinary concert-goers are familiar, but so convincing is the pantomime of the performers that, with the aid of a full analytical programme, the intelligent amateur finds no difficulty in following every bar of the music.

M. Karameloff's gestures, moreover, are extraordinarily suggestive in their picturesque intensity. Thus to indicate a *pianissimo* he crouches down on all fours; when a passage in contrary motion occurs he stands on his head; and at a *sforzando* his whole frame undergoes a convulsion which leaves nothing to be desired. The programme of the first concert included the *Kaisermarsch*, the overture to *Rienzi*, the *Walkürenritt*, and Strauss's *Heldenleben*, and by the unanimous testimony of those present a more picturesque and gymnastic rendering of these masterpieces was never given in London. One great advantage of the method of inaudible performance is so patent as hardly to deserve mention. It is that no constraint is put upon the exercise of the conversational instinct amongst the audience, and on Saturday night the uninterrupted ripple of talk in the auditorium formed a most charming *obbligato* accompaniment to the spirited contortions of the instrumentalists.

It remains to be added that M. Karameloff and his band are fully alive to the great additional attraction lent to music by the dress and bearing of its executants. M. Karameloff, who is a man of colossal build, and endowed with a magnificent *chevelure* of terra cotta hue, wears a long black velvet frock-coat, violet accordión-pleated pantaloons and a Purple Emperor butterfly tie of gigantic dimensions. The wood wind, by a happy device, are arrayed in Lincoln-green doublets, the trumpeters in scarlet zouave jackets—in short, every section of the orchestra is clad in an appropriate uniform. Thus, their performance not only affords perfect relief to the ear, it appeals irresistibly to the eye as well. An especial interest, moreover, attaches to their visit, as it serves to illustrate in the most convincing way that conception of Greek "orchēsis" so eloquently described by Mrs. Marcelle Azra Hincks in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and foreshadows the advent of that happy time when all musical performances will rest, in their final appeal to the senses, on a correct application of the principles of Jiu-jitsu.



Result of Tompkyns's attempt to create an impression by "vaulting lightly into the saddle" according to his riding instructions.

In no calling is hereditary talent so conspicuously displayed as in that of music, and in no family is this characteristic more signally illustrated than in that of Professor Bilger, the famous Wallachian composer, conductor, and pianist. Himself the son and grandson of distinguished musicians, he has transmitted his talent to a large and increasing family. Boleslas Bilger, his eldest son, who, only three seasons back, excited the raptures of the fashionable world as the infant Paderewski, has now developed into a robust *virtuoso*, with so magnificent a bass voice that he is seriously thinking of taking to the operatic stage. Hunyadi Bilger, who owns to being fifteen, is a violoncellist of Trans-Caspian reputation, and is able to cantillate in no fewer than fourteen languages, including Lithuanian, Pomeranian, and the Romansch of the Grödnerthal. Hanusch and Fritzi Bilger (twins), aged twelve and a half, have achieved a unique position by their wonderful joint performance on the same instrument—the double-bass—which recently led Signor Boito to eulogize them in a witty letter beginning "*A propos de Bottesini.*" Parsifal Bilger, rising eleven, is a master of the Saxophone, and passing over Eugen Porpora, Eudoxia Seraphina, and Max Gregorowitch (nine, eight, and six), who are all addicted to instruments of percussion, we may mention that the latest addition to the family, the baby Brünnhilde Bilger, though as yet unable to walk, exhibits a marked preference for the music of Debussy over that of all other composers. Her *début*, which is expected to take place in May, is looked forward to with the keenest apprehension.

An interesting *plébiscite* on the subject of the best diet for singers has recently been conducted by our contemporary *The Lyre*, which publishes in its current issue replies from several leading singers and musicians. Perhaps the most startling communication is that of Mr. Burbery Quantock, the famous tenor, who writes: "I never sing better than immediately after a hearty meal of boiled beef, suet dumplings, and marrowfat peas; but it is always dangerous to generalise from individual cases." Madame Lorna Butler, the impressionist soprano, recommends a light lunch of banana-fritters and lime-juice before an evening concert, and M. Hugo Morella advocates port wine, diluted with soda-water, and helped down by cracknels. Mr. Plunkitt Brown, the renowned Hibernian basso and banjoist, writes the following characteristic letter: "Though personally a follower of Dr. Abernethy, I do not wish to impose my views on others. But there is no doubt that golden syrup is good for the *cantabile* style, that Kümmel taken with oysters is dangerous, and that, in order to obtain perfect control of the high G, one should never ride a horse of less than sixteen hands."

HOW TO BE AN AUTHOR.

Mr. Punch, having read the latest book on the way to write for the Press, feels that there is at least one important subject not properly explained therein: to wit, the Covering Letter. He therefore proceeds to supplement this and similar books. . . .

. . . It is, however, when your story is written that the difficulties begin. Having selected a suitable editor, you send him your contribution accompanied by a covering letter. The writing of this letter is the most important part of the whole business. One story, after all, is very much like another (in your case, probably, exactly like another), but you can at least in your covering letter show that you are a person of originality.

Your letter must be one of three kinds: Pleading, Peremptory, or Corruptive. I proceed to give examples of each.

I. The Pleading Letter.

199, *Berkeley Square, W.*

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have a wife and seven starving children; can you possibly help us by accepting this little story of only 18,000 (eighteen thousand) words? Not only would you be doing a work of charity to one who has suffered much, but you would also, I venture to say, be conferring a real benefit upon English literature—as I have already received the thanks of no fewer than thirty-three editors for having allowed them to peruse this manuscript. Yours humbly, The McHardy.

P.S. My youngest boy, aged three, pointed to his little sister's Gazeka toy last night and cried "De editor!" These are literally the first words that have passed his lips for three days. Can you stand by and see the children starve?

II.—The Peremptory Letter.

Sir,—Kindly publish at once and oblige

Yours faithfully, Eugene Hackenkick.

P.S. I shall be round at your office to-morrow about an advertisement for some 600 lb. bar-bells, and will look you up.

III. The Corruptive Letter.

Middlesex House, Park Lane, W.

Dear Mr. Smith, Can you come and dine with us quite in a *friendly* way on Thursday at eight? I want to introduce you to the Princess of Holdwig-Schlosstein and Mr. Alfred Austin, who are so eager to meet you. Do you know I am really a little *frightened* at the thought of meeting such a famous editor? Isn't it *silly* of me?

Yours very sincerely, Emma Middlesex.

P.S. I wonder if you could find room in your *splendid little paper* for a silly story I am sending you. It would be such a surprise for the Duke's birthday (on Monday).

E. M.

Before concluding the question of the covering letter I must mention the sad case of my friend Halibut. Halibut had a series of lithographed letters of all kinds, one of which he would enclose with every story he sent out. On a certain occasion he wrote a problem story of the most advanced kind; what, in fact, the reviewers call a "strong" story. In sending this to the editor of a famous magazine his secretary carelessly slipped in the wrong letter:

"Dear Mr. Editor," it ran, "I am trying to rite you a littel story, I do hope you will like my little storey, I want to tell you about my kanary and my pussy cat, it's name is *Peggy* and it has seven kitens, have you any kitens, I will give you one if you print my story. Your loving little friend, Flossie.

From the Report of a Hospital for paying patients:

"All the food for the staff comes out of the Beds. Also brushes, lamp-glasses, and numerous other sundries."

The Millennium, surely, when all things lie down with the lamb.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. Hallam Murray's *High Road of Empire* (John Murray) is dedicated to the Princess of Wales, and opportunely appears at a time when H.R.H. and the Prince are visiting India. It is with that part of the vast Empire the handsome volume chiefly deals. The route is familiar, having often been written about. Mr. Murray brings to his task the rare combination of qualities found in an artist who can write. He looks upon the glowing colour of India with the eye of a painter. His story is illustrated by a number of charming sketches, many in water-colour. To those who have never passed through India they bring home a keen sense of its beauty and antiquity. Although on artistic mission bent, Mr. Murray was of business mind. Amid his rapture over the incomparable Taj the instinct of the publisher asserts itself. "First of all," he writes, "I had to try and verify all the *Handbook* statements and do what I could to put the descriptions straight." "The 'Ouse, what 'Ouse?" the cabman growled when the new M.P. loftily bade him drive to "The House." No need to ask what *Handbook*? It is the *Handbook* Murray's.

Who wrote "Billy's Wife"?
"I," said Lucas Cleeve;
"You 'd hardly believe
I *could* write such a silly book as *Billy's Wife*."

Who published "Billy's Wife"?
"I," said John Long;
"I suppose it was wrong—
but she 'd already written eleven other books; and one might have expected something pretty good for the twelfth, particularly when it had such a promising title as *Billy's Wife*."

Who read "Billy's Wife"?
"I," groaned the reviewer
(*Temerarius puer!*);
"*I* read *Billy's Wife*."

From the house of A. & C. Black, which sounds black enough, comes *The Blackmore Country*, by Mr. F. J. Snell, a volume to be carried to Devonshire by pious readers of *Lorna Doone* and *Christowell*, *Perlycross* and *The Maid of Sker*. R. D. Blackmore is not just now quite where he used to be in the matter of popularity, and perhaps this book may serve to revive his old vogue. We hope so, for *Lorna Doone* is still the best story of its kind. None the less, although Mr. Snell's labours are interesting, we do not hold that a romance like that gains anything from a topographical gloss. "Read *Lorna Doone* first," would be our advice; "and afterwards—please yourself."

No flowery tale is *Hyacinth* (E. Arnold), and although
The author's name is Birmingham, the tale is not of Joe;
But those on whom *The Seething Pot* a lasting impress left
Will hasten to procure it by purchase, loan or theft.

For here the Irish problem in fiction's pleasing guise
With wit and sense and pathos is set before our eyes;
And whether 'tis amusement or facts you want to get
You 'll find them both in *Hyacinth* for four-and-sixpence net.

Suggested name for the Free Breakfast for School Children Bill.—The Alimentary Education Act.

Q. Why has Mr. Tree recently dispensed with his body servant?

A. Because no man is a Nero to his valet.

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER has recently been at work on a canvas symbolic of the idea of a Happy Marriage. The moral of the picture is, we understand, that Marriage is not so bad as it is painted.

By-the-by, with reference to the statement that the KAISER was kept weather-bound for an entire day at Wilhelmshaven by a gale, we are requested to state that His Majesty was in mufti at the time.

A great and much-needed access to the ranks of American comic writers is announced. A number of Transatlantic *littérateurs* have agreed, at the instance of Mr. CARNEGIE, to publish books the contents of which shall be spelt phonetically.

Honours come thick and fast to Mr. SARGENT. The other day he was invited to contribute his portrait to the Uffizi Gallery. Now a writer in *The London Magazine* declares that SARGENT would seem to be the painter to whom the portrait work of Mr. HAL HURST is most closely allied.

First it was the Tariff Reformers, and now it is Lord MILNER; and the rumour goes that it is the intention of members of the Liberal Party to propose a vote of censure on all persons whose political views differ from their own.

The Daily Mirror last week made Major-General Sir ALFRED TURNER say that Mr. HALDANE'S "proposed deforms" were excellent. This was, of course, an inadvertence.

The Post Office is about to issue a book containing twelve penny stamps and twenty-three halfpenny stamps at the price of two shillings. It is hoped that, if this publication goes well, a popular edition at a shilling will be forthcoming.

So few people make use of the Embankment that the Thames decided to do so last week.

We have pleasure in recording the following interchange of *badinage* which delighted the Marylebone Police Court last week. "Do you know if it is right to summon us for the rates before they are due?" a woman asked Mr. PLOWDEN. "No, I don't know what is right in this world," was the reply. Applicant: "Oh, you don't?" Mr. PLOWDEN: "No." We do not think that Mr. PLOWDEN was quite at his best in this second repartee.

People are still talking of the recent terrible accident to an *Express* which ran off the lines, and dashed into Lagos, Africa, instead of Lagos, Portugal.

Meanwhile, by an act of rare consideration and magnanimity for the *Express* is a Protectionist organ—the Government has promptly changed the name of the colony of Lagos to Southern Nigeria.

The appearance of a new disease is chronicled. "On being medically examined," writes a correspondent to a contemporary, "it was found that I was slightly flat-footed and short-sighted in one eye."

Many doctors, we hear, are now recommending smoking for ladies as an inexpensive substitute for a sea-voyage.

WALTER HOUCK, aged sixteen, of New York, recently slept for seven days. His sleep seemed to be natural, and his health excellent, and it is prophesied that the lad will become a great judge.

The Census of the British Empire reveals the gratifying fact that every possible variety of fancy religion continues to flourish under the British Flag, and that the KING has no more loyal subjects than the Calathumpians, the Hokes, the Millennial Dawnites, the Dippers, the Tunkers, and even the Hornerites.

"Dressmaking Season Begins" is the heading of a paragraph in a contemporary. The poor husbands had no idea that there was a close time.



A SOFT ANSWER.

Papa (literary, who has given orders he is not to be disturbed). "WHO IS IT?"
Little Daughter. "Scarcely anybody, dear Papa!"

THE TURNING OF THE MIDDLE-CLASS WORM.

[*The Daily Mail* is taking up the cause of the "Middle-Class Serf," who is taxed and rated and bled beyond endurance "in the interests of the most pampered section of the community—the labouring man." The Middle Classes, it seems, are now in revolt, and are forming a new political body on the lines of the Labour Party in order to obtain justice and recognition. It is to be known as "The Thinking Party."]

What are these voices floating on the Springtide,
 Blent with the clank of chains,
Poignant as when a sea-mew, with his wing tied,
 Frets for the ocean's plains;
Not loud and coarse, but doleful, but *adagio*,
 As fits Refinement even in decay,
There in its villa aptly styled "Bellaggio,"
 Down Brixton way?

I know that cry, that stifled cry for freedom!
 I know that weary wail!
It is the Middle Class with none to heed 'em,
 Except *The Daily Mail*;
It is the type of whom the word was written
 That proves the pen more potent than the sword:
"These constitute the heart, the brains, of Britain,
 Its spinal cord."

The clerk, the journalist, the man of letters,
 Of medicine and the law--
They are condemned to wear ignoble fetters,
 And lie on planks and straw;
Daintily bred, they have their bodies branded
 With marks that ought to make our bosoms boil;
They are the slaves of so-called horny-handed
 Scions of toil.

Bled (to oblige his lord) of hard-won wages,
 The wretched drudge provides
Free schools and meals, free baths and free old-ages,
 And Lord knows what besides;
Until a brain of once superb dimensions
 At last collapses, and the poor dull slave
Gets, while his tyrants pouch their annual pensions,
 A pauper's grave!

England, be warned! The time for patience passes;
 You are more near the eve
Of a revolt among the Middle Classes
 Than you perhaps believe;
Worn to a thread by Labour's licensed plunder
 Of what poor desultory pay they earn,
Can anybody reasonably wonder
 These worms should turn?

We can but dimly guess what that contortion
 Will in effect be like,
For none has ever seen the brainy portion
 Of England go on strike;
This much is sure or I've miscalculated—
 It will recall Athena's maiden *rôle*,
When she debouched, in armour fully plated,
 From Zeus's poll.

Figure the portent! Let there be no blinking
 The dread results to be
When all our Thinking Classes give up thinking
 And strike for Liberty!
The public might endure its straitened lot if
 Most other hives of thought should cease to hum,
But what—O hideous apprehension!—what if
 The Press went dumb!

O. S.

TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF WIT.

I had heard so much ever since I can remember—and I had read so much continually in *The Daily Chronicle*,—of the ready wit of the London omnibus driver, that, when the fine weather came the other day and I felt lazy, I determined to hear some of it for myself. The time seemed peculiarly propitious, for the sun shone, and every hour or so a new motor-bus was being projected into the streets of London to add to the confusion of traffic and intensify the sardonic nature of the old drivers. So I took a front seat beside a driver with a scornful mouth and a twinkling eye, and waited; first, however, carefully fastening the waterproof apron to the pegs on each side of me, because I remembered so many anecdotes in which repartees had caused the hearers to "nearly fall off the bus" in their mirth as they "thought they would have died."

An opportunity came at once. At the Albert Gate there was the usual block, in which a cabman edged his cab so near our off horse that the shaft touched it. It is the kind of thing that, in the stories of bus drivers' wit that men tell you, invariably leads to retorts that made them "nearly die of laughing." So I was full of confident expectation. But in vain. "Why don't yer bring out your old woman to drive for yer?" was all he said. This did not seem to me to be funny; but I must confess that I was alone in that opinion. The rest of the people on the bus thought it excellent, and I heard one young woman behind me repeating to her friend: "Did you hear what he said? He asked that cabman why he didn't bring out his old woman to drive for him. They 're so quick, these drivers."

We passed on and had more luck. We came to a motor-bus that had broken down an "Ariel," I think it was. "Now," thought I, holding tight to the sides, "now!" The driver looked round and collected the passengers' attention. Then he called out to the chauffeur, with an air of secure triumph, "Why don't you sit on 'is 'ead?" Everyone laughed; everyone except one who had come out expecting too much.

I sat on that bus all the way to Charing Cross, and twice more the driver asked cabmen why they had not brought out their old women to drive for them, and once he asked it of a coachman and once of a carter; and once more he told a chauffeur to sit on the motor's head, and once he asked the conductor of a motor-bus for a drop of oil for mercy's sake. I confess to smiling at the last appeal, which, for the moment, was new to me; the rest of the passengers "nearly died."

At Charing Cross I changed to the front seat of another bus whose driver also looked promising, and returned to Kensington. This is the record of the ride's intellectual activity. Half-way up lower Regent Street a waggon in front "bored" a little, and the driver was asked why he had not brought out his old woman to take his place. As we waited in Piccadilly a Fulham motor-bus was just in front, and the conductor was asked to spare a drop of oil for mercy's sake. Opposite the Naval and Military Club a cabman was asked why he hadn't brought out his old woman to drive for him. Opposite the Lyceum Club the chauffeur of a motor-bus which had gone wrong was told to sit on its head. By Knightsbridge Barracks a Carter Paterson driver was asked why he hadn't brought out his old woman to drive for him, and again by the Albert Hall the question was put to a coachman with a rather mischievous pair of bays. That was the lot; and once again I must confess that I was alone in not being able to laugh and enjoy these sallies. Everyone else was delighted, and doubtless carried home spicy stories of the day's wit.

And that bus drivers are original and witty will, I suppose, continue to be alleged as long as bus drivers exist; which will not be very long if the motor-buses multiply at their present rate. Whether the chauffeur is to be credited also with powers of repartee remains to be seen. He seems so far to have no time for frivolity.



SMALL PROFITS, QUICK RETURNS.

LONDON CABBY. "WOT WITH THESE 'ERE MOTOR BUSES AN' TUBES AN' ALL, BLOWED IF I KNOW WOT THE KEB BUSINESS IS A COMIN' TO!"

FRENCH COCHER. "DO AS I'VE DONE, *MON VIEUX*. TRY CHEAP FARES AND *TAXIMÈTRES*."



The Infant Prodigy has reached the middle of an exceedingly difficult pianoforte solo, and one of those dramatic pauses of which the celebrated composer is so fond has occurred.

Kindly, but undiscerning, Old Lady. "PLAY SOMETHING YOU KNOW, DEARIE."

HOW TO LIVE CHEAPLY.

HINTS TO PEERS WITH LESS THAN £50,000 A YEAR.

(*Continuation of the "Daily Express" Series.*)

RIGID economy will be necessary for young couples marrying on less than £50,000 a year, if they wish to avoid the manufacturers seizing the furniture purchased on the instalment system. Dressing allowance must be rigidly reduced to £800 a year each, and at the outside four chauffeurs only retained.

Far the best system of saving money is by cutting down expenses. Give up the house in Park Lane, and take one in some cheaper part, such as Great Cumberland Place or Grosvenor Gardens. Dismiss all your servants except twenty; with a little self-denial the young wife should be able to do the rest of the house-work herself. Cost of firing may be reduced by using electric fires, while bus-fares may be eliminated by only riding in your motor.

Your income may be increased in your spare time by acting as company director, playing Bridge and Baccarat and attending horse races, or you might borrow money all round and then go bankrupt. When taking a special train travel by first-class carriage instead of Pullman car, and give up one of your steam yachts. Share deer forest and grouse moor with another, and take American millionaire as paying guest at a hundred guineas a day.

Answers to Correspondents.

"DESPERATE" (Berkeley Square).—You say your income is only two thousand a week, and you have a wife and three children depending on you. Join a burial club. Give up most of your villas on the Riviera. Tell me how you get on.

"I. O. U." (Carlton Hotel).—(1) Recoverable in the County Court. (2) Your expenditure on macintoshes and lucifer matches is too high. (3) Stop entertaining Royalty.

"GENEROUS" (White's Club). Cut down your charities at once. Revise your wife's dress allowance, and take your boys from Eton and Oxford. Stop pensions to retired servants.

"HIRE SYSTEM" (Royal Yacht Squadron). Your estimate of £5,000 for the fitting of your yacht's dining saloon seems reasonable enough. Perhaps 5*s*. 8*d*. for the coal-box looks rather high, but coal-boxes have been exceptionally dear this season.

A Novel Turn.

A MAN charged with picking pockets at the Marylebone Police Court the other day seems to have enjoyed exceptional facilities for the carrying on of his vocation. The evidence, according to *The Daily Mail*, showed that "at one time he had the appearance of a gentleman, wearing kid gloves. Then he would suddenly *turn into a doorway.*" A very clever disguise, which might have deceived anybody except a British constable.

A Pretty Compliment.

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle says of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY that "he never sings a song until everybody has grown sick and tired of it, and consequently his turn is always fresh and always funny."

OUR SHORT STORY.

[*One of these will appear every week until further notice.*—Author.

I regret to announce that with this number our weekly Short Stories will cease.—Editor.]

I.

Though Millicent Somers was the belle of the town, she looked the picture of woe as she dropped her shapely head upon her hands, and gazed up at the French painted ceiling with a sigh of utter and hopeless despair.

[Editor. *Impossible.*
Author. *Hang it, this is a romance.*]

"What is it, Milly dear?" asked her aunt, Lady Mackenzie. "Come, my love, tell me all your trouble," and the good woman moved across to the sofa where her beautiful niece was sitting.

"Oh aunt," said Millicent, "I am so unhappy."

"Had you not better tell me all?" said her aunt again.

[Editor. *I cannot understand a woman like* Lady Mackenzie.
Author. *Wait.*]

Milly put her arm round Lady Mackenzie's waist, and unburdened herself to her aunt (with whom she was staying for a few weeks at her house, Calcot Towers, in Sussex).

"It's about Jack," she said. "He has been untrue to me."

"Impossible," said Lady Mackenzie; for handsome Jack Staunton was a great friend of hers, and nobody had been more pleased than Lady Mackenzie when his engagement to Millicent had been announced.

"Alas," said Milly, "there can be no doubt about it. Lord Steeple told me that he had overheard Mr. Staunton saying that he was already secretly married to a Miss Hedingham."

"And what explanation has Jack to give on the subject?" asked Lady Mackenzie, drawing in the ends of her mouth and pouting her lips, as she always did when vexed.

[Editor. Lady Mackenzie *was a remarkable woman, was she not?*
Author. *Very. Her husband was the* Earl of ——
Editor. *Quite so.*]

"I have not asked him to give one," said Milly. "I would not demean myself by talking to a man who could behave so unfaithfully."

[Editor. *Was* Milly *quite right?*
Author. *You forget. She is the heroine of "Our Short Story." What else could she do?*]

"My dear," said her aunt, Lady Mackenzie, "Lord Steeple is misinformed. Jack has always loved you. He has never had anything to do with Miss Hedingham."

"Oh aunt!" cried the beautiful girl. "How happy you have made me!" And she threw her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissed her.

"Dear, dear," said her aunt jokingly, "you would make Master Jack jealous if he could see you now. I shall have him challenging me to a duel."

Milly laughed happily.

[Editor. *I beg your pardon for interrupting again, but I don't quite understand. Why did* Milly *laugh?*



PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH

The March Hare.

Author. *Well, it was rather funny of* Lady Mackenzie, *was it not?*
Editor. *Oh.*
Author. *You don't think so? Surely common politeness, anyhow, would prompt a laugh?*
Editor. *I see. It was the "happily" that put me off.*]

II.

Now Lord Steeple had made up this wicked story about handsome Jack's marriage, in order to alienate Millicent's affections; with whom he declared himself to be in love—though, to disclose a secret——

[Editor. *Let me guess: He wanted her for her money?*
Author. *I say, how did you know?*]

——he only wooed her because she was the heiress to Lady Mackenzie's large fortune.

[Editor. *I wish to apologise for my interruption at the end of the last section. I might have known it was that.*]

As we have seen, his plot was successful, and for a time at least Jack was alienated from Milly. Now (alas! for Lord Steeple) they were lovers again.

"What can I do," he soliloquised one day in his beautiful park on the borders of Kent and Surrey, "what can I do to alienate——

[Author. *I say, how do you like "alienate"?*]
Editor. *I like it very much. Please go on.*]

——to alienate——

[Editor. *Do get on. This is simply breathless. I can hardly hold myself in.*]

——to alienate her affections from that young bounder Staunton?"

At that moment whom should he meet, to his great surprise, but Millicent herself!

[Editor. *I wasn't a bit surprised.*
Author. *But then you're so clever.*]

After the usual interchange of courtesies, he took off his hat and said in a low voice, "Miss Somers, prepare yourself for a shock. Jack Staunton died suddenly this morning."

Milly shrieked and stepped back in horror. Then, before Lord Steeple could move to her aid, she had fallen in a swoon at his feet....

. . . .

[Editor. *We have asterisks too in the office. Or do you prefer dots?*
Author. *Don't. I'm going to start a new section.*]

III.

One day in early summer, when the roses——

[Editor. *Look here, I'm rather off roses just now. Let's get on to* Millicent.
Author. *You're so impatient. I was just coming to her.*
Editor. *Good. You see, we have a man already who does "Country Notes" for us.*]

. . . walked the beautiful Millicent. Suddenly her heart stopped beating, the blood fled from her face, for there, in front of her, was coming Jack Staunton!

[Editor. *I thought* Jack *was dead.*
Author. *So did* Milly.]

"Jack," she cried, "they told me you were dead!"

"Whoever told you that—lied," said Jack, impressively. "Then that was why you did not write to me?"

"Lord STEEPLE told me you were dead."

"Ah!" said JACK. "I see that I must talk to that gentleman," and he felt the muscle of his forearm with a grim smile. "When Lord STEEPLE and I meet——" He stopped suddenly.

[EDITOR. *I'm sorry, but you had better, too.*

AUTHOR. *Please! I'm just at the end.*]

"MILLY," he cried, "but you do love me—you won't doubt me again?"

"JACK!"

He took her in his arms.

"At last!" he cried.

"At last!" cooed MILLY.

[*At last!*—EDITOR.]

A SONG OF MARCH.

O EARLY March was early May.
Soft was the air and bland;
The sun diffused a constant ray,
And everything combined to say
That Spring was close at hand.

Nature forsook her winter sleep;
And through the rustling wood
The little birds began to cheep;
And oh, to see the lambkins leap
Did one a power of good.

The early flower came bravely out;
In buds of tenderest green
The cryptogam did newly sprout;
The orchard blossom looked about
The best I've ever seen.

So all the land put off the sere,
And filled the day with song:
"The air is warm, the skies are clear,
Now welcome life, and love, and cheer,
For Spring is here—for Spring is here!"
And all the land was wrong.

* * * * *

There came a change—'tis ever so—
First it began to rain,
And then to freeze, and then to blow;
And after that we had some snow;
And then it blew again.

Nipped was the budding cryptogam;
Nipped were the early flowers;
The bird was mute, and every lamb
Relieved his feelings with a dam;
The blossom fell in showers.

I care not, though the worst befall
The green thing or the brute;
Though they be damaged past recall,
I should not weep. But, dash it all!
I'm troubled for the fruit!

DUM-DUM.

FROM *The Irish Times*:

"Cook (good) 19; 2 years in present place; leaving through no fault; would take hotel."

This sounds a little like kleptomania, always an excusable vice.



Cyclist. "I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. CARVER. IT'S *DOUBLE* PNEUMONIA, YOU SAY?"

Mrs. Carver. "YES, MUM. YOU SEE, HE HAD A DREADFUL COLD, AND WOULD GO DOING A BIT O' GARDENING; AND INSTEAD OF COMING HOME TO DINNER, FEELING A BIT BAD LIKE, HE LAY DOWN IN THE WOOD SHED, AND *THAT'S WHERE HE DOUBLED IT!*"

A TRIBUTE TO "THE TRIBUNE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH, I recently read an account of a young New Zealander who was walking round the world for a wager and, being short of clothes and money, contrived a suitable and sufficient covering out of four copies of *The Wellington Post* and a packet of pins. May I, in case he should find himself in a similar predicament in this country, earnestly recommend to his notice the claims of our only Penny London Liberal Morning Paper?

I have taken *The Tribune* ever since it has been in existence, and I speak from daily experience of its strength and efficiency; in fact I cannot imagine how I ever got through my busy mornings without it. Being broader, in comparison to its length, than are its contemporaries, it lends itself admirably to the duplication of tissue-paper blouse patterns, and will actually take the whole length of a Directoire sleeve without a join, and at the same time it is so tough in texture that seams will hold together when pinned without tearing through.

Being practically dust-proof also, *The Tribune* enjoys an equal popularity with my maids, and it is much in request for curtain-bags on cleaning days, while the artistic colour scheme of its posters gave me an excellent idea for a green and white accordion-pleated dancing skirt for my second little girl (the fair-haired one—like me).

Yours, HOME DRESSMAKER.

BRIGAND KIDNAPS A LADY

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

"*Daily Mail.*"

THIS has just that intimate personal touch that makes the ½*d.* papers so engrossing.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

The Dedication.

I.

Mr. Launcelot Wyke Mister, of "The Dryads," Worthing, to Dr. W. Porter Roddy, Mereham, Norfolk.

Dear Dr. Roddy,—I am just collecting together in one volume all my fugitive poetry of the past nine years, since the publication of my *Death of Noah, and other Poems*, and it would give me great pleasure to dedicate the book to you, not only as some recognition of your industry as an antiquary, but also as an acknowledgment of the great skill which you displayed during my long and very severe illness last summer, from which I am now happily recovered, save for an increased tendency to take cold.

Believe me, dear Doctor,
Yours very truly,
Launcelot Wyke Mister.

II.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

My dear Mr. Mister,—Your letter, with its flattering offer, does me too much honour. The archæologist quickly gets into the habit of not looking for recognition or reward. Perhaps, as antiquity has worked for him, it is only right that he should work for posterity. Hence, although such *coups* as I may have brought off in the fields of archæology and folk-lore have been commemorated in the local press and in the minutes of our Society, the wider world knows almost nothing of me. The dedication page of your volume will be the first intimation of my name and career to a large portion of the English-speaking community. I thank you very heartily for your courtesy. Perhaps you will let me have a notion of the form which the dedication will take. As for your tendency to catch cold, of which I am very sorry to hear, I would recommend the adoption of an abdominal belt, often a sure precautionary measure.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
W. Porter Roddy.

III.

Mr. Mister to Dr. Roddy.

Dear Dr. Roddy,—It gratifies me extremely to find that you will allow your name to honour my poor bantling. The dedication will run thus:—

To W. Porter Roddy, M.D.
the modern Galen to whom the author owes his life, recently jeopardised on a visit to the East Coast by a severe attack of rheumatoid arthritis, and the modern Oldbuck to whose imaginative labour and indefatigable researches into the storied past the townspeople of Mereham and the inhabitants of East Norfolk generally owe so much, this volume is, with respect and admiration, dedicated.

I think that that expresses the case very clearly and, if I may say so, with a pleasant allusiveness, and I feel sure that you will agree with me. I am ordering an abdominal belt.

Believe me, dear Doctor,
Yours very truly,
Launcelot Wyke Mister.

P.S.—I re-open this to say that I have suddenly become the victim of a most curious and, to me, alarming singing in the ears, so loud that I can hardly hear anything that is going on. L. W. M.

IV.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

Dear Mr. Mister,—The wording of the dedication is very flattering, and I am so much honoured by it that I hesitate to utter a syllable of criticism; but since you have been so kind I am emboldened to suggest that a more suitable predecessor than *Oldbuck* might be found. For two reasons: (1) he was a character not in real life but in fiction, in a novel by Sir Walter Scott, and Galen being a real man I would suggest, with all deference, that whatever antiquary you choose should be real too; and (2) if by any typographical disaster, such as are, unhappily, only too frequent in our local Press, a line of cleavage were to intervene between the first and second syllables of *Oldbuck*, the reference to me would become instantly not respectful as you so kindly desire, but grotesque. I trust I make myself clear. I would suggest the substitute of some such name as Aubrey or Leland.

The singing in the ears has probably passed away by this time; but if it has not I should take a tonic. Weston's syrup might be useful, and it is easily obtained of any chemist. Believe me, yours very truly, W. Porter Roddy.

V.

Mr. Mister to Dr. Roddy.

Dear Dr. Roddy,—I am sorry that you take exception to my dedication, which was, I assure you, not idly thrown off, but represents the work of some hours of thought. Your objection to *Oldbuck* illustrates once again the impossibility of reconciling science with poetry. I, a poet, wishing my dedication to be in keeping with my book, choose deliberately a figure of the imagination from the greatest of all modern novelists (whom you do not, I fear, sufficiently esteem). You, being a man of science, require me to substitute the name of some fusty old bookworm and tombstone-scraper from real life. Few people give way to criticism so readily as I, but in this case I really must be firm.

The singing in the head, which you treat so lightly, still continues to cause me the gravest concern. I have taken two doses of the syrup without any relief. Believe me, yours truly,
Launcelot Wyke Mister.

VI.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

Dear Mr. Mister,—I am sorry that we cannot see eye to eye in this matter. I have taken the liberty of submitting your dedication to several of my friends, including the Vicar, an exceptionally gifted man, and the Curator of the Museum, whose memoir on bees is a standard work, and all agree with me that a suggestion of not precisely frivolity but want of the highest seriousness is imparted by the reference to *Jonathan Oldbuck*. The Vicar is also of opinion that it is, perhaps, understating the case to limit my reputation, as you do, to East Norfolk, since I have several times contributed to *Notes and Queries*. I have, however, done with criticism, and beg to repeat my thanks to you for your kindness.

A tonic requires time to do its work. Two doses could not effect any material improvement. The singing is probably over by now. Believe me,
Yours very truly,
W. Porter Roddy.

VII.

Mr. Mister to Dr. Roddy.

Dear Dr. Roddy,—I am horrified to learn that you have committed the solecism—the unpardonable solecism—of showing my dedication to strangers. Were you more conversant with the laws, written or unwritten, of authorship, you would know that this is never done; that everything is avoided that can take the fine edge of novelty from a new book. The incident has completely disheartened me, and I am quite incapable of attending any further to the dedication.

To add to it all, the singing in my ears increases. Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
Launcelot Wyke Mister.

VIII.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

Dear Mr. Mister,—I am extremely sorry; but my friends read the dedication in strictest confidence, and I was quite unaware that I was offending. Perhaps the matter had better drop altogether. You will have, I am sure, no difficulty in finding a worthier and less critical object to whom to offer your volume. Believe me,
Yours very truly,
W. Porter Roddy.

IX.

Mr. Mister to the Bishop of Caster.

My Lord,—I am just collecting together in one volume all my fugitive



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Mistress (*to Head Gardener, who has been ill*). "I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN, BATES."

Bates. "THANKEE, MUM, BUT I AIN'T ANYTHINK LIKE RIGHT YET. WHY, WHEN THE WIND BLEW THESE ERE POTS OVER, HINSTEAD OF A CALLIN' THE HUNDER GARDENER TO PICK 'EM UP, BLESSED IF I DIDN'T START A-DOIN' OF IT MYSELF!"

poetry of the past nine years,—since, in fact, the publication of my *Death of Noah, and other Poems,*—and it would give me great pleasure and confer a high distinction upon the book, if I might be permitted to dedicate it to you, not only to mark your interest in poetry, but also from personal gratitude for benefits received from your Lenten sermons last year, which I attended with my wife, and which we still vividly remember.

Believe me, my Lord,
Your obedient servant,
LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

X.

The Rev. Cyril Blood (Private Secretary to the Bishop of Caster) to Mr. Mister.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the Bishop to say that he will be pleased to accept the dedication to which you refer; but that if you propose to make it a lengthy one he must insist on seeing a proof. I am, Yours faithfully,
CYRIL BLOOD.

"I MUST LEARN SPANISH ONE OF THESE DAYS." BROWNING.

THE statement that in view of the Spanish marriage the mantilla is to be worn in England during the coming season, has served to call attention to other movements incidental to the boom in things Spanish.

The Society game that will be played everywhere will, we hear, be the old Nursery favourite, "My father's just come home from Spain."

The President of the Local Government Board has requested that he shall in future be addressed as DON BURNS.

Mr. S. R. CROCKETT's novel for the week ending March 24 will have Spain for its background.

A round of the West-End restaurants reveals the fact that unprecedentedly large orders have been issued for Spanish onions.

It is announced that the effigy of DRAKE will be burnt by Mr. W. T. STEAD and a party of friends on a date to be made known shortly.

Notice.

IN self-defence *Mr. Punch* begs to state that any further references to King ALFONSO's favourite instrument as the Consort ENA will be treated with the contempt which they deserve.



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

PARLIAMENTARY APPETITES.

A MEMBER of the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons has recently imparted to *The Daily Mail* some interesting information as to the diet of the new Parliament. He notes that the consumption of wine has gone down one-half, that new Members are either taking temperance drinks or beer, and that they eat double the amount of food.

Carrying this investigation a few steps further, one of *Mr. Punch's* young men has been enabled to supplement the foregoing by some further interesting facts.

"Who are your most intemperate customers?"

"Well, that is rather a leading question, but in regard to the consumption of non-alcoholic drinks Sir WILFRID LAWSON stands easily first. Indeed, I have known him take as many as nineteen barley-and-waters during an all-night sitting."

"I suppose that certain Members have peculiar tastes?"

"Yes, but fortunately it is not difficult to gratify these idiosyncrasies. The strange thing, however, is that in some cases they like the exact contrary of what you might naturally expect. Thus Major SEELY will only touch China tea, and the few Orangemen in the House are all addicted to lemon squash. On the other hand, Lord PERCY has a great weakness for Turkish Delight, and Mr. HERBERT PAUL frequently dines off a *purée* of chestnuts."

"Then the vegetarian craze has laid hold of our legislators"?

"Oh, yes. Fully one third of the new Members abstain from flesh foods, and of those the majority are followers of Dr. HAIG. In consequence the demand for cheese, fruit, and nuts has gone up by leaps and bounds, milk is drunk by the hogshead, and pyramids of stewed prunes vanish before the onslaught of the new Parliamentarians."

"Have you been able to establish any general connection between the different parties in the House and the diet they affect?"

"Well, it is perhaps rash to be too specific, but I may say that the members of the L.C.C., as the result, no doubt, of their visit to Paris, are the most fastidious feeders, that the Irish Members are most addicted to greens, that the Balfourites have the smallest appetites, and the University representatives are most partial to Butcher's meat."

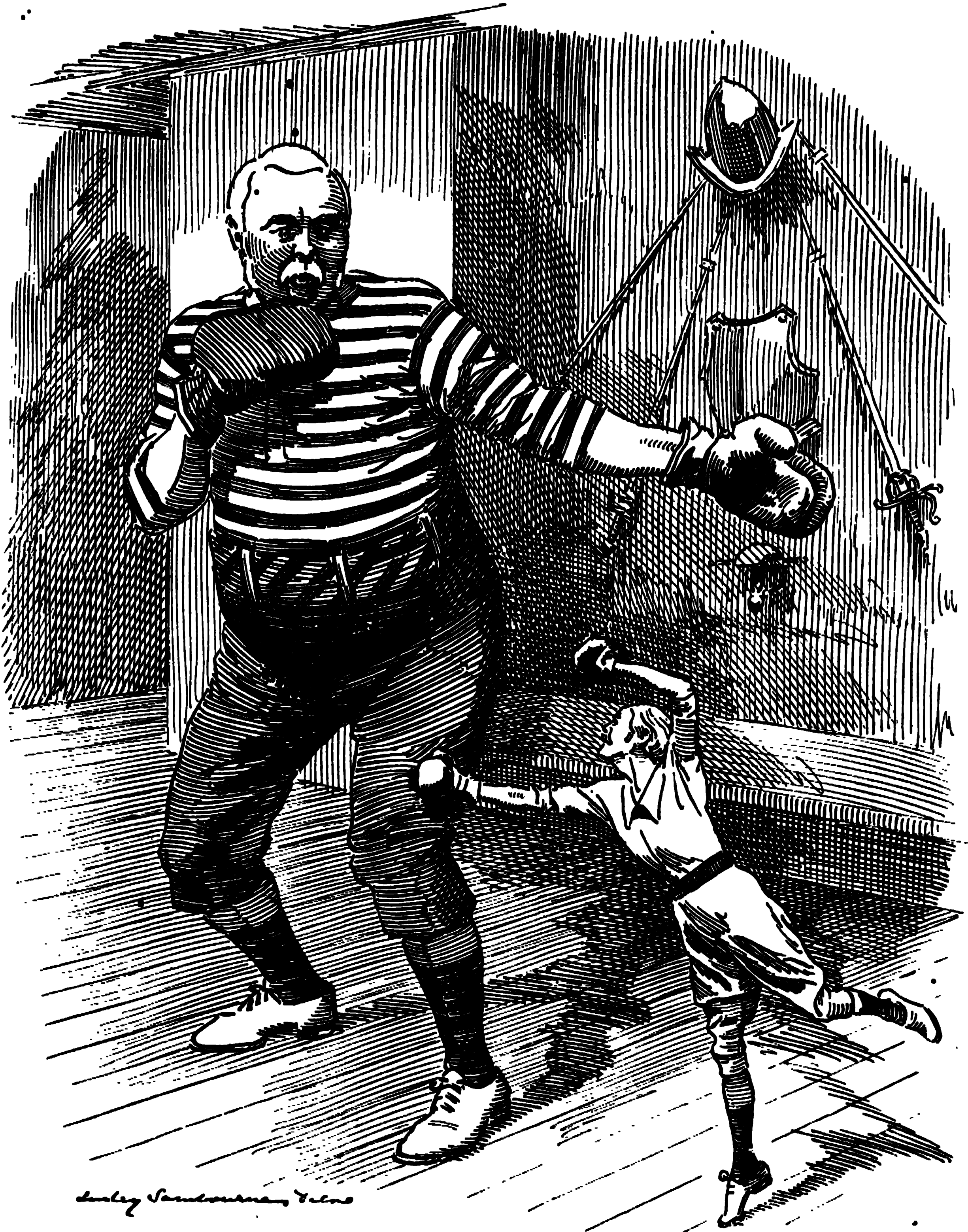
"Experience to make me sad."

"Gardener seeks situation; age 26; experienced inside and out."
Somerset County Gazette.

WE recommend the gardener with the experienced inside to apply for the post of Lapper that was mentioned in the last number of *Punch*. Or he might obtain a place with the Swiss Family Robinson when the Monkey dies (as he must soon). It is absurd for him to insist on being a gardener.

Forewarned.

The Daily Dispatch announces: "Russia is carrying out surveys for a Black Sea to the Baltic canal. Twenty thousand pounds has been voted for preliminary inquiries." We do not know what the idea is, but should not the South or some other cone be hoisted at all fishing ports?



THE BITTER CRY OF THE HEAVY-WEIGHT.

C.-B. "HERE, I SAY! YOU'RE HITTING ME BELOW THE BELT!"
A. B. "WELL, I'M HITTING YOU AS HIGH AS I CAN REACH!"

"We have a great majority. . . . . The first thing we have got to do is to get fair play for it, and that fair play it has not at the present moment."—*Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Speech at the Reform Club, March* 13.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



HAMLET AGAIN; OR, THE FISCAL "MOUSE-TRAP."

The King (*sotto voce*). "Do you know, my dear, it's just occurred to me that this elaborately stagey and somewhat melodramatic performance was intended in some hazy way to inconvenience us!! I fancy I detect oblique allusions to our 'past,' and *Hamlet*'s rather obtrusive air of watchful expectancy would seem to point to something of the kind!"

The Queen. "No!! What fun! How disappointed he must be! Why it's been a most enjoyable evening!"

House of Commons, Monday, Mar. 12.—There is one thing Prince Arthur can't abear. It is ambiguity.

Back to-day to old familiar scene; much battered by the way. When, just seven months ago, he walked forth, Prorogation accomplished, he was still master of legions; looked forward with gay confidence to another Session which should see accomplished the beneficent work of Redistribution. He comes back to find the contemned C.-B. on the Treasury Bench, Leader of a host compared with which his own long-dominant majority was a feeble force. For himself there is plenty of room on the Front Opposition Bench where he sits bravely smiling, ruddy with his country holiday, but hair, alack! growing woefully scant, grievously grey. On his left hand is Don José with the orchid of quenchless hope in his buttonhole. On his right George Wyndham, one of the few survivors of the cataclysm of January. Behind, some four score of the throng who a year ago were wont to welcome his presence with jubilant cheer.

These things, slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, hard to bear. He confronts them with gallant heart and gay smile. When, however, it comes to C.-B. declining to define his view of Protection, taking refuge behind the ambiguities of carefully framed resolution, he breaks down.

A House thronged from floor to topmost seat of Strangers' Gallery, looks upon pathetic scene. At one side of the Table C.-B., stolid, silent, unrepentant. At the other Prince Arthur, wringing his hands and in broken voice uttering his lament.

"Do Ministers deliberately think they have a better chance of passing this resolution in its ambiguous than in its unambiguous form?" he wailed. "I cannot believe that they would deliberately prefer an ambiguous to an unambiguous discussion. If true, it would be discreditable in the highest degree."

Flippant majority broke in with roar of ironical cheers, varied by a shout of laughter. Standing quiet perforce, Prince Arthur's eye rested wistfully on the stationery box. Here were quires of note-paper. If C.-B. would only take half a sheet and write out the meaning of the resolution moved by Kitson with his sanction all would be well.



Two of a Trade.

Paul (of Corpus) to Smith (of Wadham). "Look here, young man! I can't have this; you're putting in too many epigrams to the square inch; I shall have to bring it before the 'Union'!"
(Mr. H-rb-rt P-l and Mr. F. E. Sm-th.)

Don José followed on same line, to gaping wonder of new Members. They had gathered in eager anticipation of hearing Prince Arthur define his position on Fiscal question in the altered circumstances of to-day. To that end C.-B., ever ready to oblige, framed a resolution declaring that, since at the General Election the people of the United Kingdom demonstrated unqualified fidelity to the principles of Free Trade, the House deems it right to record its determination to resist any proposal to create a system of Protection. It had been moved and seconded. Now was Prince Arthur's opportunity. When he rose the crowded audience settled down in anticipation of the pleasing prospect of seeing him wriggle in a corner. And here he was talking for an hour, saying not a word about his own views and position on the Fiscal Question, but bewailing C.-B.'s sinful ambiguity, beseeching him to stand up like a man and say plainly what he meant.

Such turning of the tables finds its nearest parallel in the imaginary case of a prisoner in the dock addressing a moral lecture to Judge on Bench. Don José, equally sorrowing over delinquencies on Treasury Bench, more actively resentful, moved adjournment of debate.

"Enough of this foolery," cried C.-B. "Put your amendment and let us get to business." The majority gnashed their teeth in impotent rage. They had come to shear; every prospect of their going away shorn. Close upon dinner hour before division concluded. Here was morning sitting frittered away. Prince Arthur and Don José had both spoken at length and had said not a word, compromising or otherwise, on their relative or individual position on Fiscal Question. New Members begin to think House of Commons is even a queerer place than they had suspected.

Business done. Prince Arthur and Don José, solemnly arraigned on charge of Protection heresy, decline to plead. "Instead of which," as was remarked in another leading case, they accuse C.-B. of criminal ambiguity.

Tuesday night.—Debate on Kitson amendment brought to conclusion just in time for men to be too late for dinner, and this in spite of repeated efforts by Speaker to cut it short. Began with Lowe. As one of the sacred Seven of Birmingham he felt it behoved him to discourse at large on Free Trade and Protection. Stuart-Wortley's amendment, under discussion, limited debate to question whether or not the people of the United Kingdom at the recent General Election had demonstrated unqualified fidelity to the principles and practice of Free Trade. Hadn't got far into denunciation of wicked men who were opposed to tax on corn when Speaker was up with insistence on his keeping to the point. Explaining that he was coming to it, Lowe resumed thread of his remarks as spun in manuscript held in hand.

"Now," said he, "what constitutes Protection?"

Speaker up again with sterner warning. Lowe bowed to his ruling, of course. But he desired to show that he only meant—and so forth through some troubled sentences. Then back to his manuscript.

"Now, Mr. Speaker, that being so, what do hon. gentlemen opposite say Protection is?"

"Order! order!" cried the Speaker. "I have twice warned the hon. Member against irrelevancy. I must ask him to discontinue his speech."

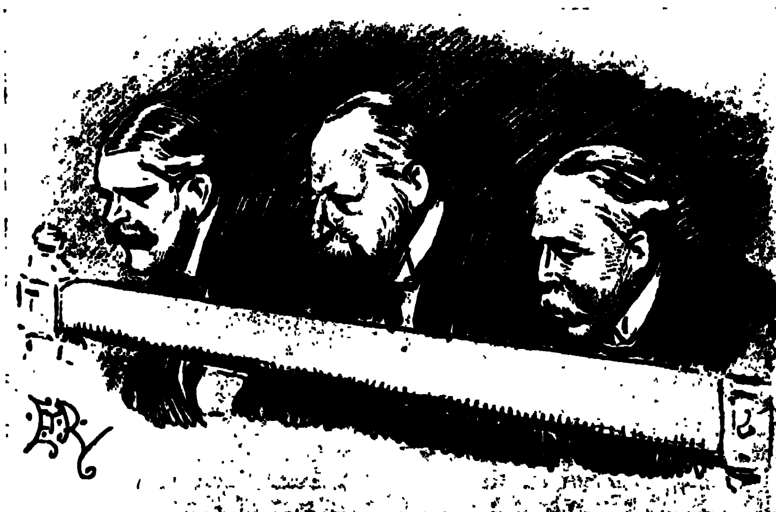
Lowe, gasping for breath, sat down forlornly turning over the many pages of his unused notes.

Next Houston, a Liverpool man, took the floor. Had prepared a short autobiography which, *à propos* of Stuart-Wortley's amendment, he purposed to read. Its opening sentence arrested attention.

"I was," he said, "originally intended for the Church." Natural tendency, however, drew him, as with a hawser, to the shipbuilding yard.

"That," said Mr. Houston, gazing reflectively on the countenance of C.-B. sitting entranced on Treasury Bench opposite, "was my boyhood's ambition."

Here the Speaker moved uneasily in the Chair. But Mr. Houston, reminiscent



Their First Experience of Joe and Arthur in Debate.
(Some new Members, including the Member for West Salford.)

THE TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

Brawny Ruffian (who has backed the other horse). "NOW THEN, GUV'NOR, YOU JUST STOP WHERE YOU ARE FOR A BIT. YOU AIN'T WANTED UP THERE JUST YET!"

of childhood's happy days, did not observe the omen.

"I served a four years' apprenticeship in the shipbuilding yard," he continued. After a pause affording opportunity for this fact to sink into the mind of the listening Senate he turned over a new leaf of his interesting autobiography.

"Hon. Members of the Labour Party," he proceeded, turning to the left so as to get DON'T KEIR HARDIE's vermilion-hued necktie in focus, "know what a hard day's work is. So do I. Early and late——"

"Order! Order!" said the SPEAKER. "I do not see what this has to do with the amendment.

"I am coming to that," said the autobiographer a little tartly. "To-day I have lines of steamers running to all parts of the world. I pay £10,000 a year for cables."

SPEAKER up again with second warning.

"I mentioned this to show," HOUSTON hurriedly explained, "that I have my pulse on the fingers of the world."

That not exactly the way he intended to put it. But how can you, especially if you are a new Member, read your autobiography correctly if you are constantly interrupted by a man in a full-bottom wig?

HOUSTON never got over this last interference. Embarrassment increased by vain endeavour to keep one eye on the manuscript and the other on the SPEAKER. Finally, thinking he saw signs of SPEAKER rising for the third time, he abruptly sat down in the middle of Chapter I.

ROWLAND HUNT the next victim. He also had brought his sheaves with him in form of handful of notes. These were biographical only to extent of mentioning that he belonged to the Catholic Faith. This, it appears, had led to the circulation during the Election contest of the statement that, if he were returned to Parliament, the offspring of the electors would be burned at the stake.

This a little mixed. Whilst Members were thinking it out, Mr. HUNT proceeded, with the assistance of a few posters, to give a sort of limelight entertainment descriptive of election proceedings in Ludlow. SPEAKER called him to order.



"ONE OF THE SACRED SEVEN."
Sir Fr-nk L-we "sat down gasping for breath."

"Very well, then. I was going to bring it round to the point by showing the difference between the facts of the big and little loaf and the Radical poster I have here. Can I produce it?"

"Certainly not," said the adamantine SPEAKER.

"Then I am afraid," said Mr. HUNT wofully, "I cannot tell you."

House bore up against this disappointment. A few minutes later, wandering back to one of the posters with which his pockets bulged, the SPEAKER gave him an Oliver for his ROWLAND, ordering him to shut up.

Business done.—KITSON'S resolution carried by a majority of 376. That pretty good for Ministers. Actually PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ won the day. Debate undisguisedly planned with design to "draw" them on Fiscal Question. By counter-manœuvre they evaded challenge. As a matter of fact KITSON'S amendment was not discussed at all.

THE CUCKOO.

The Haven, Brixton.

To MR. PUNCH,

SIR, I am determined to be, and nothing shall prevent me from being, the first person to hear the cuckoo in the year 1906. As I desire to attach no blame where blame is not due, I will refrain from any recrimination now, though I cannot help thinking that I was most disgracefully treated over this affair last year. Everyone knows and must know that it has been from time immemorial my practice to write to the papers on this subject year by year; nevertheless last year I was treacherously forestalled by an unscrupulous intruder.

In order to prevent repetition of this sort of thing I enclose a suitable letter containing the usual statement ("The other day as I was walking in the country with a friend, I heard, &c. &c.") and such appropriate remarks on the advent of Spring and the flight of Time as long use has rendered of indubitable propriety.

I must ask you to publish this enclosed letter at the earliest date on which you consider its contents will be credible.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

[One enclosure.] AN OBSERVER OF NATURE.

[Unfortunately one of Our Suburban Correspondents has already made a statement in last week's issue of *Punch* on the subject of the cuckoo. It is true that he only "*thought* he saw it," and says nothing about having heard it; but in these circumstances the letter to which "AN OBSERVER OF NATURE" refers, had better be held over till 1907, when it can appear any time he likes after the middle, say, of January.—ED.]



"YOU THINK YOU'RE EVERYBODY, *YOU* DO!"
"GARN! I DON'T THINK I'M *YOU*, NOHOW!"

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR SONS?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice in your current issue a poem (with the above sub-title) in which a parent is represented as having despaired of finding a profession for his son, till the House of Commons passed a resolution in favour of the payment of Members. It looks as if he must have missed a most attractive article a few weeks ago in a contemporary on "The Idyllic Life of Dartmoor Prison." When I read this article I at once decided what to do with my WILLIE. I may say that I am a clerk myself, and did not want *him* to grow up to this drudgery, but until reading the *Mail's* account of Dartmoor I did not see any alternative.

Of course, to become eeligible, WILLIE would have to qualify by committing a crime. What would you suggest? He is thirteen years old.

Thanking you in anticipation for any useful hint you could give me,

I am,
Yours obediently,
LEMUEL SMILES
(and no wonder!)

P.S.—I think the parent in your poem had better give Dartmoor a chance before he tries to get his son into Parliament. You see, Dartmoor can always be extended to hold any number, whereas the other House is limited to 670 inmates.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following essay by an elementary schoolboy. The Biblical simplicity of the closing sentence has seldom been surpassed in any tongue.

COMPOSITION.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA.

The young Prince in India went out shooting in the jungle with his huntsmen on horses and others on camels and hundreds barefooted.... When he got there, there was not a tiger to be seen so he started on rajahs. And there was joy when he brought one back to Jaipur.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PLATO.

Dearest Daphne,—You say you want to know all about this Plato boom, and whether the lectures at Claridge's are *really* like the one on Lucretius at Lockhart's which *Mr. Punch* described. Don't you believe him, my dear, when he sniffs at the New Learning. He'd like you to believe that Plato's philosophy is Greek to us; whereas it's nothing of the kind; it's plain English.

I'll tell you all about it. There are *three heads*, as it were, to the study of Plato. You lunch at Claridge's; you have a little darling note-book (suède or morocco) to match your frock; and you *disdain matter!* There is the whole thing, in that proverbial nutshell that must be full to overflowing long ago.

Never again will anyone dare to call Society people feather-brained. The room is crammed every time, and we all disdain matter like anything. And, without vanity, I really believe I do disdain matter most awfully. I will tell you all about one of the lectures.

I had been doing some shopping in the morning. I got some hats at Valérie's (here's a piece of news, my dear; I don't know whether to laugh or cry at it,—hats are to be worn a weeny bit higher in the crown!). Then I went to the Burlington to get *Pompom* a motor-coat and boots (they kept me an age, for *little* doggies are rather difficult to fit), and then I went straight to Claridge's, where Babs was to meet me. It was all we could do to get a table. All the Plato people were lunching there; Croppy Vavassor and his wife, the Bosh Tresyllyans, and, in fact, everybody. Trixie, Lady Larkington, and Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, were together, both dressed for nineteen; I suppose they take an interest in Plato because they *knew him personally*. The Duchess of Dunstable and Winnie and Cuckoo Dellamont were in a sort of Greek get-up with a key-pattern trimming, if you ever heard of anything so perfectly *ricky!* I wore pale grey face-cloth, with chinchilla, a highwayman hat to match, and a *devy* little grey suède note-book with silver corners.

When we had taken our time over luncheon (that's the beauty of having it on the spot) and done ourselves thoroughly well, we all crowded into the lecture room and began to disdain matter. It was a lovely lecture, and the Professor is a darling man; I'm simply over head and ears. I find no difficulty in following him. He told us that men were much easier to understand than plants. Why, yes—I see that quite clearly—*much* easier, and so *much* more amusing! *Plants*, he says, we can *never* understand; and I feel so glad now that I didn't bother myself learning botany when you did. It was all sheer waste of time, *chérie*—plants are *not to be understood*. He told us about some simply *horrid* people, the *Early Christians*, who distorted dear Plato's views, and actually said—just fancy, the wretches! that women were the origin of evil. These *disky* creatures are responsible for that odious notion of celibacy that is not yet stamped out, and that gives us girls and our Mammas so much trouble and anxiety. Why, at our last party, my dear, a crowd of Early Christians stood by the door, and simply wouldn't dance, though they had been squared with a good dinner, and some of the prettiest girls in Society in their prettiest frocks were waiting to dance with them.

And now, Daphne mine, I think I have given you what bores call a most *exhaustive* account of our Plato studies. We all feel so pleased at being such clever, thoughtful people. The dear Professor considers that there is an *immense* amount of mental activity among us. *So* much for the bookworms and blues, who have looked down on us as empty and *frivy!*

Ever thine, Blanche.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have just been to another of these lectures. It was about drink, and the American type of beauty, and other subjects on which Plato is a recognised authority.



White Mare. "And they've got the face to call it ten-horse-power!"
Black Mare. "I don't think that was the word he used. In fact, I think we'd better take the children away!"

LITTLE BACK GARDENS.

Danger of Frosts. The latter half of March has come just about the same time as usual, and there is plenty of work to be done. There is, of course, the probability of nipping frosts and biting winds in May, and the little back gardener can only try to counteract these influences by getting to work now, and putting plenty of extra clothes on the beds.

Borders.—Box borders always look neat, and perhaps the best boxes for the purpose are ——'s 2-oz. Navy Cut tins; they can be got in two strengths, the "medium" and the "mild," and, the tins being of different colours, when placed alternately they make an exceedingly effective border.

Pergolas. These little pests must be got rid of now or never, and the following recipe is probably as good as any other. In low dishes of a suitable size place a layer of wet moss, and sprinkle liberally with finely powdered borax. If you see that the moss is *kept* wet and do not grudge the borax, the results will surprise you.

Worms. Worms are not all bad, and should be judged on their merits. Remember that a worm halved by the spade in digging practically counts two on a division.

Summer-houses. Before erecting these delightful adjuncts to the garden, it is as well to consult an architect and a solicitor. We believe that fireproof floors, escape staircases, and doors opening outwards (plainly marked "Exit") are now required by the by-laws.

A Provincial weekly paper publishes the following:

"The horse in Farmer ——'s milkcart took fright and ran away. The milkcart was upset, and gallons of pure milk watered the High Street."

This gives us a new insight into the truth of the proverb which states how foolish it is to cry over spilled milk. There is enough water about already.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ LATINÆ.

[A contemporary remarks that Latin quotations will be more than ever out of place in the new House of Commons.]

My Georgian grandpapa, whose education
 (And shape) was *totus teres ac rotundus*,
Assisted in the counsels of the nation
 As member for his own *avitus fundus*:
And, as he "briefly summed the situation"
 (The dear old man was rather apt to bore 'em),
He never failed to flout his generation
 As a *progeniem vitiosiorem*.

My uncle too, who sat for the vicinity
 (Our village seat, alas! was docked by DIZZY),
Would tell me, when I sketched my life at Trinity,
 Forsan juvabit olim meminisse:
Moreover (though he seldom figures in it) he
 Could point to *Hansard* with an author's gusto;
"England," he feared (Lucretian his latinity),
 "*Defessa spatio obruat vetusto.*"

And I, yes I—but that a mob impervious
 To Ciceronian phrases wise and witty
Preferred to mine the *ingenium proterrius*
 Which marked a joiner from a Northern city
Should, in this House of Commons hurdy-gurdious,
 Cull from the Mantuan's page by tens and twenties
(With help of notes from SIDGWICK back to SERVIUS)
 Such flowers of speech as *Danaos ferentes*.

Well, *mos majorum tamen interibit*;
 The Horace-quoters *were* a trifle solemn.
And then, I must confess, I've worked off *my* bit
 Of learned lore upon this friendly column.
I'm an old fogey; if the young should gibe, it
 Concerns me not (*non rĕfert mea*): in fact, I
Had better cut this short, and just subscribe it
 Laudator temporis se puero acti.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Author's Progress, by ADAM LORIMER (BLACKWOOD), is not very well represented by its title. Primarily it is a treatise on modern authorship in general. As such, it is full of ideas and of information, and by reading it a young writer ought to arrive at pretty well all there is to be known on his relations to his public, his publisher, his reviewers, and his own conscience. He may even learn to look at things from his publisher's point of view, though the author owns frankly that "it wrings our heart to be just" to one of that abused but necessary race. But the book ought to appeal to many more readers than those whose interest in the subject matter is purely professional. It is full of quaint thoughts and crisp sayings; and may confidently be recommended to all people with a sense of humour, though for literature they may care nothing, and for authors rather less.

AUTHORS are kittle cattle, not always dead on the spot,
But you're sure of a run for your money when "Q.'s" in charge of the plot.
And here in *The Mayor of Troy* (the publisher's METHUEN)
His strength, compared to the average scribe, is as the strength of ten.

'Tis a tale of the days when BONEY set Europe all by the ears,
And it tells of the craft of smugglers and the prowess of volunteers;
And the Mayor is *Solomon Hymen*—the name itself is a joy—
A mixture of humbug and hero, a regular broth of a boy.
Fun and frolic and sentiment; first in the 'Ercles vein,
Rising anon as the tale goes on to a quasi-tragic strain,—
Such is the style of *The Mayor of Troy* whose Odyssey, writ by "Q.,"
O Reader in quest of earnest and jest, is just the book for you.

Mixed Maxims—written by MONTE CARLO and published by ALSTON RIVERS—is dedicated to "All those who are likely to dislike it." Pausing, therefore, for a moment to acknowledge the compliment, we pass on to

Curayl, by UNA L. SILBERRAD (CONSTABLE), which is another story altogether. Miss SILBERRAD's hero, *Luttrel*, is of a type that is hardly ever drawn successfully by a woman. He is a strong man, a man who "does" things, a man who leads other men; and with nine out of ten lady novelists such a man is a prig. But with Miss SILBERRAD he is an easy-mannered, light-hearted gentleman, who neither talks like a "Pinhero," nor calls everybody "old man." Anyone who has read much contemporary feminine fiction will understand the greatness of the author's achievement. The doctor is another man's man; in our gratitude for these two we can overlook the "financier" and the "villain." The book has a curious charm. I put it down with an unstinted admiration for its technique and the naturalness of its dialogue; with a strong desire to read it again at once; and with the realization that the only manly thing to do is to confess fully and with shame my previous ignorance of Miss SILBERRAD's work.

E. GRANT RICHARDS has started a new venture of Chap-books by a selection of the works of Lyrists of the Restoration, selected and edited by JOHN and CONSTANCE MASEFIELD. Good things are picked up, from the time of Sir EDWARD SHERBURNE, who died when Queen ANNE came to the throne, to CONGREVE, who did much to illumine her Augustan age. In the second volume, rather forbiddingly entitled *Essays, Moral and Polite*, the field gleaned is widened in range, going back to the Restoration of the STUARTS and closing with the reign of Queen ANNE. Among the essayists are EVELYN, COWLEY, DRYDEN, ADDISON and STEELE. Here is nothing new, but because it is familiar it is the more lovable. The publisher has daintily frocked the little volumes in white vellum, laced with strips of kid. Perhaps if he had left out an essay or two and cut down the lyrists with a view to using larger type it would have been a generally acceptable improvement.

A DIVISION OF LABOUR.

["*Journalism.*—Gentleman (Barrister) offers Furnished Bedroom in comfortable, cheerful chambers in Temple in return for equivalent journalistic assistance, &c."—*Times*.]

THE "equivalent" is rather a nice point. *Mr. Punch* suggests for other Gentlemen Barristers the following Table of Equivalence:—

1 Furnished Bedroom .	=	1 Introduction (by Letter) to Sub-Editor of daily paper.
1 Furnished Bedroom with use of Bath. .	=	1 Introduction (personal) to Sub-Editor.
1 Bed-Sitting-room. .	=	1 Introduction and Interview (five minutes guaranteed) with Editor.
2 Furnished Rooms .	=	1 Lunch (cold) with Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL.
2 Furnished Rooms with use of Bath . .	=	1 Lunch (hot) with Dr. NICOLL *and* CLAUDIUS CLEAR.
1 Furnished Flat, with all modern conveniences, electric light, trams to the corner, etc.	=	1 Bridge Night with Lord NORTHCLIFFE, Sir GEORGE NEWNES, and Mr. C. A. PEARSON.

UNLIMITED CRICKET.

The tenacity and enterprise of great cricketers are indomitable. Undismayed by the failure of his team in South Africa, Mr. P. F. Warner, the famous globe-trotter and M.C.C. captain, is projecting a series of new cricket tours. Is it impossible that the papers of the future will contain some such statements as the following?

A *Reuter* cable has been received, dated Scoresby Sound, Greenland, Aug. 12, 1907, to this effect:—

"Mr. Warner's team has just concluded a very interesting match against the Gentlemen of Greenland. The wicket played very fast, as the ice had been thoroughly swept all the morning; but the out-fielding was rather rough. Mr. Warner himself failed to trouble the scorer, as he is just now training largely on ducks' eggs; but two or three other members of his team got into double figures. Fane, as usual, was most consistent. The home side, who were more at home on their own ground, compiled a huge score, and the position of the M.C.C. is hopeless. By losing this third match they will also lose the blubber.

"During an interview with Mr. Warner in the evening he told me that he had already begun a book on the present tour, to be entitled:—

"*From the Oval to the Arctic Circle.*"

From a *Reuter's* cable, dated Shanhaikwan, the seaward terminus of the Great Wall of China, July 7, 1909:—

"The M.C.C. third test match with China has just been concluded in perfect weather. Huge crowds watched the play from an exalted position on the Great Wall. Mr. Warner, winning the toss, elected to bat, but disaster attended his own steps, as he immediately fell a victim to Bo Ling, a champion from the banks of the Googhli. Captain Wynyard followed, but without success, and the first innings closed for only 50 runs, of which Fane made 48; a result due largely to the Bo Ling afore-mentioned, and also to Ka Ching. The Chinamen replied by amassing a useful 323 by careful play. Failing to make more than 20 in the second innings (of which Fane made 19), the Englishmen lost the match and the rubber. Naturally the country is much elated, and great displays of fireworks were given last night. Mr. Warner's book on this tour, he tells me, will be called *Mandarin and Warner-out.*"

From a Sims's hairless telegram dated Wellsville, Mars, June 29, 1909:—

"The third and last of the test matches between the M.C.C. and the All Mars Eleven was played yesterday on the Campus Martius, the beautiful ground of the metropolis of the red planet. Mr. Warner, who won the toss, was unfortunate in being bowled by the last ball of the first over, the popular skipper having never become wholly acclimatized to the planetary atmosphere, but Captain Wynyard created great enthusiasm by hitting a longhop into one of Schiaparelli's canals, for which no fewer than eight were run before the ball was recovered. The innings closed for 42, of which Fane was responsible for a freely hit 33, to which the Marsupials responded with a useful score of 469. M.C.C.'s second innings yielded 70, to which Mr. Warner contributed the second figure, and thus the game and rubber were won by the home team. Mr. Warner's record of the tour, which he hopes to complete on the home journey, will, we understand, bear the attractive title of *Plum in the Planets.*"



A BREATH FROM THE FAR WEST.

"Can I go a yard nearer on my side, as I've lost the sight of me one eye intirely?"

From "Soufflées" in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"The coachman had made three remarks, at intervals of ten minutes, on her ladyship's respect for his lordship's horses. The footman, in his fur cape, with his face to the door, had each time made the monosyllabic reply of 'Sickening.'"

In the sequel (not reported in the *Westminster*) we understand that, after the third "monosyllable," the coachman repeated curtly the 119th Psalm, to which the footman replied diffusely, and with a slight lisp, "No."

"What?" hissed the other, polysyllabically.

The footman merely uttered the monosyllable "Antidisestablishmentarian."

It was the longest monosyllable he knew.

"Bah," said the coachman, rolling his "r's" with great vehemence.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

IV.

Whenever I detect in myself the premonitory symptoms of political fever, I have a habit of resorting to Prenderby. To commune with him is to imbibe a cooling sedative. That was how it was that I found myself in his chambers on the morning after the Vote of Censure on Lord Milner.

I had scarce entered when I saw by the wildness of his eye that Prenderby's customary detachment had taken on a sort of Maeterlinckian quality—that he had in fact become actually detached *from himself*. Certainly he struck me as being out of his own mind.

"You have come none too soon," he cried; "I needed somebody on whom to work off my indignation. I was beginning to gibber to myself—and that way madness lies."

"Let me be the vile body," I said.

"It is, of course, the Vote of Censure that has done it," he continued. "I am not easily provoked to wrath, but this Churchill amendment seems to me the most ungenerous thing I have ever encountered in a long and not unintelligent study of party tactics. For the moment I disregard the motion of Byles. Byles doesn't count."

"Oh, but he does," I interposed. "He counts one on a division; and he would have counted a good deal more if the Government had not intervened to spare Milner's feelings."

"Ostensibly so," he corrected; "but actually to save their own faces. For, if their true object had been to spare the feelings of a great servant of the State, why should they have explicitly declared that their action was dictated by motives of policy and expedience? Think how easily they might have made their amendment run in such terms as these: That the House, while recognising the high services paid to the country by Lord Milner as High Commissioner of South Africa, regrets the error of judgment by which he consented to the flogging of Chinese labourers for acts of violence and outrage, and so permitted a breach of the Ordinance." The rebuke, even so, would have been gratuitous; for he had himself confessed his fault in language of regret—the most frank, the most patently sincere. Such admissions, with gentlemen, are usually considered enough.

"And, if a record of his error was needed by these self-constituted Daniels come to judgment, was it not already written in the annals of his own Chamber, where he owned that, on the advice of one whose reputation for friendliness towards the Chinese was unquestioned, he had countenanced flogging as the only effective punishment for acts of violence and outrage, and so permitted a breach of the Ordinance?"

"The Lords are not the Commons," I said; for I was suddenly inspired by a sense of the healing power of platitude.

"No, thank God!" he snapped; and nothing that he had hitherto said, or was yet to say, afforded a truer measure of the extent of Prenderby's deviation from his accustomed attitude of mind than this implicit recognition that the House of Peers might, after all, have some reason for existence. "No, thank God!" he repeated on a note of piety unusual with him; "and I dare swear that Lord Elgin had no hand in this business. And I dare also swear," he added, launching out into the oracular, "that when History comes to make up its accounts this House of Commons record will be interpreted not as against Lord Milner, whose name will then be too great to be affected by it, but as against the little men that condemned him absent.

"Frankly I am far less sorry for him than I am for certain members of the Cabinet, high-minded and large-hearted gentlemen, who, by the exigence of circumstances, had to endure in silence while this young man in a hurry to be famous did the party's dirty work. I hardly doubt that more than one of them would have gladly changed places with an ancient foe across the way. I hold no brief for Mr. Chamberlain, as you know, but the spectacle of this veteran statesman, standing up, amid derisive laughter, in defence of his friend of the old Liberal days, and recalling the gallant and ungrudged services which that friend had rendered to the State, is to me a very moving one. '*Victrix causa deis* (that's the gods, with their pittite cat-calls) *placuit, sed victa Catoni!*'"

"It is a thousand pities," I said, "that *Josepho* wouldn't scan!" It was a futile remark, uttered from mere nervousness, for the deadly force of his Philippic had had the effect of unmanning me.

"But," continued Prenderby, treating me as a parenthesis, "I am most sorry of all for my country. How is England to hope that her best men will take upon themselves the burden of her service across the seas if a single error of judgment is to blot out the record of half a lifetime of sacrifice; if, for that very energy and prodigality of devotion in which such errors often have their cause, as they should also find their excuse, they are to be stigmatised, in the terms of the old tag, as 'prancing Proconsuls,' by just any bounding——"

"Please don't," I said, "please don't say 'bounding Byles.' You should be above imitating these cheap alliterations. Besides, my dear Prenderby, how do you know that Byles really bounds? I gather from *Who's Who*—and presumably it is his own account of himself—that he is a Social Reformer."

"Then for Heaven's sake," said Prenderby, dropping again into unwonted religious fervour, "let him get on with his reforms and not waste the time of the House with nosing out the faults of his betters. At its best it is pure vindictiveness, and at its worst sheer cant. I detest this Pharisaic priggery. C.-B. must hold a firmer crook over the sanctimonious sheep of his flock, or they will come to be known as the Chadbannerman Party.

"I speak, I also, as a lover of Social Reform. I protest myself a strong believer—none more—in the ideals of the higher Liberalism; and never has a Government enjoyed a better chance of realising them. But if they are to persist in spending the precious occasion in kicking lost causes, and rubbing salt (and not the best Attic at that) into old wounds, they will soon alienate the sympathies of honest men like myself. Let the party cease this habit of serving up *rechauffés* of other people's faults, and give us a taste of its own virtues. Proofs are still to seek of their claim to that title of 'Ministers of Grace' by which they have rather noticeably announced themselves. If I may trust my instinct in celestial matters, I should conjecture that it is *de rigueur* in the highest circles that a Minister of Grace should have a pretty fair record of his own to show before he can qualify for the post of Recording Angel. Lord Elgin's Assistant is, perhaps, not the most eligible candidate for——"

"Excuse me, Prenderby," I said, "but perhaps I ought to have told you that this is really an interview for the Press, and you are not doing justice to your reputation for detachment. You are saying all the dreadful things which I have had in my head, it is true, but should never have dared to utter aloud as my own convictions, and certainly not in print. If you will allow me I think I will go home and take my temperature. It was 102° when I came here to get it reduced; and I estimate that it is now roughly 104°. I will come again when we have both cooled down." And even as Prenderby, relapsing into soliloquy, proceeded to develop his argument by the ironic method, I made good my retreat in a state of advanced palsy.

O. S.

What's become of Waring?

The Scotsman, in reviewing a new critical work on Browning, speaks of "Alfred Dowett (*sic*), the author of 'What's Become of Learning?'" (*sic*—twice).

The question is well asked.



FIFTY YEARS A QUEEN.

(An Author's Tribute.)

[A scheme is on foot for presenting a National Tribute to Miss Ellen Terry on April 28, the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage.]



THE DREADED SUMMONS.

Jones (dressed for a fancy ball, looming indistinctly in the night). "Hi, Cabman, I want you!"

THE PAPER CAMPAIGN OF 1906.

(*A Study of the great H-rmsw-rth Group.*)

[The author of this thrilling romance (written specially for *The Daily Mail*) is a diplomatist of world-wide repute. He speaks and writes thirty-five languages, not necessarily including English. In the course of his romantic career he has wandered in search of local colour from the wilds of Peckham to those of Tartary, and from Shepherd's to the Australian Bush. In his exploration on the Tuppenny Tube alone he has covered a distance of 1,932,102 miles.]

It was a fine summer's morning and the beach at Lowestoft was crowded with holiday-makers. The men lounged idly on the sands reading their *Daily Mail*, and thus enjoying at once the delights of holiday and the strenuous intellectual life of London. Their better-halves sat in deck-chairs contemplating themselves in the *Daily Mirror*. The tawny covers of *Answers* gave a richer golden tint to the yellow of the sands.

When they laid aside these papers it was but to take up others of the same group. The fluttering of the pages of *The World and His Wife*, as countless readers turned them over, sounded like a gale of wind. In the aristocratic quarter of the beach many members of the Smart Set sat absorbed in the perusal of the only other society papers—*The World* and *Vanity Fair*. Here and there an intellectual face might be seen poring over the instructive yet amusing pages of *The London Magazine*, *Chips*, *Comic Cuts*, and *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

[*Editorial note.*—You have not brought in *The Observer* and *The Weekly Dispatch*: why not?]

[*Author's note.* It is rather awkward to drag in the Sunday papers on a week-day, but I will do my best.]

The bright sunlight struck on a newspaper kiosk, illuminating the contents bills of *The Weekly Dispatch* and *The Observer* the only Sunday papers with a vast circulation and a reliable advertising connection.

[*Editorial note.*—Good, but I think that we should now have a reference to the German Fleet.]

Suddenly the clarion notes of countless newsboys rang through the air. "Extra Speshul — *Evening News* — Lowestoft reduced to ashes by German bombardment." The crowd stared in wild amazement, but they could not doubt the authenticity of anything announced by their favourite evening journal - the best medium for "Want Ads." in the metropolis. As the terrible news spread there was a panic on the beach. One old gentleman was observed to grab his *World and His Wife* and, forgetting his own, flee from the foe.

Then on the horizon the German fleet loomed into sight and proceeded to hail shell on the defenceless town. In an incredibly short time boats were lowered and savage bands of German soldiers landed to loot the stationers' shops and bookstalls. The German Commander-in-Chief was heard to exclaim in amazement, "Potztausend-who, can these English beat?—das *Evening Newsblatt* has the stadt bombarded before we arrived have."

(A further instalment of this thrilling romance of German intrigue and the Carmelite group will appear to-morrow, containing the rout of the First German Army Corps by *Daily Mirror* snapshotters.)

CHARIVARIA.

GREAT care is to be taken by the L.C.C. that all entertainments at the Palace of Pleasure, which it is proposed to erect between the Strand and Aldwych, shall be free from reproach. The importance of this is obvious when it is remembered that all the High Court Judges, whose innocence is proverbial, frequent that neighbourhood.

Judge LUMLEY SMITH dismissed a case brought against a young vocalist last week for the rent of a concert hall, on the ground that concert halls were not necessaries for infants. Judge LUMLEY SMITH has evidently never spent the luncheon hour in a *crèche*.

We certainly live in an era of grandmotherly legislation. Mr. BIRRELL has informed Mr. O'BRIEN, in reply to a question in the House, that a certain lady teacher in a Borough Council school was not dismissed for wearing an engagement ring: "her engagement was terminated under a clause in her agreement."

The fine old proverb concerning "a dinner of herbs where love is" was well illustrated the other night when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave Mr. BYLES beans.

Charing Cross Station, which has been closed for three months, was re-opened last week, and a foolish old lady who had been waiting all that time remarked that the trains seemed to get later and later on that line.

A newspaper, which states that snails are making their way as an article of food, adds, with an air of originality, that "their progress is slow."

We hear that a leading health authority is about to make a pronouncement which many persons have held to be inevitable, but which will none the less cause something of a sensation. It is to the effect that food is bad for us.

A contemporary publishes a short article on "The Decline of the R.I." Next month the R.A. will also be declining—to the great annoyance of the declined.

Owing to the deplorable weather which prevailed at the time, the recent production of *The Flood* at the Hippodrome did not prove such a novel spectacle as had been anticipated.

Miss MAUD JEFFRIES denies, through her solicitors, that she has authorised the manufacture of marble reproductions of herself as tombstone angels. Her solicitors, nevertheless, write from Angel Court.

Measure for Measure, which has usually spelt ruin for theatrical managers, has risen phœnix-like from the ASCHES.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER now appears in *His House in Order* wearing a flannel double collar, and flannel double cuffs, which it is said will give a *cachet* to a mode which has hitherto lacked the highest kind of recognition. Even before this many persons held Mr. ALEXANDER to be our leading actor.

It is indeed a pleasure to see the Drama at last emerging from the state of sluggish insipidity which has so long disgraced it. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre four of our most lovely actresses now play a game of football on the stage, in the course of which Miss GABRIELLE RAY kicks the ball into the auditorium. We doubt whether the theatrical history of any country could point to a more saucy incident.

An enterprising fowl residing at Finchingfield, Essex, in a plucky attempt to cope with the increased demand factitiously created by one of our contemporaries during what is not usually regarded as the Silly Season, has laid an egg measuring four inches long and eight inches in circumference.

The University of Chicago has decided to establish a department for the study of the language of monkeys. Professors disguised as waiters will attend all the local Freak Dinners.

We read that "The crew of the Cardiff ship *Carlisle* which was blown up at Saigon last month reached Southampton yesterday." This gives one some idea of the force of the explosion.

A pigeon returned to its master at Chester last week after seven years' absence. The scene when man and bird fell round each other's neck and sobbed is said to have been affecting in the extreme.

From *The Egyptian Gazette*:—

GENTLEMAN, perfect knowledge German, English, French, some Arabic, owns typewriter, experienced in export, import, wishes to change situation for 1st April.

If "typewriter" is a thoroughbred (by Blickendorf, out of Remington, say), and good over timber, we shall be glad to hear further from the gentleman.

Commercial Candour.

"Lexham Gardens, Kensington. Board and Residence from 35s.; full size Bils."

South Wales Daily News.

"THE SPECTATOR" ON THE WAR PATH.

DEEPLY interested in all schemes for the promotion of military efficiency, *Mr. Punch* has noted with keen but benevolent concern *The Spectator's* efforts to carry out its Militia Training experiment. Those efforts, as his readers are now aware, have been crowned with success. *Mr. Punch* accordingly availed himself last week of a courteous invitation to inspect the experimental company now undergoing training at Hounslow, and despatched a trusted representative to report on the progress which has already been made, with the results embodied in the subjoined interesting diary:—

March 19.—Arrived at Hounslow at eleven A.M., and was welcomed by Colonel POLLOCK, who explained that the company were attending a lecture on Free Imports by Sergeant-Instructor CHIOZZA MONEY, but that he would be pleased to answer any questions. On my asking how the experiment was proceeding, Colonel POLLOCK replied, "Magnificently. The results have surpassed my wildest anticipations."

"Had you any difficulty in getting the men?"

"Not the slightest. Had I wished I could have obtained ten times the number. As it is they are a splendidly representative set, including a Bishop's son, seven dock labourers, an artificial-eye maker, several chauffeurs, a Rhodes scholar, the heir presumptive to an extinct Irish peerage, an ice-cream seller, three comedians, and several ex-Members of Parliament."

"What were the qualifications insisted on?"

"A minimum chest measurement of 34 inches, a deep love of animals, and uncompromising adhesion to the principles of Free Trade."

The military training, which was practically completed on the second day, is exclusively undertaken by Colonel POLLOCK, but as he is anxious to make his recruits into good citizens as well as good soldiers he has retained the services of six sergeant-instructors to complete their education. Thus Sergeant LOUIS WAIN lectures three times a week on the intelligence of the lesser *Felidæ*; Sergeant HAROLD COX holds forth nightly on Protectionist Fallacies; Sergeant ST. LOE STRACHEY (who is known by the men as the Duke of Wellington Street) lectures on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays on "How to Write a Leading Article under Fire"; Sergeant RAY LANKESTER, when his duties at South Kensington permit, delivers occasional addresses on "The Winsome Ways of Prehistoric Fauna," and Sergeant HERBERT PAUL is retained as honorary instructor in "The Use of the Stinkpot in Civil War."

At this moment the company came trooping out of the lecture, and at Colonel POLLOCK's invitation I joined them at lunch. The men mess in groups of ten, thus allowing scope for different tastes in diet; meat is optional, and several of the messes are composed of strict vegetarians. The artificial-eye maker is a fanatical devotee of the egg diet; the Bishop's son insists on having barley beer at all his meals; and one of the chauffeurs, strange to say, only drinks hot water. Afternoon tea is served at four P.M. with cream *ad libitum*, and the company's cats, of which there are no fewer than thirty-nine, are greatly in evidence at this meal. Supper is at nine, and after a "sing song," varied occasionally by an extra lecture from Lord AVEBURY on the Offensive Tactics of White Ants, or from Professor EMIL REICH on the *Periplus* of HANNO, lights are extinguished at ten P.M.

Wednesday, March 21.- On my arrival at the barracks Colonel POLLOCK flew to meet me in a state of almost unspeakable joy. "The men are simply splendid!" he cried. "Would you believe it, I planned a night surprise and suddenly woke up the entire company at two A.M., when the vitality of the human organism is at its lowest, with the cry, 'The Germans have landed and are marching on Hanwell!' Well, my brave fellows immediately leapt out of bed, formed themselves into a hollow square on all fours, with their cats in the middle, and by the simple device of pulling the tails of their devoted quadrupeds created such a soul-shaking caterwauling that the Germans, if they had been there, would have fled in confusion. I was so pleased at this display of intelligence--entirely unprompted, mind you—that I gave them an extra hour in bed this morning, and have arranged with Sergeant CHIOZZA-MONEY to teach them the Corn-Law anthem this afternoon."

"What are the men doing now?"

"Attending a lecture by Professor CLARKSON on the art of Military Make-up and the use of Disguise in War. You see they mastered the essentials of drill in the first two days, and I am now enabled to concentrate upon their intellectual instruction. Sir LEWIS MORRIS, I am glad to say, has joined the staff, and has most kindly undertaken to give a course of prælections on the Composition of War Songs. You will remember that he wrote most of the *Epic of Hades* on the Underground, and, with his permission, I have arranged for the erection of a LEWIS MORRIS Tube underneath the drill hall."

"Have you had any cases of insubordination yet?"

"Not a single one. The only *contretemps* so far was the attempt of an over-zealous private to arrest a suspicious-looking individual who was prowling about the barrack yard, but who turned out to be Mr. HALDANE, who had come to pay us a friendly visit. However, the War Secretary took it in very good part, and all ended happily."

Friday, March 23. On reaching the barracks I found no one there but a caretaker. The entire company, it seems, had gone to York to take part in a realistic representation of TURPIN's famous ride, in which the title *rôle* is to be assumed by Mr. STRACHEY, *The Spectator* militia men acting as pacemakers in relays.



POINT-TO-POINT NOTES.

A BAD TAKE-OFF.

Scotland for the Scots.

WE are sorry to note the introduction of Coloured Labour beyond the Tweed.

"Lambing Man Wanted for 21st April (blackfaced)."—*Moffat News*.

A HANOVERIAN SURVIVAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having a profound respect for the remote past I was glad to see, in your issue of March 14, that venerable joke about "Happy Goose!" which I recall as being popular about the time of the coronation of the Fourth GEORGE, at which function I had the honour to assist. Believe me, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CENTENARIAN.

[The comparative youth and inexperience of our Editorial staff (they are all under eighty-five years of age) render it desirable that they should have the services of an expert in antiques. Will "CENTENARIAN" therefore kindly forward his name and address?—ED.]

Silly.

"WANTED, Sound Boot Repairing Business.'

Manchester Evening News.

THE SCHOLAR NAVVY.

An Anticipation.

[*Vide* "LAMBDA'S" recent articles in *The Westminster Gazette*, entitled "The University and the Nation," in which the writer advocates the reform of Oxford on lines which will render its culture available for the working-classes of England.]

BILL SMITH was a navvy of brawn and bone,
His sinews steel and his muscles stone;
He plied the pick and he plied the spade,
And a nice little living it was he made.
His table groaned with the best of cheer;
He feasted high on beef and beer;
Care never entered his well-barred door;—
What could the soul of man want more?

Alas! one evil day BILL heard
Of a place called Oxford. His soul was stirred.
A charming spot, they said tall towers,
Grey quads, green grass, and a wealth of flowers,
Here one might lie, stretched out at ease,
On a velvet lawn, 'neath shady trees,
And wile the careless years away
With a can of beer and an old black clay.

He listened wistfully. "This," said he,
"Can scarce be meant for the likes of me.
You tell of a wonderful country which
Must be the preserve of the fortunate rich."
"No, no!" they cried. "In a long past day
Things used to be very much as you say;
But a great reformer conceived a plan
To make it the home of the labouring man.
If you're tired of being a navvy, and sigh
For the cultured calm of the cloistered High,
Just say the word and you soon will be
A scholar of Corpus or B.N.C."

BILL'S eyes, as he listened, grew keen and bright.
He flew to Paddington swift as light;
And that same day ere the sun went down
He was tramping the High in a scholar's gown.
Four glorious golden years he trod
The well-worn flags of the Corpus quad;
He studied *Homer* and *Vergil*, too,
And PLATO'S views on the Good and True;
He read the *Ethics* and even rose
To exercises in Attic prose;
He learnt what PERICLES thought of the Navy,
And never to use his knife for the gravy;
He studied the points of the *gentium jus*
And how to eat his asparagus.

At last, when he found himself B.A.'d,
BILL thought once more of the pick and spade;
But his muscle had dwindled away, alack,
And stooping gave him a crick in the back.
He soon discovered with aching heart
He'd lost forever the navvy's art;
So he tried for jobs of various kinds -
As beating carpets, or fixing blinds,
Or driving a bus, or a railway van,
Or being a general odd-job man.
But berths like these were beyond his reach
The one thing left for him was to teach.

Now he spends the livelong day
Teaching youngsters to work and play,
While most of the night his back he crooks
Correcting endless exercise books—
For which he earns just half what he made
As a first-class navvy with pick and spade.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE VAN-DOG.

THOUSANDS of years ago, when one of our prehistoric fathers had decided to remove his habitation and his belongings to some new spot which might offer him greater facilities for the prosecution of raids and forays and the provision of sustenance for his family, he would, we may be sure, discuss with his wife, the obedient captive of his spear, the question as to what furniture and appurtenances they should take with them, and what they should leave behind. Having settled that the grand piano, the escritoire, the solid oak wardrobe, the mahogany table with leaves (the gift of the lady's father after reconciliation), the six dining-room chairs, the carved sideboard, and such of the carpets and beds and washstands as still happened to be serviceable, should be removed by the local Pickford having, as I say, settled this, they would then proceed to pack up the silver, the plates and dishes, the linen, the clothes and the children, and load them on to the rude ox-waggon and the primitive pony cart. Lastly, just before starting, they would take a look round, and, lo and behold, they would see *Fluffy*, the cat, sleeping calmly on a bale of goods, while *Rags*, the dog, who had casually attached himself to their fortunes, prowled uneasily to and fro, with the conviction that a departure was taking place, and that, come what might, he must be in it.

"I can't leave the cat behind," the Chieftainess would say. "She's a first-rate mouser, and the children dote on her. Of course she's a trouble with her kittens, but they'll come in useful as presents for the neighbours, and she's such a faithful creature I can't bear to go without her." "Well, my dear," the Chieftain would answer, "if you take the cat, I'll take the dog. I never knew a dog like him for barking when wolves or robbers are about. Here, *Rags*, hop up;" and with that the joyful animal would leap to the front seat of the ox-waggon, and with much creaking and straining and shouting and whip-cracking the domestic procession would set out for the new home.

Now *Rags* thoroughly understood his duty. He was there to guard the family against beasts of prey, and right well he performed the responsible task. Now vigilantly perched beside the driver, now looking out upon the receding track from the tail-board, now running furiously to and fro over the trunks and bales and boxes, and always barking, barking, barking at the top of his voice, he made the forests to resound with the echoes of his clamour, and kept the Chieftain awake in case his bow and arrow should be needed to repel a sudden aggression. Arrived safely at the end of the journey he jumped down and curled himself up and slept, while the Chieftain pegged out his claim and the Chieftainess and her brood collected logs and wattles for the building of the new house.

Such was the pre-historic *Rags*, the lineal ancestor of all the dogs who bark on vans in the streets of our great cities. Whenever I see a wild inmitigable dog rushing furiously up and down a van, and resolutely foaming at the mouth while he barks at everybody and everything he sees, I know that the curtains of his hereditary memory have been rolled back, and that his imagination has turned the streets into forests and all the innocent pedestrians into wolves or members of hostile tribes leagued together for the destruction of his van, his master and himself. No van-dog ever takes a moment's rest or gives himself a moment's silence. The policeman on his point cannot soothe him; the old lady, who in her desperate passage across the street finds herself pinned between the tail-board of the van and the pole of an omnibus, rouses him to a madness of protesting passion; and to see him seize a messenger-boy's cap and worry it is a liberal education in unreasoning violence and ridiculous anger. Yet at home and relieved from his protective labours he is



ANOTHER LENTEN SACRIFICE.

Golf Caddie (to Curate). "HIGH TEE, SIR?"

Curate. "NO; PUT IT ON THE GROUND. I GIVE UP SAND DURING LENT."

one of the mildest and cleverest of dogs. He is a firm friend of the cat and a meek target for her claws; the children play with him and pull him about without fear and without risk, and he suffers himself to be caressed by the very policeman at whom he has from his van directed all his powers of contumely and hatred. It is only when he is on his van that he becomes that worst of fiends, a fiend with a sense of duty and a determination to die rather than fail in the smallest detail of it. Even when he has grown old and fat and wheezy he will continue (on his van) to be a universal enemy and to bark in a muffled falsetto at the human race.

The Battle of Bakerloo.

AT the time of the opening of the new Waterloo and Baker Street Electric Railway it was claimed for *The Evening News* that one of their young men had invented for it a title which would not easily be allowed to perish. He had called it "The Bakerloo Tube." It now appears that there is a rival name-maker in the field. His title for it is the "Water Street Tube." Which (if either) of these two *jeux d'esprit* will survive in the popular imagination remains to be seen. *Mr. Punch* is modestly conscious of his inability to pass judgment in so close a contest of wits.

A New Hobby.

"CLAYTON URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL.—Wanted, immediately, a person to act as Collector and Inspector of Cowsheds and Dairies. He will be required to make out and collect all rates, water rentals, and all other accounts due to the Council. He will also be required to do all the Council's Plumbing. Salary £80. The person elected will be required to give a sufficient bond for the faithful discharge of his duties and to reside in the district of Clayton." *Yorkshire Daily Observer.*

£80 a year seems meagre pay for a faithful collector of cowsheds who does all the plumbing as well. It is, however, wise to insist that he should live in the district of Clayton. A collector who resided in London or Liverpool would probably waste his whole time carrying cowsheds backwards and forwards from his home to his work, and would never get through the plumbing properly.

The Yorkshire Evening Post states that "reciting English poetry is said to have been proved a successful plan for defying sea-sickness. MACAULAY and the late Professor SIDGWICK are quoted as examples." We suggest DANTE's *Inferno*, and BYRON's "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!" as suitable subjects for the reciter. He could proceed, with more justification than most reciters, *ad nauseam.*



A DEAD "LOCK."

P.C. JONES, HAVING MASTERED HIS OPPONENT BY THE LATEST TRICK IN JIU-JITSU, IS NOW WISHING THE INSPECTOR WOULD TURN UP TO WITNESS HIS TRIUMPH!

THE BATTLE OF THE CHESS BLUES.

[*Author's Note:* The author cannot lay claim to any great technical knowledge of Chess, but he fancies that he understands the spirit of the game. He feels that on the eve of the Inter-University Chess Match it is the duty of somebody to sing, as the ordinary poet has a way of reserving his pæan for the Boat Race, and, by this means, of giving undue prominence to a quite secondary sporting event.]

THIS is the ballad of EDWARD BRAY,
Captain of Catherine's, Cambridge Blue
Oh, no one ever had just his way
Of huffing a bishop with K B 2!

The day breaks fine, and the evening brings
A worthy foe in the Oxford man -
A great finesser with pawns and things,
But quick in the loose when the game began.

The board was set, and the rivals tossed,
But Fortune (alas!) was Oxford's friend.
"Tail," cried EDWARD, and EDWARD lost;
So Oxford played from the fireplace end.

We hold our breath, for the game's begun -
Oh, who so gallant as EDWARD BRAY!
He's taken a bishop from K Q 1,
And ruffed it—just in the Cambridge way!

Then Oxford castles his Q B knight:
(He follows the old, old Oxford groove;
Though never a gambit saw the light
That's able to cope with EDWARD'S move).

The game went on, and the game was fast,
Oh! Oxford huffed and his king was crowned;
The exchange was lost, and a pawn was passed,
And under the table a knight was found!

Then Oxford chuckled; but EDWARD swore:
A horrible, horrible oath swore he;
And landed him one on the K B 4,
And followed it up with an R Q 3.

Time was called; with an air of pride
Up to his feet rose EDWARD BRAY.
"Marker, what of the score?" he cried.
"What of the battle I've won this day?"

The score was counted; and BRAY had won
By two in honours, and four by tricks,
And half of a bishop that came undone,
And all of a bishop on K Q 6.

* * * *

Then here's to Chess! and a cheer again
For the man who fought on an April day
With never a thought of sordid gain!
England's proud of you, EDWARD BRAY!

"CANTAB" writes:—"I am glad to be able to announce, on the authority of the Secretary of the Rhodes Trust, that Oxford and Cambridge will be the only Universities represented in the coming Boat Race from Putney to Mortlake.; This is good news after the fight against odds at Queen's Club last Saturday, where Cambridge had to meet the combined Universities of Harvard, Yale, Oxford and Dakota."

A Trial Trip in Triolets.

TRIOLETS (to get them right)--
One must crib from DOBSON (AUSTIN);
Else you'll worry half the night
At triolets, to get them right.
(There! the "at" has spoilt it quite!
It's a metre which I'm lost in.)
Try (O let's!) to get them right;
One *must* crib from DOBSON (AUSTIN).



THE STAIN OF CENSURE.

History (*to* Lord Milner). "Leave your shield in my keeping. I shall make it bright again."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Mar. 19.—Like old times to have ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS back again. For eleven years been wandering in the wilderness outside Westminster. Since the time of WHALLEY Peterborough ever distinguished itself by originality of choice of Members. It sent A. C. to Parliament, and kept him there for six years. Then, lured by apt alliteration's artful aid, it abandoned him. Before the battle cry, "PURVIS for Peterborough!" he fell. Sutherland picked him up, setting him on his feet to worry Ministers. It is the same old ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, with the same tendency to interpose in current debate whatever be the subject, the same disregard for conventionality.

Came out to-night in new guise. Army Estimates under discussion. Members below Gangway reiterate demand that they shall be cut down. Topic irresistible to ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. Incited him to one of those declarations that from time to time uplift the renown of the Mother of Parliaments.

"Personally," said ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, feeling in his trousers pocket to see if he still had that threepenny-bit he forgot to drop in the bag on Sunday, "personally I would like to say to the Government, 'Here is twenty millions for the Army. You shall not have a penny more.'"



AN INTERESTING PACHYDERM.
(Re-discovered in Sutherlandshire.)
(Mr. Alph-s Cl-ph-s M-rt-n.)



What an odd thing it is that persons of this kind should fancy themselves before everything as masters of Deportment and Good Manners!
(Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n and Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll.)

Whaur's your ANDY CARNEGIE noo? What, compared with this munificence, is a paltry library given here and there, with stipulation that it shall be sustained out of the rates? Observe, too, the delicacy of the fashion of conveying intimation of the munificence. An ordinary man capable of it, if such there be, would mount a pedestal, beat a drum, and when the expectant crowd assembled would pompously announce the boon. Without varying the level tones of his voice, without striking an attitude, prefacing the glad tidings with the studious casualness of "personally," ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS says to the harassed War Minister, "Here is twenty millions for you." (Some would have said, "Here *are* twenty millions." But that would be making too much of it.) Then, assuming a sternness designed to repress exuberant gratitude, he adds, "You shall not have a penny more."

This incident gave a fillip to debate sorely in need of it. House in Committee on Army Estimates. Speeches prepared for earlier opening now worked off. Admittedly nothing more to be usefully said at present juncture. HALDANE has twice at considerable length expounded his policy of masterly inactivity. EGO-FORSTER has had his innings, once more explaining that, finding the Army in ruins, he left it an impregnable fort. The Colonels have had their say, and Major SEELY has divided against the Leaders of his new Party. Time now to vote the inevitable charges and get on with other business.

That not the way of the Commons, be the House new or old. And, but for BALCARRES, the dreary performance would have gone on till midnight. At ten o'clock he rose and blandly proposed to discuss the question of Militia Training in winter months. A low groan echoed round the almost empty benches. Obliged to live up to his great speech on nomination of Aliens Committee, BALCARRES good for an hour at least.

At end of five minutes a Member opposite rose on point of order. In accordance with custom, BALCARRES resumed his seat. Before he could rise again a Labour Member moved the Closure. CHAIRMAN put question. Carried by overwhelming majority; a group of votes was rattled through; House up at 10.35.

Business done. Annual Army Bill brought in.

Tuesday night. Education Bill not yet produced. Budget postponed till after Easter. None of measures promised in King's Speech in forward state. Still we are getting on nicely. POSTMASTER-GENERAL obdurate about giving us free postage, and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER positively declines to pay our railway fares. But we have passed by overwhelming majority resolution to pay ourselves salaries at a minimum rate of £300 a year. Also we have



"Lulu" at the Hairdresser's.

Assistant. "Not *too* much hoff the—(ahem!)—the 'air, I presoom, Sir?"

(Mr. L-w-s H-rc-rt.)

insisted upon main items of Election expenses being thrown upon rates.



"Good for an hour at least."

(Lord B-lc-rr-s.)

This, I admit, suggests to superficial glance we are chiefly intent upon looking after number one. The scoffer is forestalled by the fact that we have passed another resolution insisting that starveling children attending Elementary Schools shall have one free meal a day. Birrell, working this out, finds that in London alone, estimating cost of meal at a penny, not taking into account charges for machinery of collection and distribution, this will cost over half a million a year, meaning an additional rate of $3\frac{1}{2}d$. What of that? Children must be fed, and many of us don't count for much in the way of payment of rates.

Our own case in the matter of food hard enough. Jacobi, new Chairman of Kitchen Committee, bursting with pride over his shilling dinner.

"Where," says he, sticking his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, "could you for twelve pence get a meal, roast or boiled, on the principle of cut-and-come-again, with cheese thrown in and bread *à discrétion?*"

Don't know about cheese; strongly suspect it's an alien, and undesirable at that.

Where we do get a look in is in the hair-cutting department. Lulu's our man. There's something like a statesman! Shall some day see him with his hair cut (for 6*d.*) sitting in seat of Prime Minister.

Up to now charge for hair-cutting a shilling. "Why," I said to the barber, "we can get one of Mr. Jacobi's cut-and-come-again dinners for the money."

"Very well, Sir," said the obliging artist, "we shall not be behind the times. I've cut your hair and, if you please, will come again without extra charge."

That of course not the point. A shilling too much for cutting your hair, especially when you provide the raw material. Same with shaving. Tried to induce Wilfrid Lawson to take up the matter.

"No, Toby, dear boy," said he, stroking his beard, "I'm for temperance in all things, including use of the razor."

Lulu, appealed to, was at first timid. "What will Labour Members say?" he asked. "Wouldn't it be interference with rate of wages, lead to picketing in Lobby, and things of that kind?"

Labour Members, consulted, admitted that circumstances alter cases. So barber's prices cut down by one-half; threatened Ministerial crisis averted.

Business done.—Lloyd-George brought in Merchant Shipping Bill amid chorus of approval.

Friday night.—There is a river in Macedon and another in Monmouth. Also there is a hat trick on the cricket field and quite another one at Westminster. The latter is usually played early in life of a Parliament, when withers are unwrung and new Members are insistent on seeing and hearing everything. To that end a seat is necessary,



Withering Effect of the Prime Minister's Humour.

(Hon. Cl-de H-y after C.-B. had done with him.)



A WEAPON OF OFFENCE.

(*A hard-run fox has taken refuge in a tree.*)

Gussy (*of Upper Tooting*) *whose horse has caused considerable trouble during the day.* "BY JOVE, I WISH I HAD MY REVOLVER."
M.F.H. "TO SHOOT YOURSELF OR YOUR HORSE, SIR?"

and for the 670 returned at General Election only 306 seats are provided on floor of House. To secure one, Members must be down for prayers, when, with the benediction, tickets are bestowed.

Custom permits a Member to peg out a claim by placing his hat on a coveted seat at any indefinite hour of the morning preceding prayer-time. This is accepted as intimation that the owner of the hat is on the premises, privily engaged in work on behalf of his constituents or the State.

Alack for the depravity of human nature! We are all honourable gentlemen in House of Commons; but some of us own two hats. In HENRI MURGER'S *Vie de Bohème* there is a charming scene where the Bohemians invited to dinner by a wealthy acquaintance cordially accept the bidding, and on arrival, by way of doing honour to the occasion, proceed in the temporary absence of their host to rifle his wardrobe in order to make themselves presentable. Discovering, to their amazement, that the man positively has three hats, they appropriate two with the indignant exclamation, "*Peut-on avoir trois chapeaux quand on n'a qu'une tête?*"

Members, even those returned by the large majorities, have only one head. But some have two hats, one secreted in their locker, the other serviceable on making their way down to the House in the early morning. Having planted this last out on a desirable seat, they take the other from the locker and go about their business assured of sitting room when they return. Twenty-six years ago MITCHELL HENRY startled a newly elected House by uttering from a side gallery his plaint against this nefarious transaction. To-day it is SOARES who is sore on the subject. As when Mr. BRAND was in the Chair, Mr. LOWTHER talks about "honourable understanding," an appeal which finds no response in the guilty breast of the Two-hatted Man.

Business done.—Scottish Land Values Bill discussed.



Lady. "It's very changeable weather, isn't it, William?"
Road Mender. "Yes, that it is, Miss. We don't get a single day alike."

"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER."

Demurely full of girlish tricks,
 And dimpled with a pouting smile,
The modern crone of sixty-six
 Must now be reckoned juvenile.
Her pearly teeth and satin cheek
 Are made to match her youthful brow,
And only ill-bred persons speak
 About the Middle ages now.

Oh! Mrs. A., and Madame X.,
 Who boom the Bond Street beauty cult,
To think that for such trifling cheques
 You guarantee this brave result!
How do those operating hands
 Restore "lost tone" to wrinkled dames,
And fit the fashion that demands
 Old pictures in enamelled frames?

Should any lady think her hair
 Suggests too much the Autumn tints,
She does not in the least despair,
 But follows your attractive hints.
By apt adulteration's aid,
 Some artful spirit brings again
The latest fashionable shade, -
 A rare oasis in the plain.

Those subtle touches never fail
 To smooth away the marriage-lines;
The sallow cheek so sere and pale,
 A guinea rouge incarnadines;
And, oh! how sweet must be the thrill
 That penetrates a grateful soul,
When the divine electric drill
 Eradicates some horrid mole!

To what a pitch of high content
 That matron's ardent spirits rose,
When the "Proboscis" instrument
 Equipped her with a Grecian nose!
And how some hearts have yearned to buy
 Those patent 'straps' for flabby skins,
That not uncharitably try
 To hide a multitude of chins.

Nor does the mode in which your days
 Are spent, dear ladies, cause offence;
To thoughtful minds your latest phase
 Betrays the hand of Providence;
For though this beauty-culture fad
 Has gone, perhaps, a bit too far,
'Twould make the brightest of us sad
 To see you as you really are!

The Housing Problem Solved.—"The size of the picture is 2 ft. 4 in. wide and 2 ft. high, an adornment for either palace or cottage, which could not be purchased separately for less than 2½ guineas."—*Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."*

It does not say how much the cottage would cost with the palace thrown in, but even taken by itself we think the price named for the cottage—2½ guineas—is very moderate.

The Bristol Evening Times, in an account of an address by Dean Pigou, reports him as saying: "A pride in modern-day Society was in the wearing of jewellery, but he thought one of his most beautiful experiences at a marriage service was when the bride, who had many jewels above the ordinary, came to her husband merely wearing her wedding-ring." But is this usual? *Mr. Punch* is the last person one would look to for a knowledge of the marriage service, but he has always understood from novels that a feature of it was the bewilderment of the Best Man as to which of his pockets he had put the ring in.

OUR BOYS AGAIN.

[According to a daily paper, the boys of a school at Marseilles revolted recently, and had to be subdued by the headmaster with a revolver, backed up by a strong police guard.]

AUTHORS who have tried to write public-school stories will have realised the difficulty of combining sensational detail with probability. The episode quoted above should prove helpful. We would recommend something on the following lines:—

There was no fear in HARRY's heart as he tapped at the bomb-proof door of the headmaster's study. Yet he knew why he had been sent for. His cap and a signed photograph of himself, abstracted from his locker for that purpose, had been left by the bully in the room from which the examination papers had been stolen. Suspicion rested upon him, perhaps not unnaturally. If he could not prove his innocence the consequences might be serious. But was he down-hearted? No! He knew that the school was with him, and would help him in his hour of need.

"Come in," said a voice.

HARRY entered the room.

The headmaster was sitting at the combination of desk and Maxim gun at which he wrote those sermons which filled every pew in the school chapel on Sundays.

"Well, TREVELYAN," he said gravely. "You know why I have sent for you?"

"Yes, Sir," replied HARRY, looking straight at him with his clear blue eyes, "but the charge is unjust. It was not I who stole the examination papers."

"This brazen attitude will avail you nothing," said the headmaster. "I must ask you, TREVELYAN, to bend over in the customary manner."

"Stay, Doctor CRAKSHOT," cried HARRY with flashing eyes. "I will not endure this wrong."

"I have you covered, TREVELYAN," said the headmaster significantly, tapping the feeder of his Maxim.

"And I you," retorted HARRY, producing a natty little Smith and Wesson. "Besides, I happen to know that gun isn't loaded. I heard you telling my house-master this morning that it jammed yesterday while you were taking the Sixth Form in *Thucydides*, and hadn't been right since."

"'Sdeath!" growled the now infuriated headmaster. There was a tense silence for a minute. Then a look of relief came into the doctor's scowling face. He had heard footsteps.

The door opened abruptly. "Saved!" shouted the doctor, as the form of the senior mathematical master (popularly known as 4.7) appeared at the door.

"Arrest that boy!" shouted the doctor. "If he resists, shoot him down."

"It is useless," panted the mathematical master. "All is over. We are defeated. The school has risen to a boy. The corps is even now digging trenches in the cricket-field. The football fifteen have routed the junior school masters at the fives-courts and driven them into the river. The French masters have suffered a reverse from the gymnasium six, and are in full retreat for the Upper Fourth Form-room. The cloisters are mined. The prefects are advancing in echelon across the gravel. They demand the return of HARRY the Hero."

"And if we refuse——!" muttered the headmaster, grinding his teeth.

"Then every master on the staff will be put to the sword."

"In that case, TREVELYAN," said the headmaster with forced calm, "I will consent on this occasion to overlook your offence."

"Thank you, Sir," said HARRY.



Cook. "NOW, MASTER REGGIE, YOU MUSTN'T BRING YOUR TRAIN INTO THE KITCHEN."

Reggie. "OH YES, COOK; THIS IS WHERE WE STOP FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS."

TO MARJORIE ON HER ENGAGEMENT.

A FIT OF THE HALF-BLUES.

[*Lines written on a sequel to the Inter-University Sports.*]

I CANNOT—ought I to? refuse
 Your pity for my case;
You could not know I ran to lose,
 And merely made the pace.

And yet—I hate it that you take
 The other fellow's ring,
Although I only ran to make
 Your beau a second string.

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

THE bald statement that a part of the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park has been set aside by a doctor as a Rest Cure garden for nervous patients is so tantalising that *Mr. Punch* has made further inquiries as to this secluded domain of peace. He finds that the doctor's methods are of a thoroughness beyond praise. All flowers likely to terrify or even ruffle a nervous lady have been ruthlessly uprooted. No tiger lily will lurk in the beds, no dandelion among the grass. Ox-eye daisies and cowslips will be banished, but phlox of all kinds is to be encouraged on account of its gentle bleating. In the pond will be no bulrushes; on the other hand heartsease will be everywhere, and the tobacco plant will line all the walks, so common as to be almost a weed. Red-hot poker and other inflammatory plants will be strictly taboo; love-in-idleness will everywhere abound; and, owing to their freedom from tannin, a special preference will be given to China tea roses.

The greatest difficulty that the doctor has yet had to guard against is the confusion in his patients' minds between the Zoological Gardens and the Botanical Gardens, both being in Regent's Park. It is obvious that a nervous lady in need of a Rest Cure is hardly likely to start well in her recovery if she is under the impression that she is being conveyed to the Zoo. The doctor therefore asks the co-operation of all philanthropically disposed persons to do what they can to emphasise the very strong difference between Botany and Zoology, and the capacity of Regent's Park to contain both establishments with a wide separating gulf. The achievement of his scheme depends largely upon the success with which they are kept apart in people's thoughts. To this end the exclusion of all plants and flowers with suggestive names such as monkey-puzzles, dog-roses, &c., is absolutely essential. As to whether or not he will engage Professor REICH to burble mellifluously of Platonics, while the ladies gaze upon the flowers, the doctor has not yet decided. If so, he will at once re-name the place the Platonical garden; or, Eden up-to-date.

The Daily Graphic announces that "Lady —— is now quite convalescent, and the infant baby is also doing well."

These babies do get born so absurdly young nowadays.

THE SMILOFAC.

[A French scientist claims that by fixing a comfortably padded leaden plate over his ear, and passing an electric current through it, he can produce "all the characteristics of a smile."]

M. Dumas, a physiologist,
Can simulate a smile,
By fixing to one's ear a leaden plate
(I merely mention what French journals state),
Through which electric stimuli beguile
With mirthsome tweak, and smirk-compelling twist.

A useful thing, for hardened diners-out,
Who know that they must hear
Stories first swapped in the Noachian prime;
The forced grimaces of the former time
Will henceforth and for ever disappear—
They can switch on a smile that none can doubt.

And when we go to see the latest play
A sixpence in the slot
Releases for our help the Smilofac
(Kindly remember you must put it back);
The saddest comedy, the tommiest rot,
Will wrench our risibles, and keep us gay.

M. Dumas, if haply you are wise—
Ingenious you are—
The Smilofac will vary in its strength
According to an "entertainment's" length;
Counsel whose duty calls them to the Bar
Of Darling will require the largest size.

M. Dumas, it is not mine to scoff;
This felt and felted want
Should ease the burden of our social round;
Yet I distrust it on one simple ground—
What if the gear should jam, and there should haunt
Our visages "the smile that won't switch off?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"From a British point of view there is no more remarkable episode in recent history than that which concerns the establishment and the gradual development of British influence in Egypt." Thus Lord Lansdowne, writing in his capacity of Foreign Secretary, prefaced communication to the British Ambassador at Paris of the substance of the Anglo-French Agreement dated April, 1904. In *The Making of Modern Egypt* (Seeley) Sir Auckland Colvin traces step by step proceedings which culminate in the once chronically impecunious Egypt to-day boasting a substantial surplus. Not only has the revenue steadily advanced, but the burden of taxation has been lifted from the shoulders of a long-crushed race. Between 1890 and 1896 more than a million of taxation was remitted on a revenue very little exceeding ten millions. The process is still going on; the country yields more and the citizen pays less. Egypt little realised what rich blessing for her was implied when, the British Fleet preparing to bombard Alexandria, the French battle-ships cut their moorings and put out to sea. Even when they had thus, irretrievably as it turned out, withdrawn from Joint Occupation, the dog-in-the-manger policy of France hampered the growth of prosperity. A provision of the earlier arrangement directed the payment of certain revenues to a joint account in order to cover the interest on the Debt. As Egypt waxed fat the payments into the Caisse de la Dette exceeded the amount needed. The British Agent urged that the surplus should be handed over to the Egyptian Government, with permission to employ it in whatever manner was most conducive to the wealth of the people. France obstinately objected, and at the date when the Agreement put an end to the Joint Occupation there was uselessly accumulated in the coffers of the Caisse a sum of five and a half millions sterling. This is now being distributed with wise, beneficent hand, and bears fruit a hundred-fold. If the man be blessed who makes two blades of grass grow where formerly there was but one, ten times blessed is the work of England in Egypt. Sir Auckland Colvin, sometime British Comptroller-General, contributed his share to the work, and accomplishes a fresh public service by this admirable account of its progress and triumph.

"Call no man happy till he is dead," was the old saying. "Call no man happy till he is a motorist," is the new—at least so far as Mr. Filson Young is concerned, who has written a book to support his contention. *The Happy Motorist* (E. Grant Richards) gives all the requisite instructions for attaining that modern variety of bliss which comes of travelling at high speed in skins and goggles, amid mud and dust and the smell of oil. Happy such a traveller may be, but no monopoly of happiness is his. There are a few persons left who can still be happy without a motor: happy although they have never pressed a snorting horn, never been terrorised by a chauffeur, never scared a pedestrian, and never flouted that noble animal the friend of man, who used to have a leg at each corner but is rapidly reaching the state of possessing not one to stand on. Each to his taste. This thing, however, is clear: that whatever one's views may be as to the happiness of the motorist, Mr. Filson Young is as eloquent an advocate of the new locomotion as is likely to come forward. His pen carries you along with it as though it also were a 60 h.-p.

If *The Fifth Queen* (Alston Rivers), by Ford Madox Hueffer, had gone on as well as it begins it would be among the most vivid historical romances in recent times. But it does not. At a certain point incidents give way to intrigue, and the story becomes dull and not too easy to follow. *The Fifth Queen* is Henry the Eighth's Katharine Howard, the successor of Anne of Cleves (that Flanders mare) and predecessor of Catherine Parr (who survived him). She is not Queen in this book, but is well on the road thither. There is every indication that Henry is about to catch a Tartar—and she too. But he kept *his* head. Mr. Hueffer, by the way, having written several novels (two with Mr. Conrad) and other books, including poetry and fairy tales and history, must be amused by *The Daily Mail's* excitement over *The Fifth Queen* as a "first book by a new writer." But so it is to be a journalist in a hurry!

In the collection of stories called *Concerning Paul and Fiammetta* (Edward Arnold), by L. Allen Harker, we have yet another contribution to the natural history of childhood, a branch of study which has been perhaps rather too popular of late. Mrs. Harker, however, has a kindly sympathetic eye and not a little humour, and in choosing *Fiammetta* for her heroine she chose well. *Paul* is less extraordinary, although it is true that he kept a private paragon of his own in a corner of his busy brain, named *Tonks*, whose deeds far excelled anything that any real hero could perform—even W. G. Grace himself. Matthew Arnold advised the possession of a touchstone by which to appraise new poetry; but if every child kept such a touchstone of daily merit as this terrible *Tonks*, we who are grown up and like to be admired by the young would know only gall and bitterness.

"Yorkshire.—Genuine Retail and Prescribing Business; little Photography; no opposition; healthy district; splendid fitted-up shop."—*The Chemist and Druggist.*

"Healthy district" was surely an oversight?



NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

Motorist (whose motor has thrown elderly villager into horse-pond). "Come along, my man, I'll take you home to get dry."
Elderly Villager. "No, yer don't! I've got yer number, and 'ere I stays till a hindependent witness comes along!"

SI PACEM VIS.

A Ballad of the Little Grand Duchy.

[The prevailing military ardour has spread to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, which, we learn from the *Frankfurt Gazette*, has added a horse to its cavalry and ordered a cannon on approval from Krupp-Essen. The national army turned out to practise with its new artillery, when unfortunately objections were raised by the neighbouring Powers, who complained that the shots had fallen in their territories. The cannon has been returned.]

The Grand Duke sent a summons forth,
And at his ducal call
From East and West and South and North
Hasted his Barons all.
"Lordings," quoth he, "'tis plain to see
The armies of the Powers
Each day grow more prepared for war
But what, my Lords, of ours?

"While France and Germany increase
Their fighting forces so,
Can we be sure of lasting peace?
My Lords, I answer 'No!'
We too must spend, would we defend
Our own beloved Spa.
Do you agree?" Some answered "*Oui*,"
While others cried "*Ja, Ja.*"

The Duke was in his counting-house;
The francs he counted long;
Each Lord sat silent as a mouse,
For fear he'd count them wrong.
At length his head he raised and said,
"My Lords, the sum is done:
The funds are high and we can buy
A charger and a gun."

The Duke has held a grand review,
And all the folk in force
Have gathered round to see the new
Krupp cannon and the horse.
The drum was banged, the cymbals clanged,
And both the trumpets brayed;
The people cheered, the new horse reared,
The old one also neighed.

Napoleonic frenzy filled
The Grand Duke. Prudence fled.
The vision of his army thrilled
His marrow. "Fire!" he said.
A blinding flash, a thunder crash,
And then a startled glance—
The people saw with sudden awe
The shot had dropped in France.

The Grand Duke frowned, but even then
His zeal was scarce decreased.
"Come! turn the gun about, my men,
And let her face the East."
Again the flame and thunder came,
Again at his command
The shot sped true—this time, *ehen!*
To hit the Fatherland.

Then frantic French and Germans came,
And protocols poured in
Supporting every victim's claim
From Paris and Berlin.
The Grand Duke sighed, his martial pride
All crushed and crumpled up
The extra horse was sold perforce,
The gun went back to Krupp.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

Good wine is the Mother of Invention.
Let the cobbler stick to his wax.
Too many cooks spoil the policeman.

CHEZ LES TIDMARSH.

As of that Queen of Egypt in whose storied past my *Lord Strathpeffer* took a scholarly delight, so of *The Man from Blankley's* it may well be said that custom cannot stale his infinite variety. Restored to the freshness of early youth after five winters of embalmment, its revival was greeted at the Haymarket with all the rapture of love at first sight. Among the many old favourites that reappeared the honours must still go to Miss Fanny Brough, incomparable as ever in her command of expression voice and facial play alike. Mr. Charles Hawtrey never did a better performance than in the scene where his own irresistible flood of laughter carried the audience away with it. One could have wished, as before, that he looked a little more like the sincere Egyptologist he professes himself to be; but the situation discouraged pedantry. As the *Arch-Uncle Gabriel* Mr. Kemble was once more himself in the most superb sense of that implication. Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald renewed the old fascination with his futile statistics, his dashing suburban gallantry, and the inimitable google in his throat. Mr. Arthur Playfair had lost nothing of his masterful tone as the *Butler* who consented to demean himself for a night's hire; and Miss Caroline Ewell again deplored most movingly the desolations of her stricken cockatoo.

Of the new-comers Mr. Weedon Grossmith brought a great access of power to the part of *Montague Tidmarsh*. He had little enough to do, but he was never idle or superfluous. In the dinner-scene his silence was pure gold. From his bent back so rare an atmosphere of eloquence was diffused, that our artist could tell just how he was looking on the other side. Miss Maud Wynter, as the flighty *Cecilia Flinders*, confirmed her growing reputation. Both in her acting and in her make-up she showed an almost sacrificial self-abandonment. Miss Wiehe made an extremely pretty governess; and if she lacks experience she more than compensated for this defect by the freshness and simplicity qualities not easily acquired with which she rendered a part which demanded ingenuous treatment. Finally, little Miss Winifred Winter carried on very admirably the traditions which Miss Beatrice Terry originally associated with the part of *Gwendoline Tidmarsh*.



Montague Tidmarsh.
(Mr. Weedon Grossmith).

The cast could scarcely be bettered. If any fault, which I doubt, is to be found, there is perhaps a tendency with the secondary characters to over-emphasize their isolated speeches, and to make hay a little too hard in the shifting patches of sunlight that come their way. But this excess of zeal in seizing the bright occasion is very excusable, if not actually necessary to their purpose (in the phrase sanctified by Mr. Pinero) of "bringing the scent of the hay across the footlights."

As for the play itself there is no new thing to be said. It was long ago established beyond the reach of criticism. But the critics of the revival have felt the need of justifying their existence by the reiteration of hallowed technicalities. Thus they resent the description of this play as a comedy. No doubt they are strictly right; it is not, and does not pretend to be, a pure comedy. It contains those elements of exaggeration which are common to most of Dickens's types, and if the work of Dickens is farce then this is farce. But what does it matter? Mr. Anstey himself, if he had been consulted about its designation, would, I know, have called his play simply "An Entertainment;" which it very certainly is, and at that we may leave it.

Again, we are instructed to observe this further defect, that the author gets through the telling of his story in the First Act. But to whom? To the audience, yes: but not to the actors. And in this distinction lies the only possibility for the employment of that irony—has Mr. Walkley never told the others about Sophoclean irony?—which is of the very essence of this play. Half its humour, as a play (apart, that is, from the detached dialogue which does not attempt to assist its progress but merely contributes to the revelation of character)—half its humour as a play depends upon phrases



Gabriel Gilwattle (Mr. Kemble).
Lord Strathpeffer (Mr. Charles Hawtrey).

of double intent; and there would be an end to all savour of Olympian delights if the spectators could not draw from these ambiguities a second meaning unshared by their inferiors on the stage.

And since one cannot have both irony and surprise, for myself I would always sacrifice the sudden shock of pleasure if I might enjoy its sustained glow. For the sense of superiority I get from being in the secret is an enduring pleasure; and not for one performance only, but to be renewed at will, while the other momentary joy that comes at the end of a first night can no more be repeated than a bee can use his sting a second time.

I have scant patience to answer a third criticism which complains of the want of action in the dinner-scene. It happens, of course, that the commonest form of human action is speech; and that by means of the dialogue at the head of the table the web of confusion is being woven about the head of the unfortunate *Mrs. Tidmarsh* just as surely and remorselessly as if she and the other leading characters were popping in and out of the room or changing chairs with every other remark. There is in the nature of things no such "action" in this dinner-scene, and the omission may be a breach of convention; but even though Mr. Anstey should break *all* the stuffy conventions in the catalogue of dramatic proprieties I could easily forgive him if his *tour de force* justified itself; as it indubitably does, and there's an end on 't.

O. S.

The Scotsman reports Sir Harry Johnston as saying in a lecture that "the people of the interior of Liberia were given up to cannibalism. They were, however, keen about trade, and received foreigners with great kindness." With such kindness, in fact, that they no longer felt that they were foreigners; but rather, that they too were people of the interior.



FEUX DE JOIE.

[The Algeciras Conference has practically been concluded to the mutual satisfaction of the two rival Powers whose differences at one time threatened to end in something worse than a diplomatic duel.]



ECHOES OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.

Member of Small Betting Syndicate (who is being held up to report the fortunes of their selection). "'E's lost 'is 'at! Now 'e's lost 'is 'ead!! Now 'e's lost 'is seat!!! Now 'e's lost the bloomin' 'orse, and our money and everythink!!!!"

MANY ESCARGOTS.

Professor Helix Ritz, who has been conducting experiments on the edibility of snails in this country and the probable results of such a diet on the English constitution, asks us to publish the following letters, which we are only too pleased to do.

Dear Sir,- Before I took to a snail diet I lived at Racedown. I have now bought a cottage at Crawley.

Yours, A. B. C.

Dear Sir,—I have found in snail broth not only a source of safety but also of economy. I used to sit trembling behind my French chauffeur as he devoured distance and brought the telegraph poles as close together as fir trees in a Norwegian forest, while it was hardly ever my fortune to escape a heavy fine for transgressing the speed limit. Since, however, I insisted upon his taking snail broth at every meal he has become sedateness and security itself, and all is well. He complains that it makes his liver sluggish, but I cannot help that. Yours faithfully,

Maud Boodle.

Dear Sir,—I had been quite off my drive for several weeks, when a golfing friend recommended me to try your regimen, and I am glad to say that it has worked like a charm, enabling me to put into practice the maxim "Slow back" with a completeness and consistency to which I never could previously attain.

Yours faithfully, A. J. B.

Dear Sir, I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for your diet. Formerly I was so infatuated with speed that I could only read the *Telegraph* and the *Express*. Now I take in *The Daily Snail* as well.

Gratefully yours, John Gallup.

A Relation of "The Silver King."

"Lost, Gold Lady's Neck Chain."—*Inverness Courier.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CHRISTENED.

Several statisticians of weight having shown that at least as many births take place in April as in any other month, this seems a peculiarly appropriate moment in which to offer to fathers and others a few remarks on the naming of children. It is obvious at the very start that much depends upon whether the child to be christened is a boy or a girl. Captious critics will say that if you call the child Evelyn, Hilary, or Frances, it does not matter what it is; but this sitting upon the fence is a practice for which one can only have the strongest condemnation. Far, far better name your boy Gladys, or your girl William, than hedge in so mean-spirited a way with such a name as Evelyn . . .

We will suppose, then, that you have decided whether a boy's name or a girl's will be more suitable to the infant; that you have noticed the colour of its eyes, and guessed shrewdly at that of its hair (supposing some of it to have arrived); and that you have decided to strike out a line of your own, in preference to calling it after some absurd uncle or aunt, father or mother. What shall it be christened?

I have mentioned the colour of the infant's hair, for this should influence your choice considerably. If its hair is light you could not possibly call it Jasper, for a reason that I shall give presently. Nor if its eyes are brown is it any good calling it May. Colour and sex are, in fact, the two most important points to be remembered when searching for a name for one's child.

Let us assume first that the thing is a boy.

Now if it is a boy a day will come when it enters definitely upon some profession. It is impossible (and, indeed, undesirable) to give here a list of all the professions which your boy might enter, but we will take seven of them as samples. The seven we select are: Baronet, Author, Prizefighter, Solicitor, Die-Sinker, Judge and Sailor. This may be considered a fairly representative list, even though it omits such notorious trades as the Butcher's, the Editor's and the Policeman's. Whichever of these professions is to be his, it is your duty to start him fairly on the way to success by christening him suitably.

For instance, if you wish him to die-sink you will not be so foolish as to call him Herbert. I cannot quite explain why, but it is impossible for a Herbert to take kindly to die-sinking. No die-sinker of the name of Herbert ever rose to the top of his profession . . (And I may say in parenthesis that only very good and gentle men are called Herbert at all.)

Should he be intended for a Baronet you would do well to leave the name of Jasper alone. Jaspers were ever villains, and it is ghastly to think of what a Sir Jasper, the wicked Baronet, might not achieve. Yet if the babe is really of a vicious character, and you wish to do the thing handsomely, why then . . . (But he must be black-haired, and take kindly, even as a child, to his faultless evening dress.) Cyril is another name to avoid. "Sir Cyril" runs badly off the tongue; have none of it for your boy. For a similar reason you should not call him anything that begins with a vowel or an aspirate. If you christen the lad Edward he will be worried all his life by landladies who say "Sir Hedward;" or, if Henry, "S'renry." Let him lodge at peace with the name of Ronald.

Authors may be christened anything save George. If your boy has to sign himself "George ——" reviewers will think either that he is a woman pretending to be a man, or else that he is a man who wishes to be taken for a woman; and being (anyhow) uncertain as to his sex, and compelled to say "the writer" in place of the ordinary pronoun, they will grow angry and cut the book to pieces. Your boy may, of course, make the matter clear with a dedication "To my Wife" (or "Wives," if of Mahommedan extraction); but to be on the safe side shun "George." I shall not go further and recommend any particular name for your author-son, except to add that if you wish his articles to be accepted for the magazines and reviews you should call him Sidney.

Future prize-fighters should not be christened Lucius, Mervyn, or Kenneth. Careful study of *The Sportsman* will reveal possible names for them; though such titles as "Smiler," "Pedlar," or "Bunco," partake more of the nature of family or surnames. (By the way I might add here, though it is somewhat outside the scope of this or any other article, that in prize-fighting, as in most other professions, only the men at the very top of the tree make incomes of any magnitude; which applies equally to die-sinking).

To those whose sons look like becoming judges I have only two things to say. Firstly, don't christen them Tommy; secondly, do christen them Thomas. If a judge cannot be called "Tommy" he is, practically speaking, no judge at all; but the Tommy must be a familiarity, a popular corruption of the austerer Thomas. Similarly, sailors should be baptised Charles (after the great Beresford). They can still be called Jack by their friends.

Finally, if the boy takes up with solicitoring, let his name be John. There is an old-fashioned honesty about John. One inclines to trust John, to give him the investing of one's money. Let the lad have his chance—like the others.

There is just one other point about the christening of boys. Suppose your own name is Macintosh (say). If you call the boy Albert he will find later on that in the social world Albert Macintosh might be any old waterproof for all the notice that is taken of him. But suppose you christen him "The" (as is quite lawful).* You may then legitimately refer to him as "The Macintosh." Again, your name may be Faulkner. Call the boy Keith, and you can soon create the impression that he is a Keith-Falconer. Enough on that point.

But it may happen, you will object, that the thing is a girl. Now on the naming of girls there is not so much to be said. There is of course the general rule with regard to the colour of the child. Maud, Muriel, Isobel, Mabel, and Winifred are dark names; May, Grace, Dorothy, Alice, and Jessie are fair names. It so happens that the majority of girl's names are suitable only to brunettes, and this is another example of the workings of Providence. For the supply of brunettes never need run short so long as there are so many excellent hair dyes upon the market; whereas it is notoriously difficult to become a blonde to order.

In the ordinary way the girl-child will not be intended for any profession. But there arises always the question as to whom she will marry. If she is destined to wed a peer of the realm do not christen her Sadie. "Lady Sadie" sounds ridiculous. On second thoughts she would not be called Lady Sadie, but the principle is the same. Some girls, again, are called Kerran-happuch, but this is quite unsuited to the wife of a business man. After a hard day in the city it is a fatiguing name to have to say, and he would probably leave out the hyphen.

It is of course possible that the girl may have a profession of her own. And so I may point out that actresses are called Claribelle, and cooks something plain and strong—like Jane. Typewriters are usually christened Blickensdorf, or something of that sort; but if by "typewriter" you mean "typist," then I would recommend Bertha. But, indeed, girls may, within limits, be christened almost anything. And, as the editress of "*For the Home*" has well said, "The great thing after all is to lead a good life."

* See *Williams' Real Property, Torts—by One of Them*, &c., &c.

CHARIVARIA.

It is stated in some quarters that the Chinese mission at present in London has come to this country to study the question of the coolies in South Africa.

Our Japanese visitors were shown, among other sights, the House of Commons. They were much impressed. It should be mentioned that the House was not sitting at the time.

Half-a-dozen M.P.'s, each of whom has a son in the House of Commons, have celebrated the fact by giving a dinner to their offspring. This interesting function has given a distinct fillip to the movement in favour of lady Members. It is realised how charming and humanising it would be to have in the House Papa, Mamma, and Baby.

Lincoln now claims to possess the deepest water bore in England, and refuses to recognise the pretensions of Cockermouth.

All my Eye, and Lady Mary; as the Marquis of Graham hopes to be able to say after the poll.

Canon Greenwell of Durham, the well-known antiquary, recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday by catching a 72-lb. salmon on the Tweed. A less truthful man would have caught an 86-lb. salmon.

An Italian doctor asserts that he has discovered a cure for gout, rheumatism, and neuralgia. It is called "Arthralgonicon." As soon as the germs hear that the Arthralgonicon is coming they run; mistaking it for a relation of the Diplodocus.

The wit of the London omnibus drivers was questioned in a recent number of *Punch*. The London omnibus drivers have not been slow to vindicate themselves. One of their number, on meeting a brakeful of our Japanese guests last week, cried, "What price Rogervensky?"

To prevent any tendency towards favouritism, the Stepney Guardians, in considering their annual contracts, suppressed the names of contractors, and had numbers called out instead. At this rate it will soon cease to be worth anyone's while to become a Guardian.

The L.C.C. steamboat *Shakspeare* was severely injured in a collision last week, but fortunately there was no loss of life. With passengers so difficult to obtain, it would indeed have been a calamity if any had been lost. The officers cannot be too careful.



FIRST NIGHT OF AN UNAPPRECIATED MELODRAMA.

He. "Are we alone?"

Voice from the Gallery. "No, Guv'nor; but you will be to-morrow night."

It has been held by a County Court Judge that a parrot is an animal. Interviewed on the subject, a leading parrot declares that he has no objection to the decision so long as cats may be considered birds.

The County Gentleman asserts that public feeling is growing more sensitive to the defacement of scenery. We notice with regret, however, that someone's pills continue to cure pretty landscapes.

The Lady is of the opinion that authors and journalists would look better for a little more sleep, for sleep is a great beautifier. Well, many of us have the remedy close at hand. We need only read our own works.

The Labour Party announced, a little while ago, that there was to be no more class legislation. Is Labour, in their opinion, "no class?"

Nimium ne crede colori.

Our Japanese visitors were too well-disciplined to paint the Town red. But their experiences were by no means colourless. According to *The Yorkshire Post*, on the occasion of their visit to the Tower of London, the band of the Grenadiers (who "were mounting duties") "made the old walls resound with the 'March in Sepia.'"

THE RIVAL BLUES.

She: If your professions are sincere,
Your vows from mockery free,
Then wear on Boat-race day this year
The deeper blue for me.
But if those vows were falsely made,
If all your love's a sham,
Then deck you with the lighter shade
In honour of the Cam.

He: So true am I to your commands
That I could well betray
My University with bands
Of indigo that day;
But so I should be traitor to
The colour of your eyes,
That rival in their turquoise hue
The tender April skies.

And how can Isis hope to write
Fresh victories on her scroll,
When those twin orbs, like lodestars bright,
Draw Cambridge to the goal?
Oxford must lose, and I must yet
Deny you what you ask,
Till you have eyes of violet,
Or wear a motor-mask.

HOME CHIRPS.

Knee-caps for Sleeves. Dresses are very much worn this season, especially about the elbows, and it will be found that long sleeves will wear much longer if small leather knee caps are made for the elbow-joints. Cut from soft black leather a circular piece, three inches in diameter. Nail it to the elbow with a few small tin-tacks. These additions are quite ornamental, and an immense saving to the sleeve.

Gloves.—The new kind of washable kids lend themselves most amiably to treatment by soap and water. The advantage of wearing them is that you can wash your hands without the trouble of removing your gloves.

Bootlaces. It is not generally known that bootlaces, if well waxed, will never come untied, day or night. This is a great convenience for those who habitually wear them.

Coffee coats. The coffee-coat is no longer in favour, and the tea gown is less seen. They have been superseded by the Empire Cocoa-jacket, which is quite the rage just now. The fashionable tints are orange-yellow, apple green, cranberry-red, tomato, asparagus, watercress, in fact, all the Shavian or vegetarian colours.

Umbrellas. These, as well as parasols, are now to be seen in colours. They are worn very tightly fitting. It is *strongly advised* not to leave the tassel off your umbrella until the weather is more settled, as severe colds and pneumonia have been caused by such imprudences in early spring.

DARING EXPERIMENT ON THE G.W.R.

FIVE SIMULTANEOUS SPECIALS.

Devonshire Breakfast Tables Brought an hour or two nearer to the Heart of Things.

A new era of culture for the Far West of England began last Monday. Response had already been made to the bitter cry for earlier London papers which had arisen in this quarter some little time ago, but what was then regarded as a great enterprise is naturally obsolete to-day, and it was no matter for surprise that the discontented feeling in the West had again broken out. It is anticipated that the new system of flying expresses will speedily allay this clamour. Bristolians who in the dark ages, for ever closed, had to wait till 5.35 A.M. for their *Daily Mail*, can now secure it at 5.20 A.M. The dwellers in Exeter whose breakfast-table was bare of *The Daily Express* till 8.30 can now enjoy a *thé complet* at 6.50. Early risers at Brixham who finish breakfast at 8.30 will miss their *Daily Chronicle* by forty-five minutes instead of by 2½ hours. At Liskeard, the lovers of *The Daily News*, who have been obliged to linger over their eggs and bacon till 10.37 waiting for the arrival of their favourite sheet, may now be happy some thirty minutes earlier. And the township of Par, which has been a bit below itself, must now be astir as early as 10.11 if it wishes to be thereabouts when its *Morning Leader* arrives.

It is hoped that the enormous expense incurred by these five papers in running specials to the West will be repaid by the increased patronage which they will attract among the simple fisher-folk of the Devon and Cornwall coast, and the rural classes of the interior.

Each of the specials is timed to leave Paddington at 3.10 precisely; and the highest credit is due to the Great Western for getting all five of them off simultaneously, running them together all the way, and bringing them to their journey's end at the same identical moment, without the slightest collision or other inconvenience.

The Paris correspondent of *The Sunday Sun* writes:

"A European visiting the Roget is sure of an urbane and hospitable reception .... The Roget is said to have replied to an interviewer, who asked a question on the subject of his birth, 'At any rate, I am the son of steel,' and to have pushed a revolver under his importunate questioner's nose."

We do not see how urbanity and hospitality could go further, without becoming actually offensive.

THE NEW INTOXICANT.

It appears that the atmosphere of the London Tube railways has the effect of accentuating enormously the potency of alcoholic drinks. The Directors of the Central London Railway, in recognising the seriousness of the matter, have just issued a circular to their employees, insisting on strict teetotalism while on duty. Less responsible persons, meanwhile, have also noted the properties of the Twopenny Air as combining economy with exhilaration. Being gifted with a phenomenally keen sense of overhearing we are enabled to reproduce a few select conversational fragments, let fall in the vicinity of our deep-level thoroughfares:

"Hullo, Jones—what's yours?"

"My turn to smile—have a two of Tube!"

"Thanks, old chap, Shepherd's Bush to Marble Arch will about do for me!"

"Nonsense, man—come the whole way—same price, you know!"

"Yes, but I'm a semi-teetotaller!"

* * * *

"Had your lunch yet?"

"No—where are you off to?"

"The Baker-loo Bodega—*you* take a bun and the tunnel does the rest!"

* * * *

"Your Worship, the prisoner was observed coming out of the Chancery Lane lift."

"Any previous conviction against him?"

"Yes, he is on the Black List as a persistent and incorrigible traveller by the Tube for the past three years."

"Very well, then—ten shillings or seven days!"

* * * *

"Smith was quite speechless at the office to-day!"

"Why, I thought he was an abstainer."

"Yes, but he changed at the Mansion House, and mixed his air."

* * * *

"Oh, my dear, it's too dreadful to talk about."

"Oh, *do* let's hear, then!"

"Why, Mrs. Knipper has taken to secret tubing!"

Zig-Zag.

In connection with the above, our Lobby Correspondent reports that the Government has a scheme for the extinction of all Tube licenses, without compensation to the proprietors.

From "The Life Outside," by Mr. Bart Kennedy in *The Daily Mail*, March 29:—

"All the songs of the birds. There is something behind them."

Could it, perhaps, be their tails?

The latest name for the irrepressible Wilhelm:—"The Adverkaiser."



A BAD RECOVERY.

SCENE—*Registry Office.*

Bridegroom (to Registrar). "THE FIRST TIME I WAS MARRIED WAS IN A CHURCH, THE SECOND TIME IN A CHAPEL, BUT I LIKE THIS WAY BEST. IT'S SO PLAIN AND SIMPLE—AND I SHOULD COME HERE IF EVER I GOT MARRIED AGAIN—" *(catches sight of his bride, and sees he has said the wrong thing)* "THAT IS, MY DEAR, IF EVER I HAVE THE—ER—MISFORTUNE TO GET MARRIED AGAIN, OF COURSE!"

P. O. P.

A PHOTO-ROMANTIC EPISODE.

THEY met at the conversazione of the local amateur photographic society.

"How delightful to be by your side again!" he murmured. "I have been trying to get you within my focal range all the evening, and have only just succeeded."

"That's the worst of those cheap lenses!" she retorted playfully, and veiled her own brilliant orbs with her Thornton-Pickard-like lids.

"Do not trifle with me!" he exclaimed wildly. "Since our last meeting I have been stretched on the drying rack. I cannot eat. I send my plates away from the exposure table untouched, and I have forgotten my actinometer number. There are films before my eyes, I am hopelessly fogged, and my progress is merely a succession of dark slides.

"But there! I have no desire to enlarge on my feelings, nor have I the necessary apparatus at hand. Let us form ourselves into a group and retire behind this isochromatic screen. Here we can sit in camera, out of the range of the most brilliant view-finder.

"Miss HYPO, I have a positive declaration to make. For many months your latent image has been imprinted on my heart, and now the alkali of your sweet presence has accelerated its development."

"Oh, Mr. PYRO!" she exclaimed. "Did the image flash out rapidly?"

"No," he answered softly; "first the high lights, then the half tones, and finally the shadows."

"I am so glad you do not wear your heart on your sleeve," she whispered, "or it might have been over-exposed."

"Ah," he said, "it was almost a snap-shot, for do you not remember at our first brief meeting I had but time to take my cap off and put it on again?"

During this conversation they had been gradually approaching nearer to each other, with an almost imperceptible rack-and-pinion movement.

At length he murmured, in intensified tones, "Miss HYPO-VELOXIA, if I may call you so, let me be your head-rest."

She blushed like a ruby lamp, and then gracefully reclined in profile against his rising and falling shirt front, looking like a delicate red chalk carbon print mounted on best white Bristol board.

"Oh, Mr. PYRO—GEORGE," she murmured sweetly, "mind my frilling."

"Frilling," he repeated dreamily, as though quoting from a text-book. "A ten-per-cent. solution of alum will prevent any frilling."

Then as his arm stole round her swing-back he asked her tenderly, "What useful photographic accessory do you resemble now, dearest?"

"A squeegee, GEORGE, dear," she answered, guessing right the very first time.

Suddenly, like a flash light, it was borne in upon Miss HYPO that Mr. PYRO was about to P. O. P. the question, and she remembered that it is not advisable to delay fixation unduly, so when, after thinking out the correct formula, GEORGE flung himself down at her feet on the lower joints of his bipod, her answer came in dulcet tones, like the trickling of gold chloride from a graduated measure. And it was not a negative.



Effie (who has been put in a separate bed for the first time). "Oh, Mummy, I don't like this bed."
Mother. "What's the matter with it, dear?"
Effie. "The—the—the sides is too near the middle!"

PARTIAL PORTRAITURE.

["Mr. Herbert Gladstone is not so tall as his father, but is broader, and holds his shoulders as straight and his head as erect. The back of his head is fairly shaped, and the dark curls linger on it. There is music in Mr. Gladstone's voice." "*British Weekly,*" *March* 29.]

Mr. Haldane's nose has not so pronounced a bridge as that of the Great Duke of Wellington, but his lower chest measurement is greater, and he takes a larger size in hats. It is estimated that he speaks at least 100 words more to the minute than the Iron Duke, besides being a much more accomplished German scholar. His cerebellum is finely moulded, and in power of thoracic dilatation he compares favourably with any of his Ministerial colleagues.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, judged by anthropometrical tests, compares very favourably with his distinguished ancestor, Sir Philip Sidney. His facial angle is quite as fine as that of the hero of Zutphen, and his bump of amiability is equally pronounced. His nose is nobly shaped, and in height he has the advantage of several inches over the great Napoleon. The *timbre* of Mr. Buxton's speaking voice is peculiarly rich, pleasantly recalling the lower register of the saxophone, with an occasional *soupçon* of the muted horn in moments of emotion.

Mr. John Burns, though he weighs probably a stone less than his illustrious namesake and forbear, the national poet of Scotland, is in all respects a stronger and more athletic man and a much better cricketer. Their strong family resemblance is somewhat disguised by the fact that the President of the Local Government Board wears a beard, but phrenologists declare that in maxillary development the statesman has a distinct advantage over the poet. The top of his head is extraordinarily symmetrical in its contour, and although his hair is somewhat grey its luxuriant growth is the envy of the barbers of the House of Commons. The melody of Mr. Burns's voice is polyphonic in the extreme.

Lord Portsmouth is not perhaps quite so like William Shakspeare as Mr. Hall Caine, but he is considerably taller than the Manx patriot, and his forehead is more monumentally dome-shaped. The range of his voice, which extends from the low E to the F in alt, is greater than any ever heard in the War Office, and the configuration of his occiput has long been the wonder of the leading European craniologists.

Mr. Winston Churchill is perhaps not so brilliantly handsome as the great Duke of Marlborough, but his frontal contour is more striking, and the test of the gnathometer proves him to be much more richly endowed in this quarter than the hero of Blenheim. His back view, again, is singularly engaging, and the modelling of his shoulder-blades reminds one of the choicest torsos of Praxiteles. The accents of his voice, we may add, combine in one intoxicating *ensemble* the silvery sweetness of Madame Melba, the romantic charm of Jean de Reszke, and the golden glamour of Sarah Bernhardt's siren tones.

The Daily Express in its account of the all-night sitting says: "Snatching one another's hats and coats, angry gentlemen made the best of their way to the House, picking up cabs as they proceeded." This reminds us of the man who was accused of pilfering a hippopotamus from the local menagerie.



HARD TO PLEASE.

"That we can call these del'cate creatures ours,
And not their appetites!" *Othello*, Act III., Scene 3.

C.-B. "HE'S HAD TWO PLATEFULS OF BISCUITS AND ISN'T SATISFIED. LOOKS AS IF HE WANTED · RAW MEAT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 26.—Understand there is tendency with some classes of daily labourers to extend the week-end over Monday. Not so with their comrades at Westminster. St. Monday not known in this locality. To-day specially large muster in anticipation of introduction of Workmen's Compensation Bill. In charge of SECRETARY OF STATE, who showed himself very much at Home with subject. Bill received with chorus of congratulation. Labour Members, eager listeners to HERBERT GLADSTONE's exposition, discussed it in admirable spirit and form.

Pretty to see how rapidly they have adopted habits and customs of House. On first arriving they were naturally disposed to walk about with their caps on. Also, if they wanted to leave the House, they took short cuts between Member on his legs and SPEAKER in the Chair. All that now corrected. As for unctuousness with which they refer to old chums as "my hon. friend," to others as "the noble lord," or "the right hon. gentleman," nothing is left to desire by most punctilious Parliamentarian.

These small matters. What is altogether desirable is the directness with which they apply themselves to the problem of the hour, the keenness with which they detect defects, the frankness with which they admit good points, the simplicity of their language and its blessed brevity. Latest comers, with everything to learn, they have already established educational influence. This afternoon COCHRANE, interposing in rapid succession of Labour Members, delivered speech from Front Opposition Bench. It was the old familiar style, skimming



"WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION."
(The Rt. Hon. H-rb-rt Gl-dst-ne.)



"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."
Mr. Chamberlain tries a somewhat gaudy fly on the occupants of the Trades Union pool, but they are not taking any at present.
(Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n and Mr. J-hn W-rd.)

round and round, occasionally making a peek at the heart of the thing. Not unduly extended as custom has hitherto gone. But it seemed intolerably long.

It was three o'clock when HOME SECRETARY rose to introduce the Bill. Time not unduly occupied in explaining its multiple details. Then HERBERT's predecessor at Home Office made the usual Front Bench speech. COCHRANE, as noted, took his turn. SOLICITOR-GENERAL and DON JOSÉ contributed speeches. These appropriated major part of sitting. Nevertheless, in the space of four hours twenty Members, mostly of the Labour Party, took part in discussion.

That, as far as I remember, unprecedented in analogous circumstances. It marked all the difference between making speeches round the subject and directly talking about it. A striking contrast close at hand. On Friday, House meeting at noon, the second reading of a Scottish Land Values Taxation Bill was moved. Five hours later the sixth Member taking part in debate was on his legs. (It happened to be COCHRANE. But that an immaterial coincidence.) Debate on Friday automatically closes at half-past five. Accordingly, opinion of House on admittedly crucial question was expressed by six out of 670 Members, each appropriating on an average five-sixths of an hour for delivery of his speech.

Had the odd 664 exercised their privilege and spoken at equal length—and why shouldn't they?—80 working days of the Session would have been appropriated on one stage of a single Bill.

Business done. A model of useful debate set up.

Tuesday night. Stranger in Gallery who has heard and read of DON JOSÉ as a firebrand, his appearance at table the signal for instant uproar, looks down with amazement on the peaceful scene at this moment set forth. Second Reading of Merchant Shipping Bill under discussion. HAVELOCK WILSON SMITH has broken the Labour Members' precedent, noted yesterday, for brevity and directness of speech. Deems it necessary to explain at prodigious length his attitude on Lascar question. Cannot conceive that House, desirous of getting on with measure affecting welfare of British Seamen, doesn't greatly care what he means or says. When he prefaces address by remark that he will have to trespass for some time on attention, a general rush made for the door. But the SMITH has prepared on voluminous manuscript notes of his oration, and does not spare remainder of audience a page.

Almost without exception the new Labour Members join in debate without assistance of notes. They listen intently, are masters of the question; having contributed their views to the cauldron of debate, they sit down. Like DON'T KEIR HARDIE, the SMITH makes speeches with the first person singular appearing through successive sentences in the serried form of quills on the fretful porcupine.



Spare the Rod and Spoil the Chinaman.
(Lord H-l-f-x.)

House pretty empty when Don José rose; as usual, benches filled rapidly when word went round that he was up. Spoke in conversational tone; assumed friendly attitude towards the Bill; offered practical suggestions for its improvement. Ministerialists accustomed to greet him with a war whoop drew themselves together in pose of quiet attention. Now and then a low murmur of applause broke the stillness.

Hands of the clock moved back to a time "afore de Wah," as they used to say down South. A quarter of a century ago Don José held the position now occupied by Lloyd-George. He too had his Merchant Shipping Bill, and helped to establish the workman's right of compensation for accident. Momentarily forgetful of Tariff Reform, Chinese Labour, attacks on tired Titans home from prolonged battle for Empire, he talked about Board of Trade matters as if he were still at Whitehall in the early Eighties, all unconscious of the gestation of Unauthorised Programmes.

Excellent mood and conditions for progress of public business. Resulted in Merchant Shipping Bill being read a second time without division. But to tell truth, the Sitting sombrely dull. Strolled over to Lords to see if anything was humming there. Found Granard not only humming but hawing; on his legs, partly supporting his body with both hands resting on Table. Onslow had been discoursing on management of American Insurance Companies having branch offices in this country. Granard, representing Board of Trade, rose quite briskly to give official reply. Being at the Table in attitude described—on all fours save that his stiffened arms rested at height of Table paralysis of tongue set in. Started a sentence glibly enough; couldn't fit in succeeding sections.

"In the case of Germany " he said (*pause*) "the laws are so stringent that " (*another pause*) "no foreign company whatever " (*prolonged pause*). The dozen Peers present began to think this the end of answer. Seemed inconclusive, but might look all right in print. Slight movement of stiffened figure. A click, as of machinery set in motion again; then triumphant conclusion "did any business."

Business done. Quite a lot. In Lords, Court of Criminal Appeal Bill introduced; in Commons, Merchant Shipping Bill read second time.

Friday night. Pretty to see how Lawson Walton in charge of ticklish measure disdains no artifice calculated to further his purpose. The Trades Disputes Bill is a carefully hammered-out measure designed to have appearance of giving the Labour Party their whole demand whilst actually recognising that, after all, there are some other people closely concerned whose interests must be considered. When on Wednesday



What Mark Twain calls a "luminous intellectual fog."
(Mr. G-ll-w-y W-r.)

Attorney-General rose to introduce his Bill the section of the Labour Party seated below the Gangway opposite observed he had dexterously drawn out pocket-handkerchief from breast pocket, leaving it hanging almost full length. Observant, sharp-witted men, they recognised the signal. It was a flag of truce indicating friendliest intent and implying customary conditions that the bearer was not to be fired upon.

Neatly designed, well-meant device proved wholly ineffective.

"We have fulfilled our mandate," said the Attorney-General at close of his explanatory speech.

"No, no," thundered the Labour men.

They have no sympathy with nice distinctions. On the prickly points raised the Bill concedes their demand with respect to conspiracy and picketing. But as to the immunity of Trades Union funds from amercement consequent on action of civil law the Bill does not go full length of their desires. Therefore they will have none of it. Will, if need be, and opportunity serve, upset the Government. To-day bring in their own Bill; insist on its substitution for that of Government.

Lawson Walton folds up his flag of truce, hides it away and looks forward to troubled times.

Business done.—Second Reading of Labour Party's Trades Disputes Bill carried by 416 votes against 66.



The Cap'en and his Young Hopeful.
Cap'n Tommy. "Look'ee here, my boy, this won't do! You're getting exactly like Mr. Punch!"
(Mr. G. St-w-rt B-wl-s and his father)

IN PURSUIT OF LÆTITIA.

[Dr. Emil Reich—it is not known by what authority—says that men who drink to excess are no more than erring seekers after *Lætitia*.]

Your name, Lætitia, charms my soul;
  Hail, alcoholic maiden,
Whom mortals seek in cup and bowl
  With potent nectars laden!
To force your habitation's gate
  Men try now that, now this key;
While some, by you inspired, debate
  Not what is truth, but whisky.

So that their eyes your form may view,
  Plebeian Dick and Charlie
Quaff barley beer, and sometimes, too,
  The beer that knows not barley;
While others with more curious brews
  Try to induce the rapture,
And oh! what tangled paths they choose
  To bring about your capture.

Fruitless the quest they all pursue
  With you for their objective,
For when at last you loom in view
  You 're out of all perspective;
The charms they fancied would enthral
  Prove fleeting as a bubble;—
For some can't see your form at all,
  While others see it double!

POSTHISTORIC PEEPS.

The statement recently made in the press that Miss Olga Nethersole will retire from the stage in eight years, and then devote herself to medicine, has elicited a number of interesting announcements as to their future plans from other eminent personages.

Little Tich is by no means tied to his profession by the indissoluble bonds which people attribute to him. He has fixed on 1910 as his year of emancipation, when he proposes to enter upon a course of study that shall fit him to succeed Prof. Ray Lankester at the Natural History Museum.

It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Edmund Payne is wedded to the stage. At the age of fifty he intends to retire from the footlights and become a Tariff Reform leader.

Mr. Chamberlain has divulged his intention of withdrawing from active politics at the end of 1912 and writing books for children.

We have authority for stating that Mr. Leo Maxse does not intend to edit the *National Review* after 1930. In that year he proposes to emigrate to China and qualify for the Mandarinate.

Mr. Alfred Austin, whose new work, *The Door of Humility*, may shortly be dramatised for Mr. Frohman, has resolved not to ride any more after 1915. He will then content himself exclusively with pedestrian exercise.

Sir Charles Wyndham, we regret to learn, has decided to quit the stage in 1940, when he intends to resume the practice of medicine which he followed during the American Civil War.



ARITHMETIC.

Teacher. "How many Commandments are there, Sally?"
Sally. "Please, Teacher, ten."
Teacher. "Suppose you were to break a Commandment . . ." (*impressive pause*).
Sally. "Then there'd be nine."

The Spectator remarks proudly of its Militia recruits, that "they do not spend time in emptying slops or peeling potatoes which might be employed in true military work."

The Spectator's sneer is unmerited. Mr. Arnold-Forster said all along that no potato that had the true military spirit should be interfered with. Anyone who has seen a bed of potatoes obeying the word of command "Eyes front" will understand this.

From "Soufflés" in *The Westminster:*

"*Punch* has hinted as delicately as possible, that King Alfonso's favourite musical instrument is the Concert-ena. This is obviously a misprint. It should have been the 'Consort-ena.'"

As a matter of fact it was; but we must not let this blind us to the quickness with which the writer of "Soufflés" takes up the point.

"Five for a shilling: the best Cigar out."

"Best" may be an overstatement: but we can well believe that these cigars are at least far, far better out.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

You would never at a casual glance have taken him for anybody in particular. His appearance was commonplace, his manners were mild if anything, they were apologetic. It is true that circumstances were against him at our first interview, for, descending angrily into the kitchen to inquire into a sustained non-recognition of the bell, I found him embracing the housemaid. She explained that he was her brother (a very affectionate one, as I judged from their attitude), and the conductor of a motor-bus. Here, then, was one of those stern tyrants into whose hands the Daughter of Necessity has delivered us; who, like Fortune, flee from us pursuing, and, like Poverty, when we are once within their power, refuse to let us go. Here he was, in a state of charming domesticity, embracing a beloved relative beside my very hearthstone. I made haste to question him and thus obtain a clue to what is perhaps the greatest mystery of the twentieth century. I adjured him to explain how it is that any passengers ever succeed in travelling by motor bus at all, seeing that it stops nowhere and for no man; that would-be patrons must ever, like panting Time, toil after it in vain. How, in spite of this, it is yet an undoubted, if astounding, fact, that the motor-bus is always full. Were they friends of the Directors, I asked, who thus achieved the apparently impossible, or of the conductors? Were they repairers equivalent to the "break-down gang" of a railway ever ready to be at hand at the inevitable moment when their services should be required? Or, failing these, who were they?

His face grew very grave; had his uniform been there to sustain him he would, I think, have triumphed over any recognition of our common humanity. But finding himself, as I have said, at a disadvantage, he hesitated and was lost. "Promise you won't never breathe a word of it to any living soul," he adjured me, almost tearfully. I promised, and have kept my word, for writing is not breathing. "It's like this," he said. "Them what you see riding in a motor-bus, they're passengers all right, an' payin' ones. They gets in at the starting point."

He smiled a horrid smile.

"They gets in we never starts until we're full, inside and out. Don' have to wait long, neither—you know what the public's like after a novelty. An' once we starts *we never stops*. Them's my orders— an' I carries 'em out faithful, I does."

"But——" I began to interrupt him.

"There ain't no buts. We never stops, not till we gets to the other end. No one can't get in, an' those what's in daren't get out, fear o' breakin' their necks. So they just has to pay for the whole journey—from Putney, or wherever it may be, to Charing Cross or Mile End, or wherever we're going. An' once they're there—o' course they've got no business there— so back they comes again. Why, there was one ol' laidy I kerried six journeys all the way between Putney and Mile End. She wouldn' 'ave stopped then, on'y it was our last journey. No end of a game, I call it. The profits the Comp'ny 's makin' well, they'd astonish you."

"But don't the passengers object?" I hazarded.

He laughed again such a laugh as a wolf might flash towards an over-daring lamb.

"Ain't you noticed that motor-bus conductors is always just about the fiercest and short-temperedest blokes what you ever see—'aughty as teetotallers an' as lippy as Passive Resisters? Like to see the passenger what dared talk about objectin' once I'd got 'im aboard my bus. I'd jest like to see 'im. That's all."

Something in the expression of his sister seemed to strike him suddenly.

"'Course that ain't our real naters," he said, hurriedly. "On'y put on, by Comp'ny's orders like our yuniforms is. In private life we're just the other way. More so. You see, after you've spent the 'ole day scowlin' an' growlin' it makes you want a little peace in your 'ome life. I've 'eard as several says, what 'ave married motor-bus conductors, that kinder, nicer-spoken, better-tempered nor more generous 'usbins ain't to be looked for nowhere."

He cast an appellant glance at his sister, I don't know why. Unless, indeed, it be that it was in the interests of some colleague——.

I wonder if Annie really *is* his sister.



TIME—2 A.M.

Husband. "DOCTOR, MY WIFE HAS SWALLOWED A PIN!"

Doctor. "OH, ALL RIGHT. COME ROUND TO-MORROW AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER."

LACE DIAMOND MINING.—Cable: "Board of directors have resolved to commence washing about beginning of next week."—*Daily Telegraph.*

After all, one must start some time.

VERY OPEN LETTERS.

A NEW method of advertising books by an open letter from the publisher to the author giving him information as to the progress of sales, &c., has already been essayed in a tentative and colourless fashion. It is to be hoped, in the interests alike of authors and readers, that this plan will be shortly developed on the bolder and more characteristic lines sketched in the following specimen letters:—

DEAR BROTHER, It is with a deep sense of gratitude and thankfulness for all mercies that we sit down to inform you that your beautiful story *Is Father among the Goats?* has just passed into a second edition, owing largely to pulpit references and the noble advertisement it has received from the Episcopal Bench.

Believe us, dear Brother,
Yours in the good cause,
ODDER AND BETTER.

DEAR MR. HACK,—We cannot refrain from putting pen to paper to inform you of the glad and unexpected tidings that another copy of your admirable book of essays has been sold. This makes the fifth in six months—a result for mutual congratulations.

We are, dear Mr. HACK,
Yours courteously,
JONES AND YOUNGER.

DEAR MR. LEE BOO,—I am directed to inform you in an open letter that the success of your prophetic military romance is terrific. As you may have noticed, we are printing an instalment every morning, and shall continue to do so as long as the copy holds out. All that is now needed is that our readers should cease to look upon it as an advertisement—an error due partly to the type employed and partly to its position on a commercial page—and that you should arrange for another question to be asked about it in the House.

I am your grateful
CARMELITE BROTHER.

DEAR MR. NEWMAN,—To our intense amazement your story is selling well, and demands for it come by every post. In all our long experience as a firm of publishers we never remember anything so curious as this, considering that your book imitates no successful rival, and is not indecent. Accept our congratulations, and believe us to be,

Yours faithfully,
BLANK & CO.

DEAR MR. HENBANE,—It is our pleasant task to inform you that the appearance of the seventh illustrated interview with the author has had an appreciable influence on the sales of your superb novel, *The Lost Pope*, which have now topped the 100,000. The prize of £50 for the most unfavourable review has been awarded to Miss GLORY QUAYLE, who begins her notice with the words: "This book, at its worst, is superior to BALZAC, MEREDITH, or TOLSTOI."

We are, dear Mr. HENBANE,
Yours with extreme unctuousness,
TREKYLL & SLEIMER.



OUR POINT-TO-POINT.

"WON BY A SHORT HEAD."

INITIAL ENTERPRISE.

THE news that that dauntless yet long-suffering patriot, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., is going to start another newspaper for the enlightenment and entertainment of the brutal Saxon under the pleasing title of *P.T.O.*, suggests that we are on the eve of a general revision of the clumsy system of nomenclature which still prevails in the metropolitan Press.

Thus, if we are not totally misinformed, *The Times* will shortly substitute for its present superscription either that of *T.R.B.C.* (Tariff Reform Book Club) or *T.M.* (*tempora mutantur*).

The Standard, we understand, also contemplates a similar titular revolution, and will shortly appear under the engaging name of *P.P.C.* (Pearson's Perfect Compendium).

In view of the Editor's unremitting services to provide Great Britain with the army that she needs *The Spectator* will abandon its familiar designation, and henceforth be known as *R.S.V.P.* (Read STRACHEY'S Volunteer Propaganda).

A new and more vigorous lease of life is confidently predicted for *The British Weekly* when arrangements have been made for its change of name to *P.U.P.* (Perfectly Unmitigated Propriety).

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. E. F. Benson was bound, sooner or later, to write *The Angel of Pain;* and, that being so, Mr. Heinemann was, I suppose, bound to publish it in a hideous yellow cover. Mr. Benson's gospel is that all pain is somehow necessary and somehow good for the sufferer (which reconciles one to the binding), and this theme is worked out with extraordinary power in the case of two of the three principals. *Merivale* the Hermit and *Philip Home* were doomed from the beginning to suffer, their tragedies were inevitable; but I do object with all my strength to the unnecessary and illogical shot which blinds and disfigures *Evelyn Dundas*. *Evelyn* a man, be it said was the most delightful creature. You never saw such a one as he was; though Mr. Benson does refer to him always as "brilliant" which is a journalese word that has lost any meaning it ever had. And this gay spirit Mr. Benson wantonly breaks for us; and "there," says he, with a wave of the hand, "is my gospel of pain." It is all wrong; it is not inevitable, and it is not justified as either necessary or good for the sufferer. (By the way, no book nowadays is complete without some illness or accident described with the intimate ease of a perfectly healthy person.)

The dialogue is Mr. Benson at his best. *Evelyn* and *Madge* alone in London, and *Philip* and his mother alone in the country, are the two most joyous pictures that I can remember in fiction. The reader exults in the author and there can be no higher tribute than that. And I should just like to say again that Mr. Benson is quite mistaken in thinking that *Evelyn* was shot on the moor at Glen Callan. I was there myself and saw it all. The gun did go off, but it was *Mr. Osborne* in the back of the neck that the ricochet took. He is quite well now, thank you, and *Evelyn* and *Madge* are again in London together, with the lion called *Ellesdee*. Please, Mr. Benson, is it not so?

Lady Sarah's Deed of Gift (Blackwood) had important influence not only upon the recipient but on the household she adorned and enlivened. *Joy Charteris*, the daughter of an impecunious Major in the Lancers, married *Toby Archdale*, a pragmatical English country gentleman who, though much in love with his pretty wife, felt that his first duty was to break her spirit and compel her to a state of absolute submission. To this end he was assisted by the fact that she had not a penny of her own and could not pay her railway fare in acceptance of invitations to London which he disapproved. Her husband's aunt, *Lady Sarah*, to serve her private ends, which towards the *Archdale* household were spiteful, settled upon her £500 a year. *Joy*, now her own mistress, straightway packs her boxes, flees from the presence of her stiff-necked husband, his insupportable mother, and his insufferable sisters, changes her name, assumes widowhood, and flits to and fro over the Continent. How she is discovered by her husband, how fresh misunderstandings arise, and how the end comes, is told in sprightly manner that briskly carries the reader on from page to page. Whether the end turns out to be happy or not is a matter on which I recommend the peruser of this page to "overhaul the wollum" itself. If, as seems probable, it is a first essay, we shall hear more of the lady who signs herself Acheluna Griffin.

Captain Wynter found much pleasure and instruction *On the Queen's Errands* (Pitman), and communicates full measure to his readers. Commencing life as a cadet in the Bengal Army, his military service extended through the Mutiny, on which he in casual fashion throws many side-lights. He is delightfully garrulous, attractively inconsequential, withal shrewd, with a keen scent for a good story and a happy way of retelling it. A delightful one is short enough to be quoted. Charles Lever, strolling into a Dublin Police Court, heard a case involving charge of stealing a watch. The prisoner, being asked what he had to say, sighed and answered, "Your Honour, it is a very sad business, and the less we say about it the better."

Captain Wynter found his true vocation, the beginning of "a service of thirty-five and a half happy years," towards the end of 1867. The appointment rescued him from service as a Factory Inspector to which he had been nominated. He knew no more of the duties of a Queen's Messenger than he did of the Factory Acts. But he was always ready for anything that involved honest occupation and a decent salary. The Queen's Messenger was brought into personal contact with many eminent persons, of whom he has lively reminiscences. As between the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith, he formed an opinion decidedly in favour of the latter. It was not based on considerations of high politics. The fact is, when despatched to the Continent with letters for Lord Salisbury, resident at Beaulieu, the Queen's Messenger was generally received by the butler and told to return to London on the following day; whereas Old Morality, ever kind and thoughtful, in similar circumstances saw that the wayfarer had his full two nights' rest before retracing his steps. A breezy, unconventional, well-informed book, it has all the charm of good talk across the walnuts and the wine.

A critic of books was sipping tea,
And thus, in his cups, he spoke to me:
"*An Artist's Model*," the rogue began,
"Is written by Mrs. Kernahan,
And published by F. V. White & Co.;
It's crude, untidy, and rather slow.
The Artist's Model is *Nicoline*,
A red-lipped romp as ever was seen;
She's rather vulgar, as some girls will be,
A sort of bouncing, virtuous *Trilby*.
She's loud and silly, but never bad,
Without the charm that our *Trilby* had;
She wrestles a curate and wins you bet!
She swears, and she smokes a cigarette.
She really is rather too exotic;
And her mother expires of a narcotic.
She slips in a pond, which had surely drowned her
If a keeper hadn't run up and found her;
And at last she marries a man called *Jo*,
The book is certainly rather slow."

In *The Shadow of Life* (Constable) Miss Sedgwick tells the story of a noble girl, brimful of healthy life and splendid impulses, whose heart is broken by a bloodless apology for a man crammed full of Spinoza's philosophy. *Elspeth* is ready to marry *Gavan* and to redeem him from his ghosts, but he refuses on the ground that "he would suffocate her" not as *Othello* slew his *Desdemona*, but by the dead weight of his gloomy useless nature. He returns to find her dying, and begs her to do it in his arms, a request which the lady, sensibly enough, refuses. This is a story not without sadness, but there is humour in it and there is style, together with a fine sense of humanity and the fatal collisions that are involved in it.

"Bees are capable of being trained to act as letter carriers. The insect is taken away from home, a letter printed in microphotography is attached to his back, and he is thrown into the air. The advantages he would have over a carrier pigeon in time of war are obvious." — *Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Quite obvious. For instance, he could take some honey with him for the beleaguered garrison. Or he could sting the 4.7 on his way. And then he could disguise himself as some other bee so easily. On the other hand one has to remember that he couldn't carry parcels.



Old Woman (awaiting Magistrate's signature to her declaration that she has lost a Pawn-ticket). "An awkward thing, yer honour, to lose a Pawn-ticket."

Police Superintendent. "Sh-h-h."

Old Woman (not to be suppressed). "Ahem! It 's an awkward thing, yer honour, to lose a Pawn-ticket."

Magistrate. "My good woman, I never lost one."

Old Woman. "Ah! Sure, yer honour, some people are very careful!"

THE "REGULATION" OF ILLEGAL PRACTICES.

["So long as the Government had not the courage to suppress street betting they ought at least to regulate it." *Mr. Horatio Bottomley.*]

If Britain's legislators should consent
  To supervise the cult of kerbstone betting,
We hope the then existing Government
  Will not commit the folly of forgetting
To "regulate" the evils that are rife
In other despicable walks of life.

If you should be a footpad, then the State
  May grant you leave to "work" when Fortune pits you
Against a man of decent height and weight
  Acquainted with the science of Jiu-jitsu;
But not to "out," "down," "cosh" or render senseless
The aged, weak, and otherwise defenceless.

Our pickpockets will gladly undertake
  Only to rob the obviously wealthy;
They 'll welcome anything that tends to make
  The tone of their profession sound and healthy,
In that grand day, when legislation places
Their dealings on an equitable basis.

Cardsharpers, quacks, and thimble-rigging knaves,
  Who live by "doing" each and all they may "do,"
Will only trick a person who behaves
  As cunningly, and knows as much, as they do;
The Government will pledge them, by appealing
To their good taste and gentlemanly feeling.

In fact, all known varieties of crime,
  Since penal codes have failed to obviate them,
May come to be idealised in time,
  When laws are put in force to "regulate" them;
And then—ah, think what benefits will flow
From thy philosophy, *Horatio!*

"At the close of the dedication ceremony at St. Luke's Church, Manningham," says *The Bradford Daily Argus*, "the new bell was rung for the first time, and for a quarter of an hour its loud, sonorous notes rang out on the night air. It is a matter for general regret that the Rev. Canon Maguinness is suffering from a painful ear affliction at such an interesting period in the history of St. Luke's." A matter for general regret certainly, but hardly for any particular surprise.

A PUNCH-AND-JOSEPHINE SHOW.

So long as Mr. BARRIE was content to move in the unmapped realm of Faërie, he was like the Trades Unions—above all laws; his inalienable rights there was none to dispute; or, if any was rash enough to dispute them on the score of artistic inconsistency, he was abused for a pedant, too blear-eyed to see that the thing solved itself by flying. But now, greatly daring, the creator of *Peter Pan* has fluttered down from his home in the tree-tops and come perilously near to soiling his bright wings by contact with the sordid world of fact.

Josephine is a political allegory, which goes back over a couple of decades, glasses the present, and dips into the immediate future. Now there are allegories and allegories, and they vary chiefly in degrees of dulness. There is the allegory which symbolises abstractions—virtues, vices, ideas, nationalities and so forth; and there is the allegory which disguises real persons in the masquerade of fancy. The difficulty with them all is that you have to construct a design which shall be at once sufficiently plausible to stand by itself, and shall at the same time correspond, in the mutual relationships of its figures, with those of the original persons or abstractions which they pourtray or symbolise. As for the task of interpretation laid upon the audience (and this is seldom less onerous than the task of invention) it is increased tenfold in the present case by the fact that Mr. BARRIE has given us a combination of allegorical schemes. For some of his figures—*James, Colin, Andrew, Josephine, Bunting*



James (Mr. Graham Browne).
Josephine (Mr. Dion Boucicault).

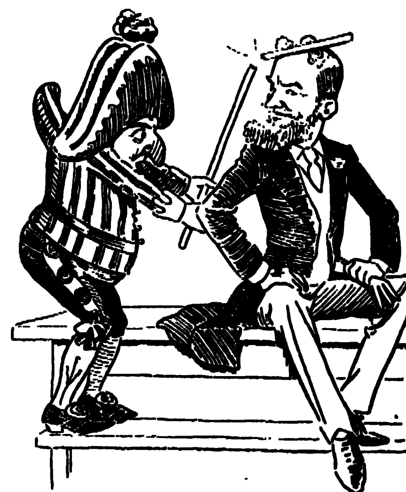
—stand for actual and living characters; others for abstract ideas—Free and Fair Trade; others yet again for nationalities—Britain and Ireland. It resulted that the audience—though they would not admit it at the time, but only afterwards and in privy whispers—was at sea for a great part of the First Act. The prominence of *Mavourneen* obviously representing Ireland suggested a geographical allegory, in which *Andrew* might stand for Scotland; but who, then, was *Colin*, who also bore a Scots name? Happily the identity of this last was established by the statement that he had been seen cutting his initials (C. B.) on a fence; and *James* had meanwhile proved himself allusively to be no other than ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. But there remained, almost to the end of the First Act, an insoluble mystery about the identity of *Andrew*. His engagement to *Josephine* (an easy disguise) was in process of dissolution on account of his detected habit of flirting with *Mavourneen*—clearly a Gladstonian foible; but it was only when he announced his intention of retiring to his lonely furrow that he stood revealed as Lord ROSEBERY. The conundrum was solved; and in gratitude for this relief a fuddled audience forebore to reflect how little the relations of *Andrew* and *Mavourneen* corresponded with the known attitude of Lord ROSEBERY towards Home Rule.

Once enlightened on the point of identities we settled ourselves down to accept the incredible and incongruous, if only we might from time to time be reassured by some recognisable sign such as an orchid, or a phrase out of antiquity such as "What I have said, I have said." It mattered not that the picture of *Josephine*, attaching herself like a female vampire first to *Andrew*, and then to *James*, and finally to *Mr. Buller* himself, was little enough in accord with the popular prejudice which regards Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a breaker-up of parties, who has finally gone off on an independent quest of his own. It mattered not that the ultimate severance of *Josephine* and *James* and the elopement of the latter with Fair Trade offered no sort of correspondence with the anticipations of the most imaginative of political prophets. So long as *Josephine* (delectably played by Mr. DION BOUCICAULT) was on the scene, the audience remained on good terms with itself. Mr. BARRIE's humour was at its best in his satire upon the relations existing between the two leaders of the Unionist party, and it must have been a very perfect joy to Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. BIRRELL in their box, with the PRIME MINISTER, as report goes, in the background. Whether these gentlemen took an equal delight in the author's vision of the approaching triumph of the Labour Party over the present Ministry it is not for me to conjecture.

For the rest it is a question whether Mr. BARRIE, following somewhat belatedly the lines of electoral pantomime, would not have done better to go the whole length of the Lane and make up his characters to resemble physically their originals, as he did in the case of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, in his other play. As it was, he put too much strain on a very amiable house in asking it to regard these three young men, hardly distinguishable from one another, as the counterfeits of personalities as dissimilar as those of Mr. BALFOUR, Lord ROSEBERY and Sir HENRY.

It was the best possible tribute to the fascination which Mr. BARRIE wields over the hearts of the public that his audience received with something more than respectful enthusiasm a play which they would hardly have tolerated from any other hands.

The evening was a triumph for Mr. DION BOUCICAULT. He played *Josephine* with a marvellous feeling for femininity. *Das Ewig-weibliche* permeated his every gesture and tone. And he was scarcely less successful in the little "Toy Tragedy" that preceded the political *Revue*. In the part of *Punch* (the buffoon of melodrama, need I explain? and not the venerable sage of Bouverie Street) he bore with heroic dignity the veering of popular favour from himself to *Superpunch*, in the person of Mr. BERNARD SHAW.



Punch (Mr. Dion Boucicault).
Superpunch (Mr. A. E. Anson).

Whether Mr. SHAW's victory has not been over something rather better than melodrama it shall be left for some more captious critic to enquire. Enough for most of us that the delightfully incongruous blending of old-world imagination and modern actuality gave scope for Mr. BARRIE's most happy caprice. The faithful *Judy's* suggestion that the cause of their unpopularity might be due to the correctness of their marital relations, and her offer to rectify this blemish by the destruction of her marriage lines, were in the author's best vein of satire. The setting of the scene—laid at the back of



EQUALITY—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

LABOUR. "EXCUSE ME, MUM, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE 'ANG O' YOUR SCALES. I THINK YOU'LL FIND *THIS* PAIR WORKS BETTER—*FOR ME!*"



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Nervous Johnny. "I love the smell of Motor-cars!"

Hostess. "Really? What an extraordinary taste! Why do you like it?"

N. J. "Because when you smell it you know the danger 's past."

the *Punch and Judy* stage was itself in harmony with that pervading freshness of fancy which is the secret of Mr. Barrie's unconquerable charm.

I confess I like him better in this light sketch, where romance and sentiment have a chance of holding their own with realism, than in the more ambitious play which followed it, where his delicate genius was over-taxed by the effort to adjust fancy to complex fact. Let the ordinary cobbler stick to his last; but let this maker of winged sandals revert to his last but one. O. S.

OUR LABOUR RULERS.

Gossip from the Lobby.

Much dissatisfaction is expressed in Labour circles with the Government's Discharge of Workmen Bill. It is felt that the clause which allows an employer to dismiss a workman who assaults him or sets the premises on fire is absolutely destructive of all industrial freedom. It is expected that under pressure from the Labour Benches the Government will adopt the sound Trades Union principle that on no grounds whatever should an employer be allowed to discharge a workman.

A rumour has been circulated that the Government Strike Pay Bill will not contain a provision to the effect that employers must pay double wages to striking workmen. A Bill which merely provides for the ordinary rate of wages to be paid during strikes will not be acceptable to the Labour Party. They feel very strongly that, when an employer compels his hands to strike, the men need some little reimbursement for their trouble besides their ordinary pay. It is possible, however, that a compromise on the lines of fifty per cent. extra pay during strikes may be effected.

The Domestic Servants Nights-Out Bill is pronounced by Mr. Crooks to be a feeble measure, only worthy of a Tory Government. When the Bill goes into Committee he will move to omit the words "four nights-out a week," and insert "seven nights-out a week, with use of the latch-key."

Much consternation has been caused amongst the Labour men by the rumour that Mr. Burns is forming a Trades Union of Cabinet Ministers. It is felt that if this new Trades Union can secure affiliation to the Trade Congress, in a very short time we shall find the Cabinet governing the country.

Local Colour.

"Restaurant.—First-class London establishment requires Man of Colour for making coffee, and a tall, well-built Chinaman for making tea." *Daily Telegraph.*

It is rash of the advertiser to make no stipulation as to the Man of Colour's height and build; and apparently he is indifferent to what the Chinaman thinks, for instance, of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Yet it is just these little things that tell in tea.

"For Sale, 2 Cows, owing to family being abroad." *Berwickshire News.*

Mr. Punch wishes to give the above a wider publicity in the hope that it may catch the family's eye. They certainly ought to know what is going on in their absence.

PAGEANTS EXTRAORDINARY.

The news that Warwick Castle is to be the scene this summer of an historical pageant beginning with Caractacus, ending with the present day when our Warwick will receive the homage of the fourteen other Warwicks in America and elsewhere and including the dun cow, has spread like wildfire through England and incited many other towns to an imitative frenzy. Particulars of several rival pageants are already to hand.

Coventry.

The cost of the costumes of the leading figures in these pageants is a serious matter which has before now deterred many an otherwise enterprising borough from indulging in pageantry. But here Coventry has a distinct advantage, since Lady Godiva's modistes' and milliners' bills are not worth talking about. Fortified by this reflection even the rigidly economical wing of the Coventry Town Council has given way and agreed to support the pageant. Everything is indeed settled but the lady and gentleman to play Godiva and Peeping Tom. Both Miss Beckwith and Miss Kellerman are to be approached with respect to the feminine lead, and it is most cordially hoped that both will not accept or history will be dislocated. To add to the illusion of reality it is held that Peeping Tom should be impersonated by some public character who is already known by that Christian name, and it is therefore arranged that an invitation shall be extended to Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, Tom Hayward, and Tom B. Davis. The Coventry pageant is being composed by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P. for the Borough, assisted by Mr. Louis N. Parker.

Cambridge.

The Cambridge pageant will bear wholly upon eggs. It is felt that the egg question must be set in its proper place in the national mind, and how better do so than by forgetting history and literature forgetting that Cambridge was the mother of the best poets, and that it was she who bred Prince Ranjitsinhji, and for the time being throw the whole weight and prestige of the University into the glorification of the egg.

A masque is even now being written at great speed by Mr. Louis N. Parker (to be known as Parker's piece) in honour of the domestic fowl; and it is hoped that the Master of the Rolls, Sir Richard Henn Collins, himself a distinguished Cantab, will take the leading part. The co-operation of Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi, is also counted upon. A giant egg will be a prominent feature, from which will crawl all that is best in statesmanship and literature, science and art, athletics and learning.

Brighton.

The pageant at Brighton will have a more modern setting than the others, the period of the Regency being chosen as the starting point and the present day as the close. The central figure thus becomes the First Gentleman of Europe, who will be seen wedding the Channel, as the Doges of Venice wed the Adriatic, by dropping a ring off the end of the Pier. But so thrifty are the Brighton Town Councillors that it has been arranged that Professor Reddish shall at once dive into the sea to bring it out again. Candidates for the part of the Regent are very numerous, among others being Mr. George W. E. Russell, Mr. George Street, and Mr. George Wyndham. The book is the work of Louis N. Parker, or as he will be called in future, Mr. Preston Parker.

Birmingham.

The very spirited inhabitants of Birmingham intend to do what they can, although they are only too conscious of the youthfulness of their city and its lack of history. They console themselves, however, with the thought that they are making history all the time, whereas so many other and older towns have long ago finished. The idea which meets at present with most favour is a pageant of great Chamberlains, beginning with Joseph who saved Egypt by protecting corn and ending with a Joseph of later date who has similar designs in England.

The *libretto* will be the work of the editors of *The Outlook* and *The National Review*, the lyrics being provided by Mr. Jesse Collings and Sir Oliver Lodge, and the production will be carried out under the eye of Mr. Louis N. Parker.

Edinburgh.

It is proposed in Edinburgh to make the pageant descriptive and commemorative of Scottish pre-eminence in all walks of life; but particularly in politics and journalism. In order to do this vividly, without any loss of point through over-subtlety, it has been decided to erect on Arthur's Seat a gigantic sausage machine, with an inclined plane leading from the ground to the opening of it. The pageant will consist of a long procession through the city to Arthur's Seat, where stands for thousands of spectators are to be erected. At a given signal a number of ordinary Scotch youths will walk in single file up the inclined plane and disappear into the machine. Its wheels will then be put in motion, and in a few seconds they will emerge in London attire as full-blown Prime Ministers, Pro-Consuls, Members of Parliament, successful editors, novelists, etc.

The arrangements are in the hands of Mr. Louis N. Parker, assisted by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who has control of a large part of the machinery.

Dublin.

After a great deal of spirited discussion it has been decided that the Dublin pageant shall take the form of a realistic representation of Brian Boroimhe's last battle against the Danes, the alternative proposal of the discovery of Guinness's Stout by Bacchus having been abandoned owing to the opposition of the Gaelic League. The only difficulty so far encountered has been in connection with casting the leading *rôles*. Danish chieftains (owing possibly to jealousy on the butter question) have been very much at a discount, but it is hoped that Mr. George Moore or possibly Mr. Walter Long will enact the part of the Danish King. Brian Boroimhe will of course be played by Mr. John Redmond, and Mr. W. B. Yeats will appear in a saffron kilt as the chief Bard. The co-operation of Mr. Bart Kennedy is also threatened.

The *scenario* of the pageant has already been prepared by Mr. Louis Phœnix Parker, and the lyrics will be from the pens of Dr. Douglas Hyde and Mr. Tim Healy, M.P.

CRITICISM BY ANATHEMA.

In an article on *Our "Insolvent" Stage* in the April *National Review*, Mr. Austin Harrison writes, "We want fierce criticism, fearless and independent like the political anathemas of *The National Review*, and signed with the writers' names." We are glad to be able, by the aid of a process of telepathic clairvoyance special to *Mr. Punch*, to indicate precisely the effect on the dramatic critics of our contemporaries when Mr. Harrison's luminous suggestion has been adopted.

From The T-m-s of April 2, 1907.

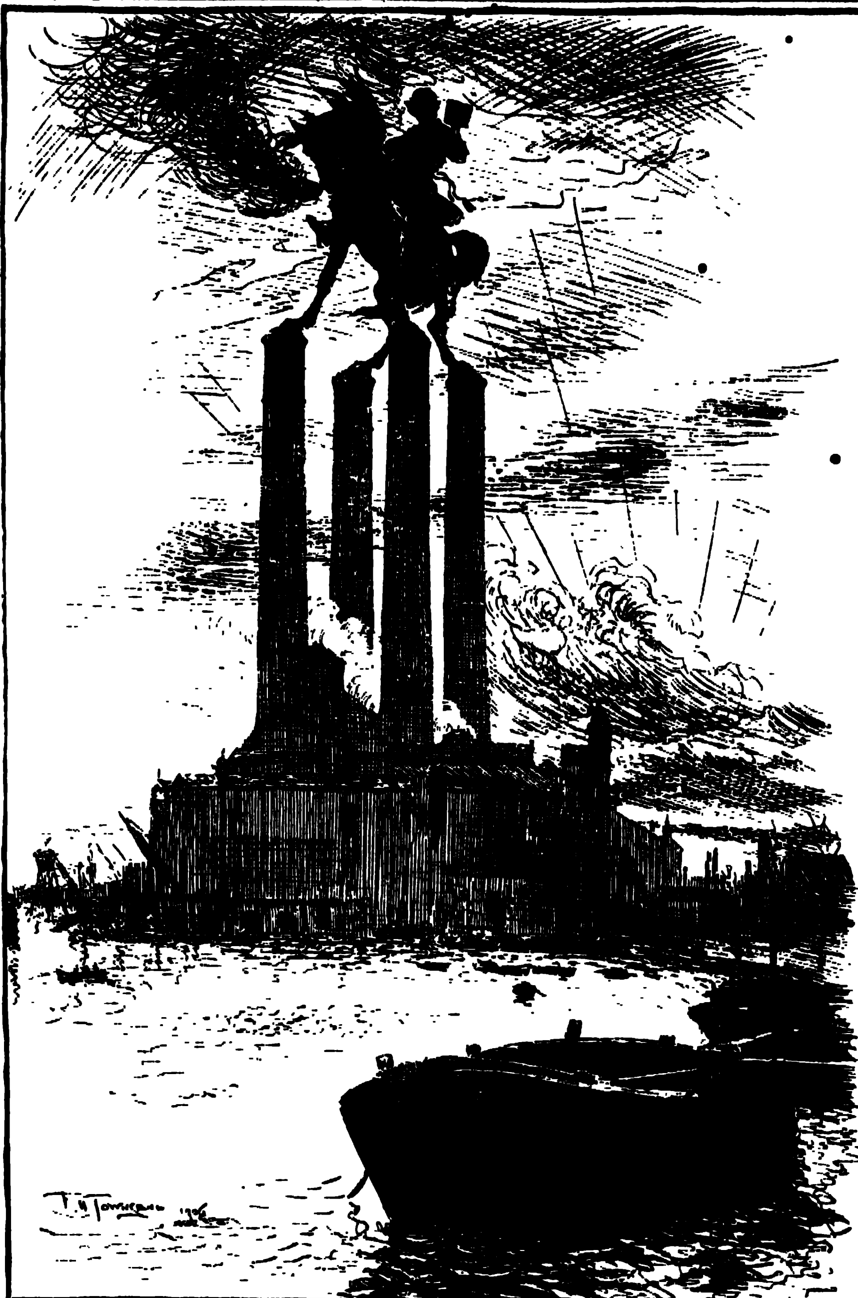
"Opinions will differ about Mr. Arthur Henry James's new play, for, at any rate until the next swing of the political pendulum, a majority of fools is assured. Besides, Mr. James is now practically in his dotage, and the English public has always evinced a fatuous respect for senility. For one reason or another, therefore out of a perverted spirit of loyalty, or an ingrained and ineradicable love of vulgar and sloppy sentiment—many people will like Mr. James's play. We cannot profess the smallest regret that their attitude is not our own.

"The General Election has proved the majority of Englishmen to be enamoured of a rotten and pestilential policy. *Argal*, the majority of Englishmen will probably enjoy this rotten and pestilential play. As Ornithoparcus remarks in one of his

humorous Dialogues, *stultitia senum pessima*, and Mr. JAMES is a living example of the truth of this luminous *dictum*. In his long, inglorious, though highly lucrative career, he has written more tedious, more insipid, more pretentious plays than *The Hallucinations of Hetty*, but he has never 'ruined along the illimitable inane' with greater velocity than in this sickening pseudo-comedy.

"The effrontery which he has displayed in ransacking the dustbins of his effete imagination for the delectation of a depraved democracy is only one more example of the courage of ignorance—which, as ARISTOTLE tells us, is one of the lowest and most perverted forms of that virtue. Mr. JAMES is like the BOURBONS and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. He has learnt nothing and he has forgotten nothing. But he is so far inferior to them that he knew absolutely nothing to start with. That notorious Blenheim pup, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, an even more poisonous politician than Mr. BIRRELL or Mr. BYLES—could hardly in his most insensate moments have perpetrated such clotted nonsense as this atrocious play. We will not abuse the patience of our readers by attempting to sketch the plot. We should only besmirch ourselves and them in the process. It is enough to say that it is as mad as the Blue Water mania of the distorted doctrinaires who run the Committee of National Defence. As for the acting, it was if possible worse than the play. Sir ALFRED KIMBALL, the most ghastly histrionic mandarin who ever disgraced the calling of GARRICK, blundered through such of his lines as he contrived to remember. Mr. PHILIP SAMPSON wore three pairs of well-cut trousers in the *rôle* of the hero, and Miss VINOLIA BAMBOROUGH gave a realistic imitation of St. Vitus's dance in that of *Hetty*, a female bounder of the most deadly type.

"The piece, we may add, is staged and upholstered with the most extravagant Tottenham Court Road *βaravaία*, and is evidently destined for a long, ignoble, but remunerative run."



[Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P., is anxious to form in the metropolis a Society for Completing Modern Buildings. "Look," he says, "at the Thames Embankment, with its pediments for sculpture, and not one filled in, except the space which I got occupied by the Boadicea group."]

IT IS HOPED THAT CHELSEA, WITH ITS ARTISTS' QUARTER, WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITY OFFERED BY THE FOUR CHIMNEYS OF THE GENERATING STATION. WHY NOT AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CARLYLE, READING HIS OWN WORKS?

THE Assistant Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries has discovered the whereabouts of the Royal Treasure lost by King JOHN in the Wash, and a Company is to be formed to dig for it. We understand that this is not the only historical find of the Society,—a well-known member having recently located at Bletchley Junction one of the identical cakes burnt by King ALFRED.

FROM the Laureate's new poem:—

"Why still pursue a bootless quest
And wander heartsore further East?"

Is this not a slip for "footsore"?

WE understand from the American Press that Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, *natu minimus* (March 21, 1906), is not yet engaged, though an interesting announcement may be expected shortly. He is indifferent about the egg-diet, disapproves of feminine smoking, is rather undecided on the fiscal question, rejoices that the Morocco trouble is over, evinces a certain disappointment in the result of the Boat-race, and has a high opinion of the American Press.

Music Master: "P" is the musical sign indicating that a passage of music has to be sung softly. Now, what are the letters that stand for "very soft?"

Boy (promptly.) M.P., Sir.

Mr. Punch begs to remind housewives that, according to the old saying:—

"The Cook who comes in April,
Sings her song in May,
Says good-bye in July;
Then she flies away."

FRENCH ON THE HIGHER SYSTEM.

The Evening News is conducting a series of French lectures for the benefit of travellers, Members of Parliament, clerks and others. For a first and only payment of 6*s*. 6*d*. you get a good all-round knowledge of French *and* the *Evening News;* while for 2*s*. 6*d*. you get the French without the *Evening News;* but that does not matter, as you can then take in the *Petit Bleu*. This seems a trifle unkind to the *Harmsworth Self Educator*, which was to teach everything, including French, for ½*d*. a day, but *Mr. Punch* has no wish to sow the seeds of discord in Carmelite House. He is here to make the announcement that on April 31 next he, too, will give free French instruction to all subscribers.

The lecture will be on thoroughly sound lines. The following is a specimen of the kind of examination paper that will be set at the end of it.

Mr. Punch's French Paper.

[Candidates should state whether they have had any previous instruction; and (if female) whether married or single.]

I. Distinguish between *entente cordiale* and *lèse-majesté*.

II. Translate literally "*Ventre à terre!*" Mention any other French oaths you know. Do you think "*Ventre bleu*" is better regarded as an oath, or as a rough translation of Bluebeard?

III. Pronounce *menu*, Nestlé's, and *feuilleton*.

IV. Explode the theory that the Fettesian-Lorettonians are a football club for men who were educated in Alsace or Lorraine.

V. Correct the grammar of the following:
(1) *Les homme.*
(2) *Le Queux.*

[*N.B.* –No. 2 is for advanced students only.]

VI. Do into French:
Am I right (*droit*) for Bouverie Street?
No, but I have an aunt who has dined (*escoffier*) at the Carlton.

VII. Translate:
Je charivarirai votre tête.

VIII. Compare Hunyadi Janos and Omar Khayyám.

[Note. This is not, strictly speaking, a French question, but it will be touched upon in the lecture.]

It is to be hoped that a large number of subscribers will take advantage of *Mr. Punch's* offer and go in for the lecture and the examination. It will be remembered that on the 29th of last February *Mr. Punch* gave a similar lecture; and he is able to reproduce here some of the testimonials he then received.

I. A Testimonial from Devon: "*Merci, Monsieur.*"

[*N.B. The original of this can be seen.*]

II. A Testimonial from Cornwall: "Sir, —In the course of a somewhat pleasant stay in *La belle France* I discovered that even without a knowledge of the language one could pass an agreeable time there."

III. A Testimonial from Dover:

, the well-known Channel Swimmer, writes: "I now divulge for the first time the reason why my last gallant attempt to swim the Channel was unsuccessful. The fact simply was this: that directly I struck the water off Dover Pier I remembered all at once that I knew no word of the French language. Consequently I decided to postpone my visit until after I had attended one of your lectures."

Testimonials in this or any other style can be seen in the office. It only remains for you to fill in the following form.

Dear Mr. Punch, I enclose
(1) 15/9 for Lecture on April 31 *with Punch*.
(2) 15/9 for *Punch without* Lecture on April 31.

[*Strike out all but one of these.*]

Yours faithfully,

Name ....

Address ....

Note.—Do not trouble to write legibly so long as you send the money.

CHARIVARIA.

Its best friends do not wish the Government many happy returns of its Natal day.

There is, according to *Good Words*, a statue in Wells Cathedral representing *The Fruit Stealer*, which bears a ridiculous resemblance to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. We think that the title would have been more appropriate for the Chancellor of the Exchequer in view of his windfall.

It is now rumoured that Mr. Haldane intends substantially to reduce our Army so as to save sufficient money to pay the indemnity which we shall, as will shortly be proved by *The Daily Mail*, have to pay Germany in 1910.

The latest scheme for Old Age Pensions proposes that five shillings a week shall be paid to rich and poor alike. We have received several letters from millionaires expressing their delight at the revival of the old theory that there should be one law for rich and poor alike.

Much indignation is felt in newspaper circles that the French miners who were rescued last week were allowed to see their relatives before they had been interviewed by the Press correspondents.

The reports to the effect that the Moors are delighted that the agreement relating to the control of their country has removed the danger of a war in Europe are exaggerated.

One would have thought that the amount of costume worn by athletes had already reached the minimum, but the British competitors at the Olympian Games at Athens have been requested to wear a small Union Jack.

The latest fashion is to wear real flowers in one's headgear. The flower-pot hat should form a pretty accompaniment to the chimney-pot hat.

Mr. Justice Buckley's *dictum* that there are no sporting rights in moths has caused consternation among those vendors of second-hand fur coats who are in the habit of asking an additional sum for the hunting privileges.

Motor despatch cars are, it is announced, to be used by Scotland Yard. Does this mean that the little traps used by the police are to be given up?

Answer to a Correspondent.—No, Mr. William le Queux's real name is not William le Quiller-Couch.

The Lancet having stated that tobacco is a germicide, a gentleman writes to tell us that he has smoked tobacco for upwards of sixty years with no evil effects.

With reference to the timber famine which Sir Herbert Maxwell predicts, we are informed that the danger has been exaggerated, and that there is no need for some of us to lose our heads.

A Birkenhead Lady writes to *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"A few days ago I lost a valuable dog at New Brighton. I advertised in *The Echo*, and the same evening the dog returned."

The Birkenhead Lady should have written to *The Spectator*. The advertisement, no doubt, ran, "Return at once and all will be forgiven;" and the prodigal, having thought the matter over, decided to chance it. But how surprised he must have been at coming across his name in the papers in this way.



AN INDUCEMENT.

Swedish Exercise Instructress. "NOW, LADIES, IF YOU WILL ONLY FOLLOW MY DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY, IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT YOU MAY BECOME EVEN AS I AM!"

SHAW'S PROGRESS.

By our Special Correspondent.

(*Being a Supplement to "Mr. Bernard Shaw in Hungary," Pall Mall Gazette, April 3, 1906.*)

The triumphant reception of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays in Berlin and Budapest has been transcended by the phenomenal enthusiasm aroused by the production of *Man and Superman* in the Basque provinces. For at least a fortnight before the first performance I was beset with questions concerning the personality, appearance, dress and diet of the famous Irish playwright, who has at one stride attained a popularity among the Basques second only to that of the famous Carlist leader Zumalacarreguy. At Fuenterrabia, where the play was performed at the principal *fronton*, the reception was magnificent, Mr. Shaw being presented with a silver-mounted *chistera*, while the criticisms have been both fearless and adequate. Thus the Sare "Aizkor" actually goes so far as to say: "Erho bat aski da harricantombaten puzura egosteco, bana sei suhur behar dira haren hantik itoiteco," and another leading journal says (we translate freely) "Whether we read the play straightforwards, backwards or upside down it remains the most remarkable manifestation of the literary spirit of modern England, with perhaps the sole exception of the novels of Miss Marie Caine." Another critic remarks: "This Bernard Shaw is a splendid fellow, who knows his public as well as a Cambridge oarsman knows a bad egg." Indeed the success of the play has been quite unprecedented. Agricultural operations have been entirely suspended throughout the Basque provinces, the national game of pelota has been temporarily abandoned, the dancing of the Zorcico has ceased, and M. Echegaray, the famous dramatist, has been so consumed with mortification at the popularity of his Irish rival that he has gone into retreat at his château at Zozarteaga and refused admittance to all interviewers.

P.S. Since writing the above I have attended a performance of *The Devil's Disciple* at Tardetz, where, as I sat down and watched the Escualdunac at play, quite a new revelation of his character was presented. The applause was led by the famous pelota player Betry Harostegay, and the audience frequently broke out into ejaculations of "Konfradiac! Konfradiac!"

One of the most delightful criticisms of the play is given by Miguel Harotzarena, who says, with characteristic humour, "Oren gueick dute gizon kolpatzen askenekoak du hobira egortzen." The latter part of the phrase is so charmingly Basque that Mr. Shaw has committed it to memory, and chants it in his bath every morning.



RED CROSS TRAGEDIES.

Mrs. Brown (who has not quite grasped the raison d'être of the stretcher-bearers). "I suppose they carry the Hot Cross Buns on that Tray?"

A SONG OF SPRING.

Air—"*It was a lover and his lass.*"

It was a mistress and her maid,
 With a rush, and a crush, and a dust-pan and brush,
That unto one another said,
 "It's the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time,
 For the woods are green and we must spring clean."
(I knew what that would mean.)

Between the hall and the dining-room,
 With a rub, and a scrub, and a rub-a-dub-dub,
I thrice tripped over a housemaid's broom
 In the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time,
 When the stools and chairs all cover the stairs,
And catch one unawares.

A whitewash pail I did not see,
 With a slip, and a slop, and a tenpenny mop,
I kicked the bucket and grazed my knee
 In the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time,
 When the painters come, and the plumbers "plumb,"
And charge a good round sum.

And so I've made up my mind next year
 (With a brush, and a comb, and I shan't be at home),
I'll pack my bag and I'll disappear
 In the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time;
 When the woods are green, if they must spring clean,
I won't be on the scene!

Seven to five, "t. and o."

From the *Statesman*, Calcutta: "The Magistrate sentenced him to seven days' hard labour, but on the accused stating that he had to ride next Saturday at the races the Court reduced the sentence to five days, and directed the police to release the prisoner on Saturday morning."

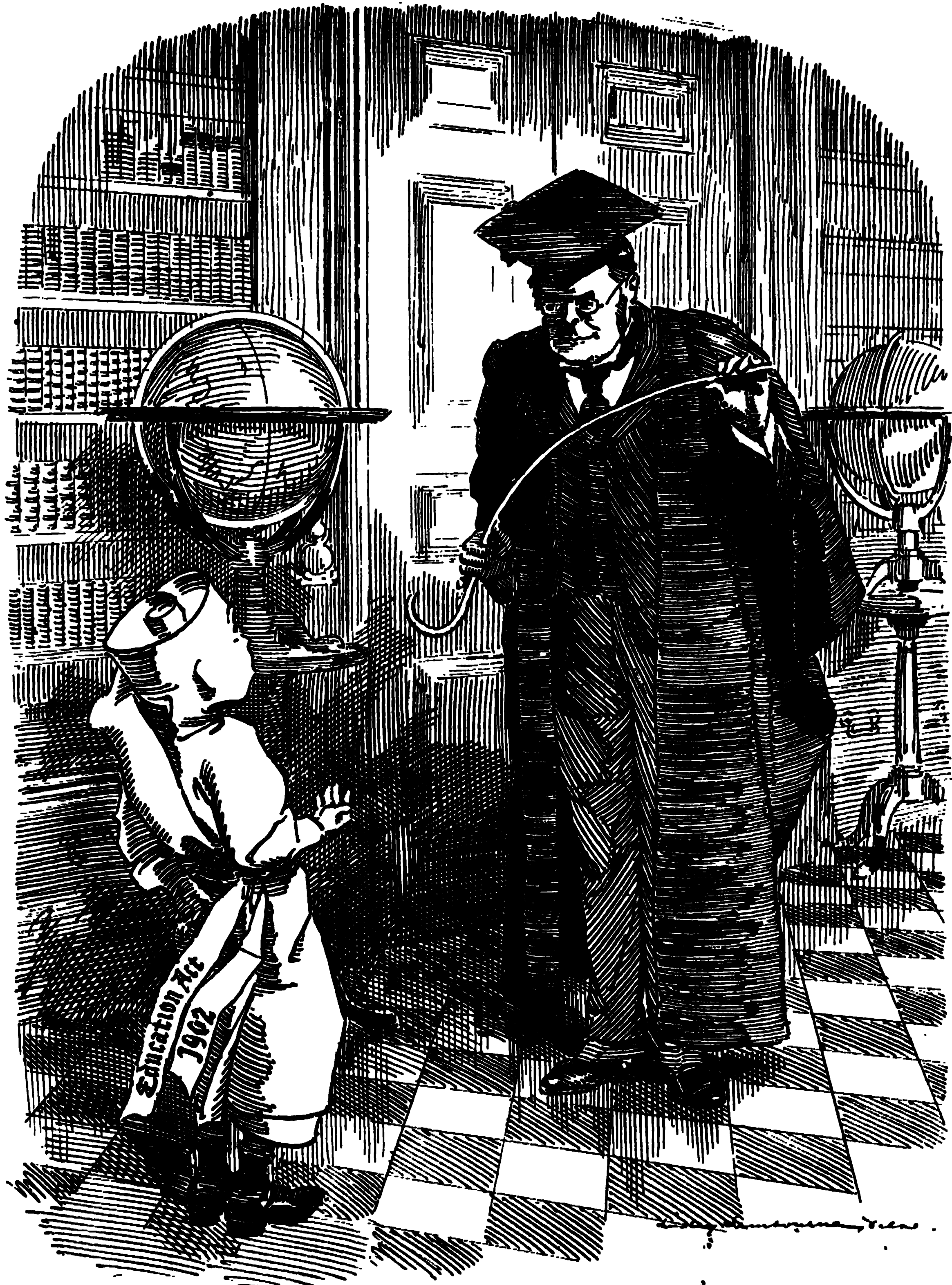
But might not the Court's motives be misunderstood?

Mr. Chamberlain continues to receive proof of his claim that non-adherence to his policy involves an increase in the unemployed.

We learn that another city Clarke is likely to lose his place.

The Rev. Dr. Aked, speaking at Liverpool on such things as Temperance and Mr. Keir Hardie, remarked: "It is even said that one of the brilliant men of our day, from whom you are expecting so much, is to-day doing his work on champagne."

We have received letters from 657 M.P.'s denying the allegation.



FELLOW SUFFERERS.

Dr. Birrell. "MY BOY, THIS CAN'T HURT YOU MORE THAN IT 'S GOING TO HURT ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 2.—"I am not an ornamental Member," said Dixon-Hartland.

From the crowded Benches on both



"Mr. Speaker, I am not an ornamental Member only."
(Sir Frdk. D-x-n H-rtl-nd.)

sides rose a murmur of dissent. Dixon-Hartland sadly shook his head and would not be comforted. It was not seemly to trifle with the truth.

The polite, pleasing contradiction was, it shortly appeared, based on misapprehension. Debate turned on new Procedure Rules recommended by Committee. Dixon-Hartland's deprecatory remark had no reference to personal appearance. He



The Spectre of Sleaford.
(Professor L-pt-n.)

was merely discussing the new proposals as an old Member, and desired to dissociate himself from the class of legislators who come down to enjoy excitement of the Question hour, and then go into Lobby to seek a pair. All very well for gay young things to cherish the short sitting on Friday as condition of going a-week-ending. For old stagers a break in the middle of the week, recurrence to the old free night on Wednesday, was desirable.

Following him from the other side of the House rose the six-foot-four of E. Wason. In struggle for seats to be quite comfortable he wants two he had been driven to back Bench under Gallery to right of Speaker's chair, finding a place at top of Gangway steps. This accidental position invested a pleasant speech with two distinctly uncomfortable sensations. First of all, to imaginative minds there came fantastic idea that, being at the extreme edge of the saloon close by the bulwarks, Wason, unless he was very careful, might by sheer weight give the ship a lurch to leeward. Apparently himself impressed with feeling of insecurity, he as he spoke held on to the pillar that supported the roof.

Samson Agonistes! Was he going to pull down the pillar; solving the question of a new House for the Commons by dismantling the existing edifice? But Wason only wanted to recall the achievement of that gallant Scottish Member who, wedded in the early morning in the neighbourhood of the Hebrides, immediately after the ceremony turned his face southward and, like young *Lochinvar* riding post haste, reached Westminster in time to take part in a division.

What this had to do with the question whether the House should have its short sitting on Wednesday or Friday was not clear. House so relieved when Wason resumed his seat, without calamity occurring, that it gratefully cheered.

Regarded as a business assembly, House at its worst. Questions sub-



Samson Agonistes.
(Mr. E-g-ne W-s-n and the pillar.)

mitted whether four days a week business should commence at 2 or 3 o'clock, and whether half-holiday should be taken on Wednesday or Friday purely matters of personal predilection. Argument absolutely unavailing. On Speaker taking Chair, every man in crowded assembly had made up his mind on subject, ready to vote straight away. No talk, howsoe'er persuasive, would influence a single vote. Yet for four hours and a half speeches were made.

Level accurately marked by Railway Bell, who poured into unsympathetic ears a minute story of how his last train left King's Cross at 11.50 p.m. How, if sitting of House was extended till 11.15, he was in danger of missing it. In which case he would have to sleep in London without his pyjamas.

In the gallery allotted to distinguished strangers sat three Chinamen in the radiant habit of their country. They had crossed seas and continents in order to study Western civilisation. Eagerly looked forward to opportunity of sitting at feet of the Mother of Parliaments, humbly regarding her venerable figure, garnering the words of wisdom that fell from her august lips. What they



A Brilliant Débutant

Mr. A. E. W. M-s-n is not afraid to say a word for Lord Milner. Being "sent to Coventry" by his Party has no terrors for him; he has been sent there already and got a thousand majority!

saw was an afternoon wantonly wasted. What they heard was the lament of a Member bereft of his pyjamas.

Business done. New Procedure Rules discussed.

Tuesday night. When Mr. Lupton turned our dear Harry Chaplin out of his freehold in Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, he looked forward with unbridled delight to joys of Parliamentary career. Not been at Westminster more than six weeks when bang goes his complacency.

Disillusion came this afternoon with debate on second reading of Prevention of Corruption Bill. Vivian, another new Member, supported it in speech that made the flesh creep. Pictured doctor at bedside of patient torn by conflicting interests. If the sick man dies, a little affair arranged with undertaker will come off. It appears, according to Vivian's information or experience, and as a carpenter by trade he speaks by the foot rule, that doctors have a running account with the undertaker; draw a commission for every coffin brought into use. Naturally, if the patient recovers, the little commission is not forthcoming. No corpse, no coffin.

"No wonder," said the vivacious Vivian, "the doctor is tempted to say, 'Shall I pray for his death or save him?'"

Whilst these gruesome reflections, more depressing than anything to be found in *Drelincourt on Death*, chilled the marrow of the House, they, in some subtle fashion, worked up Mr. Lupton into condition of keen irascibility. Commissions! Who is paying out commissions?

"Why, Mr. Speaker," he said, turning an angry countenance on the right hon. gentleman as if he were responsible for the omission, "I have distributed orders for a million pounds worth of goods, and no one has ever offered me a commission of any kind."

What was all this fuss about doctors getting commissions out of coffins?

"If I was an errand boy," snapped out the lachrymose Lupton, "and took a message to the undertaker, I should feel myself entitled to be paid for my time. Very likely," he added reflectively, probably thinking of the demise of a mother-in-law, "I should be rendering assistance to the poor family in their time of trouble."

The House which had yelled at Mr. Vivian's genial remarks about an honourable profession howled at Mr. Lupton who showed increased disposition to lapse into autobiographical details. Too deeply hurt at being systematically overlooked all these years in the matter of commissions to shorten opportunity of a growl. Half-past seven close at hand. When reached, debate must stop and second reading of Bill would stand over. Member after Member rose to move the closure. At fourth demand Speaker consented to submit it. Only Lupton's voice uplifted in negative. Question being next put on amendment for rejection of Bill, Lupton's strident "No" again resounded. "No," he shouted when Speaker submitted third question that Bill be read a second time. The solo repeated when motion finally made



Montgomery District.
A Thorn in the side of the Anti-Imperialists.
(Mr. J. D. R-s.)

to refer Bill to Grand Committee. One against six hundred, Lupton, his battle cry "No," withstood the host.

Thus in olden times Horatius (Cocles) kept the bridge gate over the Tiber.

Business done. New Procedure Rules agreed to.

House of Lords, Friday night.—Lord Aberdeen on flying visit to town looked in to-night. Found things exceedingly dull. Compared with House Dublin



Mr. H-rn-m-n, M.P.
(The Member for Chelsea.)

Castle a place of joyaunce. An Irish Member tells me that since Lord and Lady Aberdeen took up their residence there social and political revolution quietly effected.

"Cromwell conquered Ireland," he remarked, "but not nearly so effectively as the new Lord Lieutenant; whilst the modern method is preferable."

Patriotic Irish women, to whom Dublin Castle has since childhood been a thing accursed, are now seen at Lady Aberdeen's Saturday afternoon "At Homes." The Lord Lieutenant is respectfully greeted as he passes through the streets of Dublin, heartily cheered when he makes appearance at public meetings. Most striking thing in the transformation scene is that it is effective equally in the Unionist and the Nationalist camp. The last Liberal Lord Lieutenant was not only boycotted by loyal Ulster but snubbed by Nationalist Connaught. Visiting Belfast the other day, the Lord Lieutenant and his Lady received the popular greeting grown familiar in Dublin.

"We haven't had the Irish question up yet," said the Patriot Member who told me these things. "Your Labour Members are effectively doing our old work in brow-beating Government and making things hum generally. For men of peace, like me, anxious for goodwill on earth, there is no phase of the Irish question more pleasing and more hopeful than that attendant on the new tenancy of Dublin Castle. Excuse me; pending introduction of Education scheme which is promising of wigs on the green, I must go off to block the measures of a few private Members and see if I can't put a spoke in the Attorney-General's Trades Disputes Bill."

Business done.—Commons discussed importation of Canadian cattle.

The Great Fingers Question Solved.

On Monday, April 2- there is no Sunday Edition—*The Manchester Guardian's* "Answers to Correspondents" consisted solely of this:—

"FINGERS. -The term 'fingers' includes the thumb."

When *The Manchester Guardian* becomes technical we are no longer able to follow it; but we can faintly imagine the almost painful eagerness with which the enquirer tore open his paper and searched its columns for the answer to his conundrum.

"Wanted, for the term, good General Servant as plain Cook, must wash and dress, no shirts."- *Galloway Gazette.*

This is rather arbitrary. Having once been told that she *must* dress, surely such a detail as shirts or not might well be left to her.



"WHO MIXED REASON WITH PLEASURE."

Doctor. "Not very good for your Gout, Major, eh?"

Major. "Quite right, my boy; but it helps me to bear it, don't you know."

TO MY LAUNDRESS.

My collar is quaintly serrated,
In shreds is the shirt underneath,
My cuffs are so deftly dentated
You'd take them for trimmings of teeth;
Stiffly starched is my evening choker,
My handkerchief's blemished with blue,
And the reason, oh reasonless joker,
My Laundress, is you!

A philosophy firmer than Plato's
Would falter and fail at the sight
Of my linen like soufflés potatoes
And all the good garments you blight.
Can you marvel, oh ghoul, that I'm maddened
When barely a month has gone by
Since the gloss of their novelty gladdened
My glistening eye?

If I stole from some stately collection,
And sent you, a suit of plate-mail,
Would its coming occasion dejection,
Would armour against you avail?
Or with joy would you dance half-demented,
And proudly proceed to display
How the steel hasn't yet been invented
That you couldn't fray?

If I dressed as the Daughters of Dawn dress
(Dear dreams clad in dewdrops and mist),
Should I dodge you, demoniac Laundress,
Or would you, remorseless, insist
That my dimly diaphanous raiment
Should visit you every week
To endure, for preposterous payment,
The vengeance you wreak?

Now it may be you're sent as a scourge for
The many misdeeds of mankind;
In the havoc I'm droning this dirge for
Our penance we mortals may find;
But the view that I favour is prosier:
You're just a paid agent of Trade,
You're in lucrative league with my Hosier,
Oh infamous jade!

PRESENTATION DAY.

"Spring is coming!" said the Black Dog, as she bounded out of the front door followed by the Brown Pup, who had to be carried down the steps by his mistress, as he was only seven weeks old. "Spring is coming!" and he executed a *pas seul* of pure joy between the wheels of a Carter Paterson van that was passing.

"What is Spring?" asked the Brown Pup, who was wobbling somewhat unsteadily in his mother's wake.

"Spring?" said the Black Dog, tersely, "Spring is smells."

But here the conversation was interrupted by the Mistress picking up the Brown Pup to carry him across the road, and it was not till they reached the passage leading into the Gardens that she put him down again.

It was to be the greatest day in the Brown Pup's life. He was to be presented to the other dogs, and given the freedom of the Gardens, which sums up nearly all that is desirable in a dog's life.

The Brown Pup had been very brave in the back garden at home, and his boxing matches with *Augustus* the cat had been the admiration of the neighbourhood. But the back garden was not Life, his mother had told him, and his fat brown legs were a trifle shaky as he saw in the distance the gates of this mysterious place where the thing called "Life" was to be lived at its highest and best.

"Now remember," said the Black Dog, somewhat excitedly, for he was her first-born and she was naturally a little nervous, "the one thing you must not do is to run away. Be civil but courageous, and don't whimper, whatever happens." And then they entered the gates, the Black Dog on in front with her tail waving proudly in the air, the Brown Pup following anxiously in the rear, his fat little body shaking with excitement and awe, and the Mistress behind the Brown Pup.

The first to catch sight of the new-comer was a Chow, who lived in the same road at home.

"Got the youngster with you, I see!" he said, as he came up at a run, and inspected the Brown Pup with a critical air. "I fancy I heard the milkman talking to our servants about it. Yes—a fine little fellow! Is he strong?"

"You can put him to the test," said the Black Dog, proudly.

The Chow suddenly shot out a hind leg and knocked the Brown Pup over. For one moment the Brown Pup thought of trying his one method of retaliation and biting the Chow in the leg, but a look from his mother prevented him, and he picked himself up, wagging his tail.

"He'll do," said the Chow kindly. "Bring him in to supper this evening," and he was off.

The next to come up was a magnificent golden-brown collie, who rolled the Brown Pup about till he was sore, and then returned him to his mother with the remark that he was too fat, but time would cure that—a criticism which the Black Dog resented. "He's in perfect condition for his age," she said, sharply, and proceeded with great dignity towards the Round Pond.

At the top they were joined by a retriever and a spaniel, who entreated the Black Dog to accompany them into the water. "Leave the little fellow with your mistress;" they begged, "the keeper is reading the paper, and those ducks ."

For one moment a look of rapture gleamed in the Black Dog's eyes. Then she resolutely turned away.

"It is his first day," she said, regretfully but firmly.

"One of the black duck's tail feathers is loose!" breathed the spaniel, satanically.

The Black Dog's whole body quivered with the force of the temptation, and she turned her back on the Round Pond while she battled with it. Then Duty triumphed, and she turned round again.

"Come, my son," she said, leading the Brown Pup up to a Great Dane, who had been watching the group from afar.

The Brown Pup felt an overwhelming desire to retire from sight behind his mother, but fortunately for his reputation he caught sight of an unkempt mongrel at whom he had often made faces through the area railings at home, while passers-by of the gentler sex were admiring his "dreamy eyes." Whatever happened he would not be put to shame in front of Tatters. He could but die, he thought, as he wobbled forward.

But the great beast's reception was gentler than any he had yet encountered, and by the time the preliminary questions as to age, training, &c., had been answered the Brown Pup felt quite at home with him.

They all walked on together, while the Great Dane and the Black Dog discussed the scandals of the Park, and the Brown Pup listened open-mouthed. A certain Rover had broken the first rule of the Gardens, and had barked loudly as he chased the sheep, thereby attracting undesirable attention to himself and his companions; Bobs had gone away into the country with his master, and was not expected back for some time; while a very objectionable Fido had been decoyed out of her mistress's lap and taken to a secluded part of the Gardens by three dogs whom she had repeatedly and grossly insulted, and there dealt with satisfactorily.

So they walked along, and the Brown Pup's heart swelled with pride as he heard the remarks of the passers-by.

Presently they came to a turning. "Well, well, I must go now," said the Great Dane, regretfully, as he waved his tail in the direction of a lady who was calling excitedly to him, "that's my mistress, you know. Very nervous and highly strung, poor thing! Too much sitting in stuffy rooms, I fancy. Yes, yes, my dear, I'm coming," and he departed.

The Brown Pup's legs were beginning to ache with so much exercise, and he was very glad when his mistress stooped down and picked him up. Then it suddenly occurred to him that he would



Ear Blinkers. A suggestion for Caddies of tender age in attendance on hot-tempered Anglo-Indian military gentlemen learning Golf.

not like the Great Dane to see him being carried like Fido, so he struggled down and trotted bravely after his mother, who rewarded him with an approving look.

"This, my son," she said, "is Life. Head up, tail straight, no matter how your legs ache—a greeting for a friend and a look in the face for everyone. Don't listen to the mongrels or you won't hear what wise dogs are saying *and* keep behind your superiors," she added gently, as she shot out her hind leg. The Brown Pup retired to the rear, thinking over many things, and when he got home his mother noticed with pleasure that he had had his last boxing match with *Augustus*. Somehow this form of recreation no longer appealed to him after his walk with the Great Dane, and besides, every spare moment was taken up with reflections on Life.



Little Girl (who has asked for a ha'porth of five-a-penny Easter eggs, and received two). "Please, M'm, it 's the other ha'porth *I* would like."

THE AGE OF CULTURE.

["A hundred years hence the survival into the twentieth century of the superstition about the indispensability of Greek and Latin to a true education will be regarded as not the least curious and interesting freak of all the curious and interesting freaks that human nature has been guilty of in the course of its development."—*T. P.'s Weekly* on "Culture and the Classics."]

When I have quaffed my weakly draught
Of Hippocrene's rills,
And filled my heart with cultured art
And literary thrills
By such cheap pennyworth inspired,
Imagination oft is fired,
And in my mind I seem to see
The cultured age that is to be.

A realm of gold I then behold—
A new and fair *régime*
Where soul and brain united reign
And culture is supreme;
A land where intellect may soar
To heights it never knew before,
And where in every man you find
The artist's and the poet's mind.

Awhile I gaze in rapt amaze
With all-admiring eye,
And then I turn intent to learn
The wherefore and the why.
Whence comes, I ask, this atmosphere
So lofty, rarefied and clear,
This culture which, I understand,
Was never yet on sea or land?

'Tis not from store of classic lore:
They scarce have heard of Rome;
No masterpiece of ancient Greece
Finds on their shelves a home.
They read; incredulous, of those
Who trained their boys on Attic prose,
And tried, benighted fools, to nurse
The infant mind on Latin verse.

More happy far these mortals are!
No need for them to toil
Through long, long years 'mid doubts and fears,
Or burn the midnight oil;
No need for them with weary pate
To struggle through the prolix Great
Boiled down like meat-juice, theirs to find
The essence of each master mind.

On one small page some mighty sage
Says all he has to say;
And there's the gist (with nothing missed)
Of Homer's lengthy lay;
A column tells them all with ease
They want to learn of Sophocles;
Horace or Plato would they know,
They take him in a cameo.

Nor are the Great of later date
Forgotten. Men but need
A snippet here from *Hamlet Lear*
And Shakspeare's soul they read;
Carlyle and Byron, Shelley, Burns
Each knows them every one and learns
The truth about their married lives,
And why they squabbled with their wives.

The Ladder, too, of Learning view
Which Clio rears. They climb,
And learn some great event of State
In half a minute's time.
What wonder, then, that all things wear
So learned and refined an air,
When, clasped in every hand, I see
The weekly pages of *T. P.?*

SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

Some faddist in the press first raised the question,
When anxious of a grievance to be rid—
Hinting disease or death or indigestion
Probable, if they did.

"Indignant Dame" replied a morning later,
Giving the lie (or several) direct:
Describing him a low prevaricator—
Or words to that effect.

The fat was in the fire. A smart "Young Mother"
Urged it was *chic*, and womanly as well;
One "Damsel" found it soothing, while another
Simply abhorred the smell.

"Father of One" (outside the infant's hearing)
Vowed that no girl of *his* "such things" should do;
"Father of Nine" refrained from interfering—
Thinking it wiser to.

A "Spinster" said the weed was all she trusted
To take from single cursedness the sting;
A lady, who inscribed herself "Disgusted,"
Loathed the unseemly thing.

An "Indian Colonel" found the practice "flighty,"
And asked, if women thronged the "Smokers" too,
Where (in this crimson territory) might he
The scheming sex eschew?

"Enthusiastic" called it bliss-bestowing,
Which "Youthful Cynic" stigmatised as rot;
And "Tweeny Girl" was diffident, unknowing
Whether to whiff or not.

* * * *

Such are the strange, reciprocative scornings,
Such are the quaint, antagonistic views,
That filled the papers during several mornings,
Taking the place of news.

Whether the thing is really wrong or rightful,
We know not yet; but this is sure, the while—
Either it is entrancingly delightful
Or else supremely vile.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Lady of the Decoration (Hodder and Stoughton) is an anonymous series of letters purporting to pass from a lady sometime resident in Japan to a bosom friend at home. It is, actually, one of the daintiest love stories I in a long experience have read. Its peculiarity is that no formal attempt is made to describe or characterise the man who is loved. All we know is that his name is Jack; that the still young wayfarer in a foreign land, becoming a widow after a not too happy lease of married life, loved him when she left home, but never told her love, hoping to master it by foreign travel. Occasional subtle touches in casual letters bare her secret to the sympathetic eye. When her correspondent announces her engagement without mentioning the name of her *fiancé*, she jumps at the conclusion that it must be Jack, a person whom every woman, looking on him, must love. Of course it wasn't Jack and all ends happily, as idylls should. The story is so unobtrusively told that in the printed volume it scarcely occupies more space than is here given to it. It is the row of pearls slung on a silken cord of bright narrative and description, especially vivid in observation, evidently by an eye-witness, of life in Japan throughout the war with Russia.

Mr. Heinemann isn't a man to bungle;
He's published a book which is called *The Jungle*.
It's written by Upton Sinclair, who
Appears to have heard of a thing or two
About Chicago and what men do
Who live in that city—a loathsome crew.
It's there that the stockyards reek with blood,
And the poor man dies, as he lives, in mud;
The Trusts are wealthy beyond compare,
And the bosses are all triumphant there,
And everything rushes without a skid
To be plunged in a hell which has lost its lid.
For a country where things like that are done
There's just one remedy, only one,
A latter-day Upton Sinclairism
Which the rest of us know as Socialism.
Here's luck to the book! It will make you cower,
For it's written with wonderful, thrilling power.
It grips your throat with a grip Titanic,
And scatters shams with a force volcanic.
Go buy the book, for I judge you need it,
And, when you have bought it, read it, read it.

I have been trying to discover whether H. de Vere Stacpoole, who wrote *Fanny Lambert*, is a man or a woman. Mr. Fisher Unwin, who, as the publisher of the book, ought to know, refers to the author as *Mr.* Stacpoole. That's one opinion. On the other hand, the amateurishness of the technique, and a certain innocence of style, convince me that it is a woman. That is another opinion. Then, again, we have the damning fact that the hero never wears evening dress. (Two to one on *Mister*.) But *Fanny Lambert* herself is so delightfully feminine in every word and every letter, and so superior in drawing to all the men, that . . . (Evens on *Mister* and *Miss*.) However, it is no good speculating (though, *pace* Mr. Unwin, I would risk a shilling on *Miss*); one's duty is, rather, to congratulate the author on the ever-fascinating *Fanny*. The men are not so successful. *Charles Bevan*, for instance, is said to be twenty-three, but looks like thirty—as they say in testimonials. *Frank*, the hero, hardly appears at all, and then not to much effect. But *Fanny*, bless her, is there always. Mr. Fisher Unwin (whom I am bound to suspect now) says that this is the author's fourth book. It has the look, rather, of a first novel; a very promising one, but still the first. Mr., Mrs., or Miss Stacpoole should have got further in technique by this time; but she—I insist on having the last word—she, Mr. Fisher Unwin, will never improve upon *Fanny*. I raise my glass to *Fanny*.

Two on a Torre Annunziata.

The *Central News* announces that "the eruption of Vesuvius is a serious one. Five streams of lava are descending the mountain towards Resina, Torré, Annunziata, Torre del Greco, and Bosco-Trecase." This allowance of a stream apiece for Torre and Annunziata is a very generous one, and the S. E. & C. R. on their part have made an equally generous response. For the convenience of tourists wishing to visit these congested districts we have pleasure in announcing that this Company provides five separate egresses from London, the points of departure being Victoria, Holborn, Cannon Street, Charing and Cross.

According to *The Glasgow Evening Times* "The Board of Trade have issued a regulation requiring a red light to be shown on the rear end of each year." This is a thoughtful idea, and obviously intended to prevent the New Year from following too rapidly upon its predecessor. A similar system with the seasons would be helpful.

CANINE CADDIES.

THE suggestion of Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, in the *Spectator*, that dogs should be trained to "carry" on the links has provoked a great explosion of correspondence on the subject, some of which has ricochetted from Wellington Street to Bouverie Street. We print herewith a necessarily small selection of letters which have reached us on this burning question:—

DEAR SIR,—I hope that if dog caddies are to become the rule, Clubs will forbid the employment of all quadrupeds who are not thoroughly up to the work. For instance, the idea of a pug—pugs are almost invariably asthmatic—carrying a heavy bag containing from seven to ten clubs, is really quite too pathetic for words, and I do hope the authorities at St. Andrews will put down their foot strongly in this matter. For my own part I think that Lord KINGUSSIE's solution of the difficulty is much the best. He never employs a caddie belonging to the links when he happens to be playing, but always brings his own footman, which thus saves his pocket and safeguards the morals of the club caddies, as Lord KINGUSSIE's bunker vocabulary is so surprisingly strong that I have heard it said no dog would stand it without a muzzle. I may mention, as a guarantee of my *bona fides*, that Lady KINGUSSIE's step-brother was long ago engaged to my wife's first cousin once removed.

I am, yours faithfully,
ALISON AMBLER.

DEAR SIR,—I am greatly taken with the idea of training dogs to act as caddies. Perhaps some of your correspondents will kindly tell me whether they can be taught to make a tee, and whether a Chow can only make a China tee? Faithfully yours,
A. LEGGE PULLAR, M.D.

DEAR SIR,—Do you suppose that the caddies of England and Scotland will tamely submit to the introduction of a system which is designed to rob them of hundreds of thousands of pounds yearly? Believe me, if this ill-omened scheme is carried out, the mortality of the canine species in these islands will go up by leaps and bounds. I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,
MITCHAM LITTLESTONE.

DEAR SIR,—The idea of training dogs to act as caddies is distinctly good. But all dogs are not equally adapted for the purpose. Personally I should prefer a Mexican mastiff, a Cuban bloodhound, or, best of all, the dhole (*Canis dukhunensis*), or wild dog of South-Eastern Asia. It is, as your readers are doubtless aware, of a deep bay colour, and is so courageous that it will attack even the tiger. My handicap is 16, but with a dhole, or even a dingo, for my caddie, I should not in the least mind tackling a scratch player.

Faithfully yours,
WALTER SAVAGE REDHILL.

DEAR SIR,—In South Africa the practice of dispensing with human caddies has been rendered necessary by the shortage of unskilled labour and the fact that the coolies, by the terms of their contracts, are not allowed to ply for hire on the links. Consequently baboons and (in the Cape) ostriches are largely employed for the purpose, and give the greatest satisfaction, though the notorious voracity of the latter occasionally induces them, in moments of excitement, to gobble balls and swallow niblicks and other iron clubs. For this reason the baboon is, on the whole, to be preferred. In Natal a bird known as the Semi-Bombay duck is sometimes employed as a fore-caddie, and can be taught to indicate, by flapping its wings and standing on one leg respectively, whether the ball is lying clear or in difficulties.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truthfully,
MATILDA OWLGLASS.



Mistress. "OH, GWENDOLEN, WHATEVER HAVE YOU DONE!"
Gwendolen. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, M'M. I 'AVEN'T 'URT MYSELF!"

"BUTCHERS.—Young man, 25, seeks sit.; good round; well up shop; kill anything."
Daily Chronicle.

We like this sort of spirit. It is this that has made us Englishmen what we are. We like, too, the style: the easy transition from the technicalities of "good round" and "well up shop" to the informal bluntness and comprehensiveness of the closing offer.

A HOLIDAY TASKMASTER.

Birrell! it was a baneful inspiration
That prompted you to launch your virgin Bill
Just as the call of Eastertide's vacation
Summoned us hence by sylvan vale and hill
To have our hearts imbued
With Spring i-cumen on in jocund mood.

(Doubtless by Battersea's suburban breezes,
Pacing the Pleasaunce, you were thus inspired;
For there confessedly you caught those wheezes
Which a respectful House so much admired;
And there the Child at play
Kept stopping you to ask the time of day.

Little they guessed, who put that guileless riddle,
Not curious of the hour, but rather bent
On seeing if the chain athwart your middle
Secured an actual watch that really went,—
Little your victims guessed
What schemes were brewing 'neath that natty vest.)

Was it, I ask you, altogether gracious,
Was it a very creditable thing,
To set your fellow-Members this vexatious
Holiday task, and blight the bloom of Spring,
Throwing such heavy strains
Upon the void of non-provided brains?

Was it the action of a decent pedagogue
To nip their vernal ardour in the bud,
And send them forth with angered heart and head agog
To find a way to spill Apollyon's blood?
(Apollyon so we stamp
Men of the opposite religious camp.)

For now a fierce and fatal light is shed on
The imminent campaign—its course and goal;
Including that stupendous Armageddon
Soon to be fought around the Infant's Soul;
And every second man
Is busy working out his counterplan.

There is no haunt of peace, this holy season,
But some are found therein with heated breath
Who call on Heaven to curse the spoiler's treason,
Who plot religiously your sudden death;
And pass the sweet Spring-time
Whetting their claws like dragons of the prime.

Not so with me. I go, my dear Augustine,
Southward to seek an uncontentious cure,
Some warm retreat that I may safely rust in,
And lie at length along the *côte d'azur*—
Or make a modest *coup*,
As Joseph did on No. 22.

O. S.

THE WAG.

A Tea-Shop Tragedy.

It was in a London tea-shop; one of those tea-shops where the waitresses seem to have just proclaimed martial law.

Silence reigned, broken only by the occasional timorous tinkle of a tea-spoon on a marble table, where some desperado sought to signify that he wanted another bun.

The attendants stood in graceful but minatory poses here and there, patting their back hair, or doing perpetual sums in their check-books.

Opposite to me I saw an old lady, who had been to bargain sales, and had pathetically and for the fifth time implored a passing waitress to bring her a cup of tea, succumb under a glance such as an empress might bestow upon an importunate beetle that asked to be put out of its pain. All round the room, in serried array, the young law clerks sat, like boys under the eyes of a schoolmaster, talking decorously of prunes and prisms, and hoping they did not seem to be eating too heartily.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere set a boiled egg down in front of me. I had not ordered it, but I did not say so, for I am no dare-devil. I ate the egg meekly.

Silence reigned. (I know quite well I have said this before, but it is nevertheless true.)

Then *he* came in, with springy step and cloth gaiters, and I knew by the gaiters, as well as by the brochures on the Tower of London and Madame Tussaud's grasped in his sinewy hand, that he was from the country. He was a splendid specimen of young English manhood, with his comely, full-blown face, and massive limbs; a good man to hounds, one of the stock that has made our England what it is (whatever that may be).

Something in the way in which he ordered tea and cold sausages filled me with gloomy apprehension. I realised that in his own province he was a humorist, a wit.

For a while all went well; but he had a roving eye.

Suddenly I saw a strange light gleam in that roving eye, as he glanced at Clara Vere de Vere, who, half-turned from us, was absorbed once more in her interminable sums.

Heavens! the man was going to be facetious!

In the tea-shop! Here!

Had his thoughts strayed to some merry-hearted Hebe of the "Crown Hotel" at home in Sleepy Hollow?

I dropped my egg-spoon with a noisy clatter. My tongue refused to act. He leaned forward. He was going to do it. Heavens!

"I say, Miss," he said, as he toyed with a crusty roll (poor fellow! no doubt the sally had furnished mirth at many a market ordinary), "I say, Miss, can you lend me a hatchet?"

The instant she turned I think he realised his mistake. Such a look as his face wore then I have seen on the faces of men who have thumped strong and angry strangers on the back under the impression that they were old friends. I have seen that look once, in the semi-darkness of an oyster bar, on the face of a man who had swallowed a time-expired bivalve. There was surprise in it,—and something more.

She approached him slowly, a Juno-like figure, and, while I shuddered, I could not but admire the vibrant tones of her contralto voice as she answered:

"Did you speak to *me?*"

He clutched the edge of the table with both hands, leaning slightly forward, his parted lips frothy, and his face all gray and drawn.

And then, called off by a plaintive cry for potted ham, she left him.

"I will see you out into the air," I whispered.

He stumbled to his feet somehow, and, leaning heavily on my arm, shuffled to the door, where I hailed a bus. His touch was like the touch of ice.

"How was I to know!" he muttered; "how was I to know!"

Do you say this never happened?

I believe something like it happens every day. If not, it is only because, in spite of what pessimists say, there is still some of that sturdy British spirit left that enabled men of our breed to stand up to the Old Guard at Waterloo, and, more particularly, to brave the awful rigours of the polar realms of ice.

Commercial Candour.

"Hot-air Engine, very cheap, ——'s patent, 5½ cylinder, very little use."—*English Mechanic.*



A TEMPORARY ENTANGLEMENT.

Jos. Sedley . . . Sir H-nry C-mpb-ll B-nn-rm-n. *Becky Sharp* . . . The Suffragette.

[The Prime Minister has promised to receive a deputation on the subject of Female Suffrage after Easter.—*Daily Paper.*]



INTRODUCTION MADE EASY.

Invalid-Chair Attendant. "If you should have a fancy for any partickler party, I can easily bump 'em."

TO ONE ABOUT TO WED.

The hour draws nigh. The moments fly amain.
Rabble and guest attend the flowery shrine;
The Cake is ready also the champagne
(A light, dry, wine).

Then, Sister, ere the last sad moment goes,
Listen, while from a brother's faltering lips
Drop, like essential attar of the rose,
Two useful tips.

If you would prosper in that married state
Which many, I believe, have called sublime,
Be very careful not to irritate
At breakfast time.

Man is not lively at that solemn feast;
And John, whom you esteem a thing apart,
(So strange is Love) is little more than *triste*,
Or less than tart.

Spare him your daily correspondents' views;
Nor, from a paper you alone have read,
Think to refresh him with th' appalling news
That someone 's dead.

As for those details of a household type
That seem indigenous to married men,
Wait till he 's half way through his morning pipe:
Tackle him then.

But, oh my sister, lay no wifely snares;
Think not to press him for a boon; and don't,
Don't dream of getting at him unawares:
Because you won't.

That we will come to now. And, I should say,
I do so with a certain lingering doubt;
Though, truly, if I give your John away,
It 's his look out.

If, then, you would beguile th' unwary lad
To his undoing, first arrange to dine
On his most toothsome cheer (and, shall I add,
Some light, dry wine).

And if, soon afterwards, you gently spring
Your purpose on him, 'twere an easy task
To lure him on to any blessed thing
You choose to ask.

Now must we go. The steeds are at the door.
Those be my precepts Sister. Act thereon,
And you 'll be happy. But alas, for poor,
Poor, wretched, John! Dum-Dum.

"All men have their Price."

"General, 18, £10, Disengaged, willing to wash, strong country servant. Also 17, £8; print dresses and caps. Fifteen, 2s. per week, fond of children."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

We hope somebody will give little Fifteen a job. Eighteen, who is willing to wash, and Seventeen, who can print dresses and caps (which sounds very clever), are sure to be snapped up at once; but all that can be said for Fifteen (poor dear) is that she is fond of children. Here 's to the bashful maiden!

PICKING UP ACQUAINTANCES;

Or, The Traveller's Conversational Guide.

The specimen dialogues below are intended for those unlucky persons who are compelled to take their holiday alone. The Englishman is noted for his reserve, but with tact it is always easy to open a conversation with a complete stranger and by and by to make a real friend of him. The whole art lies in this: that you must not seem to force your acquaintance upon him. You would do well to start

In the Train.

First Method (The Window Gambit).

You. Do you mind if I raise the window slightly? (*If it is already up, you will of course change this to, "Do you mind if I open the window slightly?"*)

He (*if he is anything of a gentleman*). Certainly. Please do.

You (*at window*). Very stiff the windows are on this line.

If he is a director or shareholder in any railway company, he will then take the opportunity of explaining to you how good or bad this line is in comparison with others. If he is not a director or shareholder, then,

You. That's the best of being on the sea. You have no bother like this with windows.

This gives him his chance should he be a sailor, explorer, yachtsman, Cook's tourist, or seaside resident. In the unlikely event of his being none of these,

You (*jocularly*). I must write to the "*Daily* —" about it.

You then make disparaging remarks about the "Daily —." He is practically certain to agree.

Second Method. (An expensive one.)

This should only be used when all other devices have failed. As soon as your man is looking the other way pull the alarm signal. When the guard comes round, try to persuade him that it was the stranger who did it. If you are successful, then offer to lend the necessary five pounds. If you are unsuccessful, then offer to borrow it. In either case you have a sort of claim on your man for at least the length of your holiday.

Third Method. (For use with clergymen only.)

Note: Clergymen often wear gaiters. In this case they are either bishops or deans. It is wiser to assume that they are bishops.

You (*with a start*). Oh!

He looks up enquiringly.

You. I beg your pardon, but did you happen to notice the name of that station?

He. Willesden Junction.

You. — ! (*Remembering his cloth*). I must apologise, Sir (*or 'My Lord' if you care to risk it*), but that was where I had to alight.

He. The next stop is Aberdeen.

You. Tut tut! But there! An old traveller mustn't mind these little trials. Why, I remember how in the fall of '82 Tubby and I —

At this point a layman would throw you out of the window.

You. Let's see, was it Tubby or Old Bill?

And so on, ad infinitum.

So much for the journey down. If by the time you have reached your destination you have not picked up an acquaintance, it is fairly obvious that you are not at all the tactful person we took you for, and it is difficult to know what further to do for you. You can of course, at any time, try the Tobacco Gambit which consists in borrowing your neighbour's matches and putting them in your own pocket, but apart from this there is not much that we can recommend. Should you, however, know the profession of the particular man whose acquaintance you wish to make, various ideas will no doubt suggest themselves to you. Thus:

With Military Men.

You (*suddenly and imploringly*). Can you tell me, Sir, if you think the Germans will defeat the Hereros?

He (*gruffly and in amazement*). Eh?

You (*with a pathetic dignity*). I am a German (*or Herero*) and I have a son (*grandson, father, uncle, grandfather, etc., according to what you think he will credit you with*) immersed in that terrible conflict. Pity a father's (*grandfather's, son's, nephew's, grandson's*) feelings.

He will then tell you his experiences in the Indian Mutiny.

Or again

With Solicitors.

You. Are you a solicitor? (*This sounds rude, but he won't mind.*)

He. Yes. (*Gives you his card.*)

Finally, it may happen that the gentleman with whom you wish to converse is a distinguished stranger well known to you by sight. In these cases, particularly, tact is the one essential.

To Mr. Joseph Chamberlain (*chaffingly*). Now, now, what's all this I hear about Tariff Reform?

To Mr. J. M. Barrie (*politely offering pouch*). Perhaps you might care to try this? It's the "Josephine" Mixture.

To Mr. Justice Darling (*handing evening paper*). Witty man, Plowden. Seen his last?

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

We, who were children in our time,
And who, though something past our prime,
Still healthily survive,
Must often, when we come in touch
With modern infants, marvel much
To find ourselves alive.

The milk they drink, I am advised,
Must first be duly sterilised,
Or else with seal and vow
Labelled, to prove to every eye
That it has been provided by
A non-consumptive cow.

The briefest snuffle from afar
Proclaims the imminent catarrh,
And calls for potent cures;
The slightest symptom of a blush
Is followed by an eager rush
To take their temperatures.

About them hums a busy tribe
Of doctors, ready to prescribe
New simples and tabloids,
And surgeons quite prepared to ease
Them all of their appendices,
And eke their adenoids.

Ah, what a change from those old days
When all the world, and all its ways,
And we ourselves, were green!
Days, when eternally sharp set
We ate whatever we could get,
Nor recked about hygiene.

I recollect, when I was young,
Once or twice thrusting forth my tongue,
Though why I could not tell,
And after some heroic bout,
Politely christened a "blow-out,"
I may have felt unwell.

Yet even at that early date
Victorian microbes lay in wait
In every bite and sup;
So, I repeat, grown wiser now,
I am constrained to wonder how
We managed to grow up.

My Plato's works on yonder shelf
Commend the maxim "Know yourself,"
As conduct's safest guide;
It seems a later nursery law
Adapts this immemorial saw
To "Know your own inside."

"The slow, wise smile that round about
His dusty forehead drily curled."
Tennyson.

Says *The Graphic*: "The Empress Dowager of China looks a well-preserved woman of forty years, with . . . a high forehead on which lie two bandeaus of thick and glossy black hair and two rows of snowy teeth, which give her smile a charm of exquisite expression." The contrast of the black hair and snowy teeth on the same high forehead must indeed make her smile all that *The Graphic* claims for it.



Pastor (revisiting his flock). "I CANNOT HELP NOTICING MANY ABSENT FACES WITH WHICH I USED TO SHAKE HANDS."

THE HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXHIBITION AT THE GRAFTON.

(Report by Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

To the Editor,

When, Honoured Sir, in obedience to your commands, I went to this highly interesting Exhibition, it was, I confess, less with any idea of exercising my critical faculties than with the faint hope that I might pick up a secret or two which might enable me considerably to improve my personal appearance. For, after all, one never knows. It may have been morbid fancy, but I thought the keeper of the wicket, after reading the words "Representative of *Punch*," on the Press ticket I presented, hesitated slightly. Perhaps he thought I had not come there in quite the right spirit. . . . However, he gave me the benefit of the doubt, and even tore off a corner of my ticket in exchange for a free Catalogue.

At the foot of the stairs I was greatly impressed by a noble group of white satin corsets, exhibited by Madame Hornett & Cie. The modelling of these I thought quite masterly, though the drawing is perhaps a trifle "tight" here and there. Further on I was even more struck by a "Plastic Bust," No. 48, described in the Catalogue as "a normal form, compressed by a belt and showing the arm—wonderfully pliant and human." It might have been even more normal and human had not the artist left off just where the difficulties begin—at the base of the neck. As it was, it seemed to me a little lacking in expression. I trust it is not hypercritical to dwell upon so trifling a defect, but it is honestly what I felt about it.

On entering the Long Gallery I observed that the walls, which I had last seen covered by the works of M. Cézanne and other talented Impressionists of the French School, were now hung with a selection of advertisements by various contributors to the Exhibition. I desire to make no invidious comparisons between them and their French predecessors—their methods are necessarily so different. But this I *must* say, that, in my humble opinion, the designs which now adorn the Gallery are more pleasing, if less subtle in their colour passages, while they convey a more direct message to the uninitiated eye. I may be wrong—but that is my impression.

The floor of the Long Gallery was occupied by several rows of gilt-backed chairs, which all appeared to be listening with polite attention (in the absence of occupants) to a gentleman who was performing a well-known waltz on an electric piano—I presume as a Health Exercise. There were several large gramophones and an orchestrion on the platform as well, but none of them performed while *I* was in the Exhibition—which was just my usual luck!

All round the room tastefully draped stands had been erected, by which young ladies were seated in most becoming Paris confections. It rather reminded me of a Charity Bazaar, except that none of them invited me to put in for a raffle, or have my future revealed by a performing poodle.

I seemed to have chosen a time—it was about 12.30—when nothing very exciting was going on. There was a big camera on a stand, apparently about to take a photograph of a stall on which samples of asses' milk were displayed, which would have been interesting to watch if it had ever taken it—only it didn't.

Perhaps I might have secured a portion of Health and Beauty by taking a glass or two of asses' milk—but, to be perfectly frank with you, Sir, I hadn't the common manly courage to go up and ask. I was afraid that the young lady who presided over that restorative might be unpleasantly personal if I did. I know now that this fear was quite groundless. Probably she would have been most polite. If I had mentioned that I was a representative of *Mr. Punch*, she might even have given me a glass of asses' milk gratuitously. But I let the chance escape me.

I sat on one of the gilt-backed chairs, affecting to be absorbed in my Catalogue—but in reality I was feeling rather shy. I was the only male visitor in the whole Exhibition, and I had a deadly fear that someone might come up and invite me to have my face cultured. But either they considered me a hopeless case, or else they saw—well, anyhow, they left me severely alone.

As I studied the Catalogue I came upon the photograph of a lady well-known in Society, under whose portrait was a note that filled me with awe and admiration. It informed me that at this lady's house the Organiser of the Exhibition had once judged at a Baby Show "*at which all the Babies were either the children or grandchildren of Members of the Peerage.*" I thought of the iron nerve, the rigid impartiality, and the consummate tact that must have been required to award the first prize without regard to strict social precedence; and I no longer wondered that this Exhibition should have been so successfully organised.

Presently I really thought a performance of some kind was about to begin. A young lady in a white knitted jersey, black knickerbockers, tan-coloured stockings, and gymnasium shoes suddenly tripped into the gallery, and was saluted with a round of faint applause from an apparently susceptible young coloured gentleman in a corner.

But nothing came of it; she had merely stepped in to talk to another young lady at one of the stands. It may have been on the subject of Physical Development, but the discourse was of a purely private and confidential nature.

I felt, Sir, that you had not sent me there to sit in idleness on a gilded chair all the time; that I must be up and doing. Accordingly I pulled myself together, and went round the stands, conscientiously making notes. If I have unconsciously fallen here and there into the jargon of the Art Journalist, you will kindly put this down to the associations of the Grafton Galleries.

First I should mention Mrs. Ida C. Tafflin's (I *think* this is the lady's name but have mislaid my Catalogue) delightful "Pink Lotion for Concealing Blemishes of the Skin," at Stand No. 7, a charming composition with a liquid quality of pigment that produces an effect as decorative as it is delicate in treatment.

The same artist's "Skin Food," though in a more restrained gamut, gives perhaps an even larger sense of accomplishment, while a third study, "A Pimple Pill," compels attention by its admirable directness, rare mastery of values, and sheer forcefulness of statement.

I can also commend "Nurse Wadham's Earcap," described in the Catalogue as "a useful invention for keeping children's ears in their proper place," and, I should say, simply invaluable to the parents of all little pitchers. Another invention that took my fancy mightily was a "Baby's Playground," a neat little wooden pen, about five feet by two and a half, in which the little tot can play at being a pig or a rhinoceros, according to the range of its imagination.

If I could only have held out till eight P.M. I should have heard a lady lecture on "Beauty in the Middle Ages." But it was getting very near my lunch time, and I really did *not* feel equal to sustaining exhausted nature for another seven hours on Skin Food and Asses' Milk, even though encouraged at intervals by Demonstrations of Physical Culture and Exercises, records by the Gramophones, and performances on the Orchestrion and Electric Piano.

I know, Sir, that you are a stern, not to say harsh, despot—but I felt that even *you* would not require this of me. So I softly and silently stole away—not a bit more beautiful (at least, so far as I can perceive at present) than when I came in!

On reaching home, a pink leaflet fluttered out of my Catalogue. It was a ballot-paper entitling me to vote for "the Handsomest Man, the Prettiest Woman, and the Loveliest



TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

DIFFICULT POSITION OF LITTLE SPINKS (HAVING HIS FIRST RIDE IN PUBLIC), WHOSE RIDING INSTRUCTIONS ARE ON NO ACCOUNT TO GET IN FRONT TILL OVER THE LAST FENCE. ALL THE REST OF THE FIELD HAVE FALLEN EARLY IN THE RACE.

Child" in a collection of photographs in the Lobby which I never even noticed!

Mine might have been the casting vote! I had had the privilege of officiating as a second Paris, and in my blindness I had neglected the priceless opportunity. And now the bitter irony of it! it is too late—too late!

Unless, of course, you insist upon my returning to the Galleries and awarding the apple. But no, Sir, something tells me there is a softer side to your nature somewhere you will not do *that!* In fact, now I come to think of it, you can't. Because the Exhibition closed last Saturday. F. A.

GIVING THEMSELVES AIR.

[The District Railway now advertises "pure air" as one of its attractions.]

O MARGATE, we'll seek thee no longer;
No more will we spend,
O Southend,
Sad weeks on thy shingle
Where niggers commingle
With trippers of curious blend.
No more will my boys fish for conger,
No longer be found
Burnt and browned—
They'll spend their vacations
At various stations
Along the "pure-air" Underground.

What excellent programmes I'll make them!
One day they'll repair
To Sloane Square,
A health-resort which is
Well-known for the riches
Of purest ozone in its air.
To Farringdon Street I will take them,
And Blackfriars too
They shall do;
The Aldersgate breezes
Shall cure them of sneezes,
And fill them with vigour anew.

And if they should chance on a break-down,
No need to complain
Of the train,
Though we're kept without warning
From midnight to morning
Between Cannon Street and Mark Lane.
A strap makes an excellent shake-down,
And the air is so rare
That we swear
By the line that arranges
Salubrious changes
At such a ridiculous fare.

"COSY incubator, 30-egg size; all fittings complete; owner getting larger."—*Lady.*

It is wonderful how soon one grows out of an incubator.



CURTAIN-RAISERS.

Extract from Ethel's correspondence: - "At the last moment something went wrong with the Curtain, and we had to do without one! It was awful! But the Rector explained matters to the front row, and they came to the rescue *nobly!*"

THE CYNIC IN SKIRTS.

[Suggested by the recent increase of hostile criticism passed upon the modern male.]

When of old Anthæa flouted
Some ineligible flame,
Or the lips of Celia pouted
At the proffer of our name,
Bitter seemed (if one recalls 'em)
Those reverses at the time,
But an admirable balsam
Was to take it out in rhyme!

Jones—sustaining from Corinna
Compound fracture of the heart
Ridiculed the lady in a
Monograph called *Cupid's Dart*;
Gentlemen, in fact, who rated
Life and love as hollow wrecks,
Formerly excogitated
Satires on the faithless sex.

Daily Phyllis by her fancies
Drove dejected swains to ink;
Some of them composed romances
Dealing with the ruptured link;
Others, cheated of her kisses,
(Like Archilochus) were coarse,
Hoping the presumptive Mrs.
Corydon would feel remorse.

Now behold the balance shifted:
Chloe stoops to white and black;
Every day our hair is lifted
By some feminine attack;
Tartarus has no Erinnys
More severe than "Lady Ann,"
Earning periodic guineas
For a diatribe on Man.

Muse! (the sister we require is
Erato) oblige and say
Why beneath the veil of "Iris,"
Or the *nom de guerre* of "May,"
Woman deals in Jeremiads
Aimed at us and wholly un-
Dreamt of by the harmless Dryads
Who occurred in Stanza One.

Can it be that even maidens,
When they hit without the glove,
Use like us the cynic cadence
As a balm for blighted love?
Dare we ask if, when in wrath her
Devastating comments flow,
Araminta, like the author,
Suffers from an early blow?

The Leicester Guardian has succeeded in the difficult task of making even "Society Chat" interesting. In a column with this title it informs its readers that Miss Ellen Terry will celebrate her jubilee by playing in the "Shakespearian comedy *A Winter's Sale*." This is an excellent title for a play which contains the well-known line "A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." We understand that Mr. Oscar Asche will play *Robinsonio* and Miss Ellen Terry will take the part of *Snelgrovia*.



THE RELIGION OF EMPIRE.

SCHOOL-INSPECTOR PUNCH. "WHAT! EMPTY BENCHES!"

HEAD-MISTRESS BRITANNIA. "WELL, YOU SEE, ATTENDANCE AT THE CLASS IS OPTIONAL, AND THEY PREFER PLAYING ROUND THE PARISH PUMP."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 9.—"I know too well what you have all come here for to see," said SAINT AUGUSTINE, looking round the thronged Assembly gathered in anticipation of introduction of Education Bill. "A reed shaken by the wind, withering and trembling in those icy blasts of sectarian difference which more than anything else nip the buds of piety and reverence."

If that actually described the expectation of the audience, it was agreeably disappointed. Position one of singular difficulty for a new Minister. Not only was he making his first appearance in charge of a measure. There had fallen to his lot the most difficult of all, a firebrand of a kind which, at earlier epochs, had shaken, if not rent, powerful Ministries. The ordeal of an unofficial Member making his maiden speech is sufficiently severe. For a new Minister introducing his first Bill it is overpowering.

Mr. G. left it on record that when first returned to the House he never rose to take part in debate without strengthening himself by utterance of a silent prayer. The MEMBER FOR NEWARK in time got over that feeling of shyness. But the habit marks in striking manner the appalling situation. With due regard to the Conscience Clause and the hour of the afternoon, AUGUSTINE, seated on the Treasury Bench waiting his turn, probably refrained from religious exercise. However it be, save for an added pallor to a countenance never rudely rubicund, there was no sign of embarrassment.



IN CHARGE OF THE BABY.

He began in characteristically light vein, chaffing occupants of the Treasury Bench upon whom, when he was last in the House, he was "accustomed to gaze with feelings in which amazement, amusement, and admiration struggled for the mastery." Unembarrassed himself, he at the outset put his audience at ease, enabling them to concentrate their attention upon the important, intricate scheme it was his task to expound. While occasionally flashing coruscations of humour in the dark crypt of provided and unprovided schools he avoided the fatal error of flippancy.



THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

A pencil snapshot of a brilliant Minister receiving universal congratulations on a masterly, lucid, and humorous speech.

(Rt. Hon. A-g-st-ne B-rr-ll.)

One of the most effective touches in an address an hour and a half long was the confession that on Saturday he repaired to Battersea Park to meditate its arrangement and coin some of its phrases.

"The place," he remarked, in one of his delightful parentheses, "simply swarms with children, all animated by one desire, namely, to ascertain the time."

The House delighted in this picture drawn with quick, graphic touch, such as PHIL MAY was wont to use, the Minister for Education seeking out a quiet place wherein to walk and con over his speech, his meditation repeatedly broken in upon by the children whose welfare filled it, coming up with shrill enquiry, "Please, Sir, what is the right time?"

The Bill will, after fashion inherent in its kind, be battled over with that fierce animosity which marks religious controversy since the Crusades. There can be only one opinion of a speech masterful in command of its subject, perfect in lucidity, delightful in unconventionality.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in and read first time.

Tuesday night. Members absent this afternoon ran the risk of coming back towards seven o'clock to find the whole of the business appointed up to Easter run through, and the shutters put up for the holidays. First order of day was second reading of Workmen's Compensation Bill. This seemed to promise prolonged debate. Hardly expected to see it through at morning sitting. But House in strictly business mood. No one disposed to delay the Bill, much less to throw it out. Honest endeavour to improve it could be made only in Committee. Therefore let us pass second reading without speeches unnecessary in number or in length.

This accomplished with two hours in hand and a score of other Government Bills to deal with. Forthwith got into Committee on a Post Office Bill. The



THE "FAKIR" WHO RESTS ON BAYONETS.
(Rt. Hon. J-hn M-rl-y.)

third order was Open Spaces Bill, an accident accountable for the strange dilemma that followed. The title catching the SPEAKER's eye, created irresistible yearning for fresh air and opportunity for stretching his legs. Been in the Chair for three hours. Post Office Bill sure to take at least an hour in Committee. Why not go forth in search of Open Spaces? Hampstead Heath too far off. But Battersea Park, favoured resort of peripatetic statesmen in charge of Education and other Bills, within measurable distance.

SPEAKER not been gone five minutes before Post Office Bill was rushed through Committee.

"Question is," said the CHAIRMAN, "that I report this Bill to the House."

That meant that the SPEAKER was to be brought back to Chair. But where was the SPEAKER? Messengers went off in haste, but did not return even at leisure. CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES stood at Table waiting to make his report to the SPEAKER. "He cometh not," Mr. EMMOTT said.

Appalled silence fell over the House, broken presently by alarmed whispering. Actually the interregnum lasted only five minutes. It seemed a week. At length there was a bustle behind the SPEAKER's Chair. Silence fell as Members watched the right hon. gentleman hastily enter, his wig slightly awry, and over his flowing gown the ebullient air of Open Spaces. A hearty cheer welcomed his presence in the Chair. He, happily ignorant of the irregularity of his headdress, preserving a gravity designed to intimate that, in spite of appearances, nothing out of the way had happened.

Setting to work again, the House so rapidly ran through the remaining Orders that at half-past six there was nothing more to do but go off to dinner.

Thus passed the last Tuesday under the old Procedure Rules.

Business done. Quite a lot.

Wednesday. House adjourned for Easter Holidays. Back again Tuesday week. Amongst Ministers who stay on to see end of first section of Session is JOHN MORLEY, looking a little graver than ever under weight of India. Not been much to fore since he undertook his strangely-mated office. That a matter of good omen. Happy is the State Department that has no annals. In his one important administrative act, settlement of the difficulty that severed CURZON and KITCHENER, he was approved in both camps.

"When I see JOHN MORLEY on Treasury Bench," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "I recall a scene in India where I came upon a fakir lying on a bed of spikes, his back protected by gauziest of garments. Here we have a scholarly recluse, above all a man of peace, his administration of a great Empire resting on a mattress of bayonet points."

Business done.—Off for the holidays.



THE "PRIVATE SECRETARY" ON THE WARPATH.
"D'you know, I shall have to give the Bill a good hard knock, I really shall!"
(Mr. C. F. G. M-st-rm-n.)

CHARIVARIA.

"THE Government wishes to be friendly with all," says Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. If not with both our friends and our enemies, then certainly with our enemies.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a recent issue, referred to some labouring men who attempted to molest Lady MARY HAMILTON at Eye, as "louts." Is there in England no law against *lèse-majesté?*

Golf caddies are now very much in the public eye. The education of some of them is certainly not all that it should be. "Here's an honour for us!" cried one of them excitedly the other day as he pointed to a paragraph in the paper headed, "King ALFONSO visits Cadiz."

The London Magazine contains an article on SHAKSPEARE, by Mr. SIDNEY LEE, entitled "The Most Popular English Author." Mr. HALL CAINE thinks the title a misleading one.

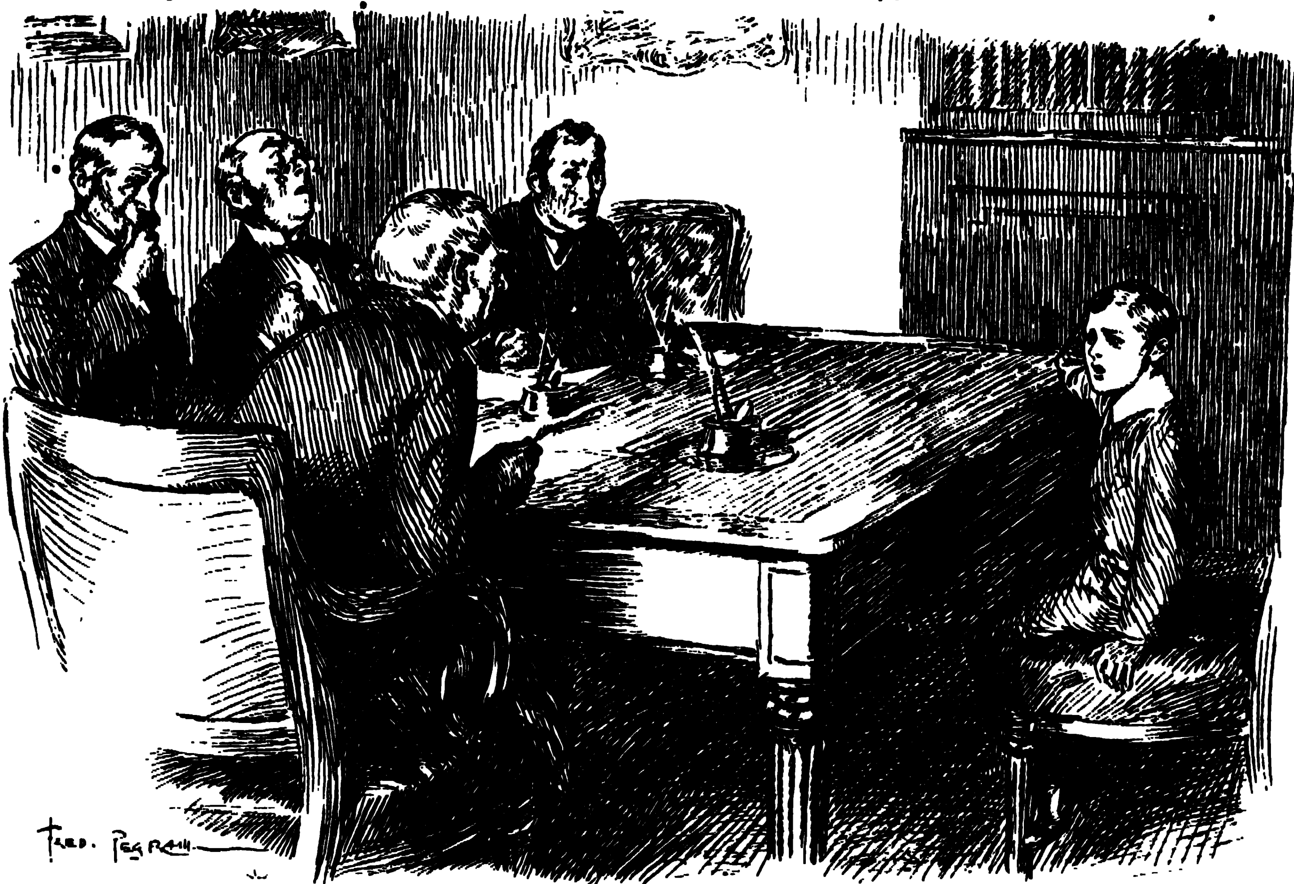
According to a certain beauty expert, "A single perfect feature constitutes beauty," and those persons who only have one very nice eye have already begun to be bumptious.

There will, we suppose, always be bargain-hunters. "How much is this little packet of pins?" asked a lady, the other day, at a shop where there was a sale. "One farthing, Madam," answered the assistant. "Oh, but that's the price when there's no sale," complained the lady, indignantly.

Shopping by post is on the increase, and thousands of pairs of boots, it is stated, are sent this way every week. Indeed, we understand that the Postmaster-General is to be asked to allow a boot to be treated as a postcard, the address being written on the sole.

An individual who claimed to be the heaviest man in Germany has just died. Still, a good many fairly heavy Germans are still extant.

For vulgar ostentation, commend us to the American smart set. Among the presents received by a recently wedded



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

(Under the new regulations, candidates for nomination for the Navy have, among other things, to appear before a Board of Examiners and answer various questions.)

Old Admiral. "WHAT ANIMALS EAT GRASS?" [*Long pause.*

Old Admiral (*helpfully*). "WELL, COME, HORSES EAT GRASS, FOR INSTANCE, DON'T THEY?"

Candidate (*with great relief*). "OH, *ANIMALS!* I THOUGHT YOU SAID *ADMIRALS!*"

couple were a couple of massive gold bowls, and, when they left to spend their honeymoon in Europe, they took these with them for use in rough weather.

The gardening season is now in full swing, and we have received the following letter: "DEAR SIR,—About a year ago our little dog *Fluffy* got hold of an old slipper of mine, and buried it in the far end of the garden. Judge of the surprise of Mrs. P. and myself this morning, when, on visiting the spot, we found a boot tree in full blossom."

FROM *The Torquay Directory*: "Advertiser would like to take a dog out (Torquay) for daily exercise."

We recommend advertiser to call at houses where bulldogs are kept loose, taking care to leave the gate open behind him. This should give the gentleman enough exercise. He can please himself as to Torquay or not.

SOCIOLOGICAL NOTES.

MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS.

ACCORDING to WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM "manners makyth man." We are not surprised to hear that this person lived in the Middle Ages.

Men are the opposite of women. On this fact is based the dissent of man, and also the dissent of woman.

Chivalry is not dead yet. The other day a man was observed to give up his seat to a lady as he was leaving his bus.

Recent political animosity has brought out the truth of the proverb "Mud will tell."

"Like as we lie," as the Roman Augurs said with a mutual smile.

The middle-aged should remember that half a loaf is better than no exercise.

Those who recommend the simple life have usually failed at the complex.

Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pleasure.

Life is the only thing worth living.

Society consists of two classes, the upper and the lower. The latter cultivates the dignity of labour, the former the labour of dignity.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

THERE is a road to earthly bliss:
 The secret would you know?
Five words contain it: it is this:
 Eat little, and eat slow!

Or would you that your lot should be
 Celestial happiness?
'Tis but a question of degree:
 Eat slower still—and less!

One Crowded Hour of Glorious Life.

"HERE in Bombay," says *The Daily Mail*, "these conditions of life are emphasised . . . Economy of means usually begins with economy of space. Nine-tenths of the Hindu population live in one room." The Black Hole of Calcutta was nothing to this.

HORNY HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

A LITTLE piqued by the suggestion that they are capable of thinking only parochially, and a little stimulated by the visit of the Chinese inquirers to this country, and a good deal excited by the prospect of a long holiday, the Labour Party, it is said, are organising an expedition to the Colonies (if there are such places) during the summer recess. The tour is to be under competent supervision, but each man will be his own Columbus.

A forecast of the party's adventures has been attempted:

EXPEDITION TO DISCOVER THE COLONIES, SUMMER, 1906.

"What can he know of Empire who only West Ham knows?"

August 11. Visit of the whole party to the Treasury to draw their salaries in advance £300 a year plus overtime. Treasury refuses to give anything. Mr. THORNE offers to take off 5 per cent. for cash. Mr. KEIR HARDIE, in despair, sends round the deer-stalker among the crowd and collects eighteen and threepence. The Party move on to Mr. REDMOND's lodgings, hoping for help, but find that he has gone to Ireland, and are in despair, when a cheque comes from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with best wishes for a happy voyage. Labour rapture.

August 12. Mass meeting in Hyde Park. Farewell speeches by leaders of Labour Party Mr. KEIR HARDIE, Mr. SHACKLETON, Mr. WILL CROOKS, Mr. WILL THORNE, Mr. PHIL SNOWDEN. Presentation of locks of hair to admirers in case the heroes fall to the unknown perils of the Colonies - giants, pygmies, lions, tigers, snakes, okapis, diplodoci, &c. "Auld Lang Syne," hands being joined all the way from the Marble Arch to West Ham pump. In the evening torchlight procession to Battersea to break Mr. BURNS's windows.

August 13. Departure from Tilbury Docks on *The Fram*, purchased for the occasion from Dr. NANSEN and fitted for her perilous expedition with everything a Labour Member could want on a voyage of discovery from red ties to elephant rifles.

August 14 *to September* 5. Prayers for terra-firma on any terms, twenty-four-hour days even.

September 6.--Arrival at Cape Town. Surprise of Labour Members at finding houses and not mud huts. Electric light too and shops. Quite a number of white people. Panic on discovering that it belongs to England, and does not regret it. Mr. CROOKS takes notes for the improvement of Poplar, including the erection of a miniature Table Mountain by the East India Docks Road.

September 15.—Visit to Groote Schuur, CECIL RHODES's house, to break the windows.

September 16. Banquet and reception at Government House. Labour Members astonished to find evening dress, French cooking, and real champagne. Expected shirt sleeves and Cape gooseberry. Mr. KEIR HARDIE proposes the health of the Governor in flattering terms, offering to do what he can for him if ever he should think of coming to England and taking life seriously.

September 17. -Second visit to Groote Schuur, to mend broken windows.

September 18.--Departure for Durban.

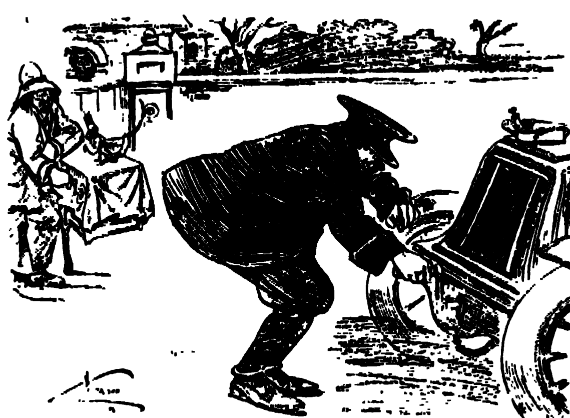
September 23. - Arrival at Durban. More astonishment. No signs of ill-treated black slaves. No sound of groans proceeding from lacerated Kaffirs. No statue of WINSTON CHURCHILL. Bewilderment of Labour Members, who wonder if this really is Natal, or if they have lost the way.

September 24.--Reception and banquet at Government House. Bewilderment of Labour Party on finding Natal people kindly and intelligent, and apparently pleased to welcome them.

September 26.--Arrival at Pietermaritzburg. Astonishment of Labour Party to find a Town Hall, churches, shops, and gardens.

September 28. — Discovery of Ladysmith by the Labour Party. Wagon Hill re-named Mount Snowden, and the Tugela, the Shackleton River.

September 30.—Excursion to the Drakenberg. Mr. WILL THORNE attacked by a baboon near the summit of Champagne Castle, and rescued by Mr. CROOKS. Hurried flight of Labour Party to the coast. On their way they encounter SIBINDI's impi in full war paint, and failing to establish their identity are detained and forced to take part in a war dance in which Mr. KEIR HARDIE distinguishes himself by his impi-realism.



THE TWO GRINDERS; OR, SCIENCE THE SISTER OF ART.

THE SISTER-SCRIBBLERS' CLUB.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—What would you say to your own BLANCHE as a literary woman? I'm simply obsessed with the idea since paying a visit to the Sister-Scribblers' Club (isn't "obsessed" rather *chic?* I picked it up at the Club). My dear, it must be quite lovely to be always discussing plots and characters, and calling out "I shall *use* that," whenever anything striking is said.

Lately I've got very pally with Lady GEORGE ST. AUSTIN, who writes over the signature "A Duke's Daughter-in-Law" in *The Sideglancer*. She's awfully clever, and her "Gossip" and accounts of parties and things are full of snap. Certainly she came a nasty cropper when an article of hers appeared describing minutely a Drawing Room that had been indefinitely postponed, but she's lived that down, and makes quite a big income by her pen. Think, my dear, how *dery*, considering Bridge-debts and milliners' bills! BABS (Lady GEORGE) has been a Sister-Scribbler for a year, and the other afternoon she took me to the Club to tea. It is in Hamilton Place, and they *have* done themselves well. Their Smokeroom is deliciously comfy, and can give a stone and a beating to ours at the Camellia. There was a perfect babel in the Tea-room. All the Sister-Scribblers' tongues seemed to be "the pens of ready writers," as SHAKESPEARE says. BABS pointed out such lots of celebrities. Quite close to us was a group who've all gone into ever so many editions, and see themselves on railway bookstalls, and know the "glory and the nothing of a name." There was Mrs. HENRY DRYSDALE, who writes those learned, semi-theological novels, that *you* can read and I can't, discussing the character of her latest hero, *Edgar Humbore*, the Church of England curate whose gradual conversion (or is it per?) to Mohammedanism takes up 200 chapters. Wonderful to say, she was one of the smartest Sister-Scribblers present, having on an unmistakable Olga Fiton frock, and a Valérie toque—while "Anno Domini" (Miss JANE PRESCOTT, for private circulation), who writes those awfully strong, lurid kind of novels, that girls are not supposed to read, and that poky people consider improper because they don't understand *Realism* in *Art*,—"Anno Domini," my dear, whom one would *expect* to be smart and *voyante*, is simply the dowdiest, quietest of mice,

in a fearful coat and skirt, and *specs*!

The Duchess of CLACKMANNAN had tea with us. She's been a Sister-Scribbler since her Miracle Play, *The Ark*, had a run of two nights at the Magnificent (those horrid critics called it drivel till they found who had written it, and *then* they did her justice and said she had handled the character of *Noah* in a *masterly* way).

She was simply awfully sweet. When I said I longed to qualify for admission to the S.-S. Club, by appearing in print, she told me to send something to *The Peeress* — she knows somebody who partly owns it, you know. BABS looked a bit spiteful, I thought; and then she asked the Duchess if it was true that she (the D.) was writing a *roman à clef*, in which she was going to give us all away? "No fear," said the dear Duchess; "if I use you at all, my dear, I shan't give you away, I shall sell you for a good big publisher's cheque. We're all on the make now, aren't we?" — Wasn't it smart of her?

I was introduced to the famous SYBIL VANSITTART (they say the scene of her next romance is to cover the whole solar system). I told her I simply adored her books —(so I do, though I can't quite get through them) — and that it was my ambition to be literary. She smiled a sad sweet smile —(I forgot to say that she had on a Liberty frock and a picture hat, and kept her back to the light) and shook her head. "Don't be in a hurry to leave the beaten track," she said softly; "Fame does not spell happiness for us women. I sometimes look back to the time when I was a simple unknown girl, to whom the secrets of life and death had not yet been revealed, and sigh, 'Ah, happy girl!'" Awfully sweet of her, wasn't it? All the same, it must be great fun to be a genius and come out of the crowd.

So long, my DAPHNE,

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—I've written an account of Mrs. BOSH TRESYLLYAN's last Soap-Bubble Tea, and sent it to *The Peeress*. I flatter myself there's a good bit of snap in it.

THE LOST GRIP.

IT was a joy to be alive,
  When I could always see
My Haskell, from a slashing drive,
  Go soaring off the tee;
When, as my lowered handicap
  Fell ever nearer scratch,
I held my own with any chap
  In medal-play and match.

Then foozles never made me groan;
  Then, gripping like a vice,
I swung my club; then all unknown
  Were top and pull and slice:
Then all my deft approaches sped
  Directly to their goal;
Then all my longest putts lay dead,
  Or fell into the hole.

Oh! cruel Fate that bade me look,
  On one ill-omened day,
Upon the pictures in the book
  Of VARDON's hints on play!
For, though I quickly laid it by,
  That one unlucky dip
Into its pages made me try
  The overlapping grip.

Now all my fingers are like thumbs,
  My club turns round and round;
And divots, as it downward comes,
  Fly upward from the ground.
My Haskell skips to right or left
  A few short yards, and stops;
Or, with its surface deeply cleft,
  Into a bunker drops.

And though I swear and fume and fret,
  My efforts are in vain;
And what is worse, I cannot get
  The old style back again.
So now with sighs and tears and frowns
  I curse the diagrams
That cost me numberless half-crowns,
  And ah! so many - regrettable comments.



First Tramp. "SAYS IN THIS 'ERE PAPER AS 'OW SOME OF THEM MILLIONAIRES WORKS EIGHT AND TEN HOURS A DAY, BILL."

The Philosopher. "AH, IT'S A 'ARD WORLD FOR SOME POOR BLOKES!"

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK.

(*By our Millinery Expert.*)

QUITE the smartest wedding of the week was that of Mr. JOSEPH BILLINGS and Miss NANCY O'HARRIGAN, celebrated at St. George's in the East on Monday last. The affair was of a most brilliant and interesting character, all the largest families of the neighbourhood being lavishly represented. The bride, a decided brunette, with features of the *retroussé* type, was insinuatingly gowned in royal blue *mousseline d'art* with magenta *motifs* and canary-coloured *jupons*. Her *chapeau* was generously embellished with ostrich plumes, much in vogue with the other ladies of the bridal party, and her *coiffure* dressed low, especially in front. The bridegroom, who, by the way, is interested in horticulture (particularly strawberries when in season), and is popular in suburban circles by reason of the magnificent *timbre* and far-reaching calibre of his voice, looked triumphantly *distingué* in a complete suit of black velveteen. Mr. O'HARRIGAN, the bride's father, appeared in the best of spirits, while Mrs. BILLINGS, senior, was voluminously gowned in purple *velours* with *appliqués* in white *bébé* ribbon. Her bonnet of violet plumes was worn a little to one side, the strings hanging untied, quite *en negligé*.

À propos of foot-wear, I noticed that bright tan with black patent toe-caps is still popular, though the bride was of course wearing white canvas with brown heels.

After the ceremony the bridal party left town in a vortex of confetti, making for the "Welsh Harp," kindly lent for the occasion by its genial proprietor.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE FOOD QUESTION.

(Suggested by a perusal of Mr. Eustace Miles' diary.)

When in the Miocene epoch (or age)
Homo Erectus appeared on the stage,
Scorned his unkempt and quadrumanous kin,
And modishly decked himself out in a skin;
When with his axehead of Dolomite flint
He made the impervious Mastodon sprint,
Or, catching him napping, proceeded to nail
A convenient tree to the Mammoth his tail;
Food was the lodestar his labours pursued,
All that concerned him, delectable food;
Pabulo-psychics, extravagant cult,
Tricky in precept but bare of result,
Bored an intelligence dawning but dim;
Feeding his face was what occupied *him!*
Æons have passed but the Briton still leads
As the primal exponent of Appetite's needs;
Still with encouraging frequence obtrudes
A fancy for muscle-and-bone-making foods.
Frenchmen, fastidious creatures, may boast
A penchant for elegant trifles on toast;
Gross-feeding Teutons exploit their sublime
Power of consuming a lot at a time;
Such diets amuse, but they cannot compare
For ennobling results with the Englishman's fare,
The beef and potatoes, the pudding and beer,
That ever formed part of his favourite cheer,
The food that has fashioned his brain and his girth,
And made him the lordliest creature on earth.
But lo! what heretical doctrine appears
To shatter the idols we've worshipped for years,
Announcing in language both loud and diffuse
That the diet we love is no absolute use.
O can it be so? Were it better to turn
From the nutriment loved of our fathers and learn
To thrive on a menu of carrots and cheese,
And milk and bananas and sago and peas?
Do the ethics of sustenance urge a blow-out
On the tenuous bulk of the piffulent sprout,
Or bid us our appetites freely regale
On the sensuous turnip, the succulent kail?
Think it not, reader; these are but the wiles
Of one who is out of his reckoning by Miles,
Who is but a minion, in clever disguise,
Of the Tariff Reformers' pernicious emprise.
His was the task to propound on the quiet
The charms of a cheap vegetarian diet;
Theirs the nefarious scheme to complete
With a thumping big duty on foreign-bred meat,
And withhold by prohibitive dues from our docks
The refrigerate lamb and the Argentine ox!
See in this booklet, so cunningly boomed,
The menu to which we shall doubtless be doomed
When the pestilent gripe of Protection is laid
On the sturdier stuffs of which Britons are made.
What! shall the ogre of Tariff Reform,
Failing to capture the country by storm,
Succeed in his aims by the innocent means
Of early potatoes and haricot beans?
Let no one believe it: Britannia aspires
To exist without bulwarks, but beef she requires
If she means her redoubtable sons to maintain
Their permanent grip on the billowy main!
But hark! 'tis the luncheon's imperative hour:
Hence, chill vegetarian tribe, and devour
Your porridge and lentils: I go to partake
Of a flagon of ale and an underdone steak! Algol.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If only Mr. George R. Sims were less of a melodramatist and more of a psychologist his new book, *Mysteries of Modern London* (C. A. Pearson) would be fascinating and valuable beyond words. But his affection for the footlights is too strong, and the value of the book gives way to lurid colouring. Yet, even as it is, Mr. Sims makes London a very wonderful and perilous city, and since I have read it I have taken a very different view of my fellow creatures. Old gentlemen in 'buses who used to be old gentlemen and nothing more now strike an imagination heated by Mr. Sims as sinister desperados. I doubt the sincerity of their white locks: I seem to see Nihilists or murderers beneath their benevolent smiles. I discern a blackmailer in every alley, a detective in every corner. I used to think of men as men: Mr. Sims has taught me that they are mostly women masquerading as such in order to preserve entail. In fact, London has become, since I read this book, a kind of mixture of the Paris of Eugène Sue and the Baghdad of the *Arabian Nights*. Nothing but a steady course of Jane Austen can, I feel, restore the balance.

Mistress Elizabeth Carter may have been, as Miss Alice Gaussen asserts, "A Woman of Wit and Wisdom" (Smith, Elder); but diligent reading of her memoir leaves it a matter of faith. Her biographer, to tell the truth, has not the gift, certainly does not display it, of being able to pick the plums out of the pudding of life. This is the sort of pudding that is presented: "Mrs. Carter liked a number of large comfortable rooms, well furnished and warmed with good fires, where an intelligent circle of friends met every evening. She never dined at home unless prevented by illness from going out. The chairs and carriages of her friends were always sent to fetch her to dinner and brought her back at ten at the latest." And so on. This slice cut at random will suffice to indicate the quality of the feast of Wit and Wisdom provided.

Mr. Sterling Mackinlay's *Antoinette Sterling* (Hutchinson) is quite another class of memoir. He claims for his mother that simplicity was the keynote of her character. It is faithfully reproduced in an unpretentiously told story. For more than a generation *Antoinette Sterling* literally filled a large place in the public eye. She was as popular off the concert stage as she was admired upon it. Mr. Mackinlay, the constant companion of her later life, had the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of many famous people, and in chatty way tells many bright stories.

The Strange Case of Vincent Hume was simply this: that he could foresee things. *Parkins*, the "mathematical genius," —Heaven help him!, said it was all due to the Law of Permutations and Combinations, by which everything that had happened before was bound to happen again. Thus, *Vincent* had happened before (some billions of years ago); and his prophecies now were merely his recollections of what he had done in the early billions. If there is anything in this, then a billion years ago Mr. Derwent Miall wrote *The Strange Case of Vincent Hume*, Messrs. Everett published it, and I reviewed it. Now I don't know if I made myself quite clear on that occasion, so I will just say again—if Mr. Miall will let me - that his book would have been better if he had either made it pure farce, or else had cut out the "foreseeing" business altogether. As it is, we have a mixture of the supernatural, the farcical and the comedic, and we never quite know where we are. Mr. Miall can do farce well, as the "Chrissy" and "Alfred" chapters show; and he might have made a very amusing book of this. In any case there are some quite happy touches in it—as I pointed out a billion years ago.



AFTER THE SIXTH REJECTION BY THE R.A.

The Prodigal. "Well, Dad, here I am, ready to go into the office to-morrow. I've given up my studio and put all my sketches in the fire."

Fond Father. "That's right, 'Arold. Good lad! Your 'art's in the right place, after all!"

THE BEST BEST.

A few extracts from the catalogue of the George Washington Seed Company.

PEAS.

Marvel of Mudshire.
A perfect pea. The handsomest and earliest ever raised. Height varies from 6 inches to 6 feet. Requires no staking if it only grows 6 inches.

Champion of Clodbury.
Similar to above but better looking, and three weeks earlier. Cannot be surpassed.

Eyeopener.
Unsurpassable. Possesses all the merits of the "Marvel" and "Champion" without their defects. Very chirpy on the haulm.

BEANS.

Sprinter.
The runniest of all the runner family. Will cover the side of a model dwelling in a fortnight. Climbs up its own strings.

Walkup.
Won the championship belt last year. Should be sown in brickbats to restrain its luxuriant growth.

Little Tich.
Marvellous dwarf variety. Invisible in the dark. Must be gathered with the aid of field glasses or beanoculars.

BEET.

Rougenoir.
The darkest, deepest-reddest, roundest, richest, fleshiest, firmest, finest, beautifullest beet ever unbeaten.

Mrs. Bouncer.
A great improvement on the above. Foliage often mistaken for orchids.

CARROTS.

Pillar Box.
A long-drawn-out, thin, genteel type of carrot. Pleasing vermilion hue, shading off into delicate orange. Invaluable for table decoration.

TURNIPS.

Combination.
Indispensable with boiled mutton. Can be used as radishes in its early stages.

MARROW.

Giganticus.
Attains prodigious proportions. Warranted to fill two columns of *The Daily Telegraph* any day during the silly season. Fine for Harvest Festivals.

ONIONS.

Nosegay.
The springiest Spring onion ever sprung. Packed in three grades, mild, medium, and full. The latter is a most affecting variety; will bring tears to the eyes of the stoniest-hearted cook.

"A Freak of Nature. Mr. — —, farmer, has in his possession a foal, which first saw daylight this week, that is without eyes or any provision for eyes, the skull-bone being solid throughout."—*Lynn News.*

That fine journalese phrase "first saw daylight" gives a picturesqueness to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.

THE OFFICE PAIN.

(With apologies to "The Office Window" in "The Daily Chronicle.")

"Daily Colical" Office,
Wednesday morning.

Mr. Sargent's pictures this year, the "Office Pain" is informed, are likely to be of peculiar interest to Rome, for the illustrious American artist has successfully lured more than one Cardinal into his famous brocaded chair, while his rapid but brilliant sketch of the sacristan of the Pro-Cathedral at Westminster is considered by connoisseurs to be beyond praise. The arrangements for her wedding unfortunately made it impossible for Princess Ena to give the required sittings, nor has the Pope or the Duke of Norfolk sat lately, but it is doubtful if anything finer than Mr. Sargent's study of Monsignore X— —has been seen since the world was dazzled by his *Mrs. Charles Hunter.*

* * *

The mention of Princess Ena may serve as an excuse to the present writer for recording a conversation recently overheard on a workmen's car. "They're makin' a bloomin' kick-up about this 'ere Princess Ena's marriage. 'Oo 's the toff she 's goin' to marry?"—"Oh, I dunno," replied his mate, blowing a cloud of smoke from his well-blackened clay. "I suppose 'e'll be Prince Eno some day." *Merum sal* was the present writer's unspoken comment, as he pondered over this fruity retort.

* * *

"It may not be generally known," writes J. O'L., "that there was an 'Office Pain' long before any of the present staff of *The Daily Colical* were born, if that was possible. An enterprising sixpenny Daily that was published in London in 1708-11, and may have been one of Defoe's many journalistic enterprises, had two columns of paragraphs every morning entitled 'The Office Pain,' devoted largely to anecdotes and personalia. It resembled the present 'Pain' very closely, but was less severe, in that it drew the line at verse." It is very odd how often history, like the paragraphist, repeats itself. For instance the present writer distinctly remembers making the same side-splitting jokes on the Income Tax every year since 1896.

* * *

The recurrence of Primrose Day once more focuses attention on the meteoric career of that charlatan of genius, Benjamin D'Israeli. His biography of course ought to have been written by Lord Rosebery, if only because of his family name—*nomen, omen.* As the present writer once remarked to the late Master of Balliol at a bump supper: "Dizzy's emblem ought not to be a primrose; it should be a Jerusalem artichoke," and Dr. Jowett—whose christian name also was Benjamin—affably chirped back "Quite so, quite so." Mr. Monypenny, the official biographer, was a favourite pupil of Dr. Jowett's, as sufferers from the "Office Pain" will remember, and once sat next the present writer at a dinner given by the Quill-drivers' Club to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the invention of blotting-paper.

* * *

The "Office Pain" is, as its readers must be only too conscious, morbidly interested in the origin of phrases. Take "Rats!" for example. When did "Rats" first come to be used as an expletive signifying *Jam satis?* Various theories have been put forward, among them a very plausible one associating the term with Hamelin town in Brunswick, where the pied piper (who, as a Cockney critic once remarked to the present writer, on the knifeboard of a 'bus, really was "unpied") performed his great feat. Other authorities give this usage of the word an American parentage. It doesn't much matter; it has given the present writer a paragraph anyway.

* * *

The "Office Pain" is often asked, "Is it right to say 'Cardinal Pellegrini sustained a broken leg?'" No doubt the locution is somewhat bizarre, but the present writer would hesitate to condemn it as an unpardonable solecism. Personally he would prefer to say "Cardinal Pellegrini sustained a fracture of the right (or left) leg;" or better, "We deeply regret to learn that the venerable Cardinal Pellegrini recently met with a severe accident which will prevent his taking walking exercise for six weeks."

* * *

The Generaliser.

["Every sailor brings home a parrot."—*Vide "The Office Pain," April* 20.]

The sweeping statement to commit
Is very tempting to the Press,
But they can do too much of it,
As I wit-
ness.

For I have known one jolly Jack
Who had no bird nor jay, nor daw,
And one who came from Sarawak
With a mac-
A. W.

Two (poor) souls with but a single skirt.

"Attired," says *The Devon and Exeter Gazette*, "in a costume of navy-blue cloth coat and skirt relieved with white, and with a straw toque to match, the bride and bridegroom left by the 5·14 p.m. train for London."

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR CRICKETERS. 1906.

Time offered for paper—Six Months.

i. Do you think that cricket should be taught during working hours in public elementary schools, provided that seven-elevenths of the children's parents express a wish that such instruction should be given?

ii. State any points of contrast and comparison between Wilfrid and Cecil Rhodes, Alec and Campbell-Bannerman, Arnold (Matthew) and Arnold (Worcestershire).

iii. If a pair of spectacles cost 3*s.* 6*d.*, and two blobs equal a pair of spectacles, how many single eyeglasses can a monocolist like Mr. Chamberlain get for 11*d.*?

iv. Do you consider that the opinion of twenty-five thirty-sevenths of the spectators should overrule the decision of the umpire? And if so, what provisions would you make to insure the spectators polling early?

v. How would you distinguish Knight from Day? and do you think that there is any similarity between R. A. Duff and Plum Warner?

vi. What suggestions can you make to prevent any county match from being drawn? (Answers to this question must be limited to 25,000 words.)

vii. Why haven't you written a book upon cricket? and if you have, why?

NOM DE RICHES.

Permit me to narrate herewith
The history of William Smythe,
The only son of William Smith.

The point at once arises, "why th—
—E dickens . . . . ?" You shall hear the pith
(Have patience) of the tale of Smythe.

He was a clerk and all his kith
Were clerks: his father was a tithe-
Collector. Then his name was Smith.

He had a friend who came from Hythe,
(Of course it may have once been Hyth)
A wealthy man, and fat, and blithe.

His riches were indeed no myth.
He made a will and died and by th—
—E will he left his wealth to Smith.

* * * *

The latter told me once "he'd writhe
Beneath a common name like Smith."
(Remember please his name is Smythe.)

Extremes Meet Again.

"Two Collie Pups, good breed, over distemper; also Counter, Sausage and Filling Machines, Scales and Weights."—*Derby Daily Telegraph.*



AN ELGIN MARBLE.

(Bas-relief in the manner of the Parthenon Frieze (commonly called the Elgin Marbles). Design attributed to Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll.)



ECONOMY OF LABOUR.

Young Softroe (who is trying to pick up bargains in Polo Ponies). "NICE PONY, BUT SEEMS INCLINED TO REST THAT FORELEG, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Irish Coper. "AND WASN'T THAT PHWAT I WAS TELLIN' YE NOW! THAT 'S A LITTLE HORSE THAT 'S ALWAYS GOT A LEG TO SPARE. SURE, ISN'T THAT THE VERY WAN HE 'S RESTIN' NOW AGAINST THE TIME HE 'LL BE WANTIN' UT?"

ACTING UP TO THEIR REPUTATIONS.

[Sir TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR, the musical baronet, of late years has presented a large number of workhouses with gramophones."—*Daily Chronicle, April* 12.]

MR. SIDNEY LEE, the eminent Shakspearologist and biographer, who is renowned for his extremely fastidious taste in literature, has presented the Library of the City of London School, of which he is a distinguished *alumnus*, with a complete set of the novels of Miss MARIE CORELLI and a copy of the *Truth, Wit, and Wisdom* of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

Mr. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A., the eminent painter, whom Mr. COMSTOCK, of New York, has christened the Transatlantic TITIAN, has generously presented the Duke of York's School in Chelsea with a magnificent collection of oleographs representing some of the most flamboyant masterpieces of the modern Italian school.

Sir EDWARD ELGAR, the famous composer, whom Sir OLIVER LODGE has felicitously called the Super-MOZART of the Midlands, has considerately handed over to the Governor of Wormwood Scrubs his priceless collection of the original scores of works by STEPHEN ADAMS, LAWRENCE KELLIE, and Mons. ISIDORE DE LARA.

The Hon. WALTER ROTHSCHILD, M.P., the distinguished zoologist and inventor of the tall straw hat so much admired a few seasons back, has kindly presented to the Governors of the Infant Charity School at Tring a pair of splendid zebras for the exclusive use of deserving scholars of that institution.

Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, the illustrious statistician and economist, has presented a complete set of all the publications of the Tariff Reform League to the inmates of Hanwell.

The Newcastle Daily Journal on the day before the Cup Final made this announcement: "To-day the directors and a numerous party of friends, embracing many ladies, will leave the Central Station in saloons." The latest "Stop-Press" news is (oddly enough) that the party still embraces many ladies.

THE VILLAGE READING-ROOM.

"The idea," said the Vicar, "is to keep them out of the public-house in the long winter evenings, and at the same time to help to expand their minds. Sir Joseph, I am privileged to announce, has already presented us with a copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*."

"If that doesn't do it, nothing will," I said.

"We shall begin in a small way with one or two of the popular dailies, and and work upwards. I may say that I am confident that we can make the thing a success. I have spoken to one or two of the men about it, and they were enthusiastic enthusiastic. Oh, by the way, Mr. Tom, you might mention it to any of our lads you come across. They would doubtless take it better, coming from a younger man. Yes. On Monday we shall start."

On Monday, then, the reading-room was opened. As the Vicar said, they began in a small way. They began with two papers only. I shall not advertise them here, but I may remark that they are sold at what their proprietors call the purely nominal price of one ha'penny. As the admittance to the reading-room was one penny, the advantages of it may not seem obvious; but it must be remembered that the *Encyclopædia* stood in one corner, that there was always a fire burning, and that there was a jug of water on the table.

The Vicar asked me to attend on the opening evening. "You are not without influence in the village," he said, "and if the people see you reading the papers there just as one of themselves, they will feel more at home." I don't know if I have said yet that the Vicar is an ass. Anyhow it will bear repetition.

On the opening night, then, there were twenty villagers there, and the Vicar and myself. The Vicar made a little speech, and declared the room and the *Encyclopædia* open for reading. Then, quite in a friendly way, and to put the people at their ease, he sat down in the best arm-chair and opened one of the papers.

I looked round and saw that there were still one or two persons who didn't seem quite at home, so for their sakes I took the second best arm-chair and the other paper. The villagers, in little companies of five or six, shuffled uneasily and talked in whispers.

"I don't know how it is," I said in a low voice to the Vicar, "but even now they don't seem quite at their ease. It can't be because we've got all the papers, can it?"

The Vicar, who had dropped into the middle of a serial story, merely grunted.

"Let me know when you've finished," I said, "and we'll change."

After ten minutes the Vicar courteously handed me his paper, and I gave him mine. Both dailies having had in this way a good send off, and Cobb the farmer still looking rather miserable, I thought it time to give the *Encyclopædia* a chance. So I walked over to its corner, and, to show that there was no compulsion as to the order in which you read the volumes, took down one from the middle.

This turned out an excellent move. Everybody tailed after me, and took out a volume. I forget how many volumes there are, but I know there were quite enough to go round. Conversation, too, became more general.

"I say, 'Arry, what number *you* got?" I heard Bill say.

"Twenny-seven. What 'a you?"

"Sixteen."

"Ole Fred here got nine."

"Ah, that's 'is modesty. 'E always was modest was Fred."

"Think I shall change mine."

"Go on, then."

"S'pose I may as well."

"I will if you will."

"Come on, then."

Things were really getting quite home-like. I took out a cigarette, and out came twenty pipes. The Vicar was deep in another serial story. I wished that Sir Joseph could have seen us then....

"I must be off," said the Vicar at last. "Stay here a little longer, if you will, and see that the men have all they want."

As soon as he had gone I closed Vol. 32 with a snap, and stood up and stretched myself. It was the signal for a general snapping and stretching. I picked up my cap and went to the door.

"Which way ye're going, Mester Tom?" said Mr. Cobb.

"I am going," I said, "to call upon one Mr. King, a publican."

"Mester Tom be giving of a party at the 'Fox and 'Ounds,'" said Cobb. "Who be goin' along o' Mester Tom?"

There was a general shout. It seemed that the Vicar was right when he said that I had a certain influence and popularity in the village.

"Come on then," I said.

I called on the Vicar next morning.

"A success beyond my wildest hopes," he said enthusiastically. "When my duties called me away from the room there were twenty men—twenty, was it not, Mr. Tom?—enjoying, so far as mortals can enjoy, the blessings of good literature."

"Well, it keeps them out of the public-house anyway," said his wife.

"Indeed, yes," said the Vicar. "On my way back to the Vicarage I looked in at the 'Red Lion,' and it was quite empty."

"The beer is better at the 'Fox and Hounds,'" I said forgetfully.

"I have no doubt I should have found the same thing there."

"Well, I just looked in," I said.

"And was it not so?"

"When I left," I said, "there was not a man there."

"I thought so. Well, I hope we shall have an even greater attendance to-night."

"I don't think you will," I said.

"And why not?"

"I can't quite explain, but somehow I think not."

Well, I was wrong. The evening came, and we had nearly forty readers. I recognised the fast bowler from a neighbouring village; the news seemed to have spread. As before, everybody sat stiffly round with a volume of the *Encyclopædia* (or part of one) on his knees; and personally I read a chapter on Aeronautics. When the Vicar left I was getting quite interested.

But Mr. Cobb the farmer stood up, and forty good men and true stood up round him. And Mr. Cobb made a speech.

He said: "Who be goin' along o' Mester Tom?"

There was a terrific shout of those in favour of the motion saying "Ay."

"Thanks very much," I said. "I am just going up to the Vicarage to talk to the Vicar about the reading-room. If any of you care to come I shall be most glad of your support."

* * * * * *

I talked to the Vicar. The reading-room is managed differently now, and is an immense success. Except for Mr. King, the publican, that is.

What to do with our Boys.

"Increase income in pleasant, easy way, spare time evenings, no envelope directing. Suit persons of adventurous disposition, and tactful and quiet, with the *entrée* to country gentlemen's houses. Would be required to visit in wealthy neighbourhoods. No references. Send finger-prints (in strict confidence) to Mr. William Sikes, Jemmy Villas, Balham."

"Lady wishes to take in paying guests, ladies or gentlemen, or private apartments."

Kilburn Times.

We recommend her to take in private apartments. You hardly ever find a private apartment ringing the bell and asking in an angry voice for its boots.

There is a peculiar appropriateness about the following:—

"A Respectable Young Woman wants Cleaning.—Apply, 21, Cold-Bath Street, Preston."

Lancashire Daily Post.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

To assist those of his readers who are anxious to follow intelligently the progress of the Education Bill, *Mr. Punch* has put together a short examination paper. No student, he ventures to think, who arrives at satisfactory answers to his questions, should fail to appreciate an allusion, nor will the most divergent and conflicting views have power to surprise him.

1. Where did Mr. BIRRELL construct the speech with which he introduced his measure? Mention any picturesque incident by which his attention was diverted during the process.

2. Prove that the Bill (*a*) "is a moderate and unsectarian measure," (*b*) "is an outrage on Churchmen," (*c*) "is a wise compromise," (*d*) "is a tyrannical abuse of power," (*e*) "preserves the Christian morals of the nation," and (*f*) "violates the first principles of Christianity." Reconcile these views, and say in each case by whom precisely they are held.

3. Justify and confute the expressions "strangling Christianity" and "endowing Dissent" as applied to the Bill.

4. Translate "simple Bible teaching" and "undenominational religion" into Anglican terms; and give the Nonconformist equivalents for "confiscation," "Church public spirit," and "a tyrannical court."

5. Enumerate the different varieties of the Nonconformist conscience. Justify as many of these as you can.

6. "Dear Mr. BAINES:"—Who is this personage, and what historical part has he played in the controversy?

7. Annotate: "Column B.," "Dear Rural Dean," "2*d*. limit," "Facilities," "Extended facilities," "Four-fifths schools."

8. Write (*a*) a post-card to Mr. BIRRELL, criticising the Bill, and suggesting satisfactory alternatives to his scheme; (*b*) two open letters in the styles of the Bishops of MANCHESTER and BIRMINGHAM.

9. When is an Anglican a Dissenter? when is Undenominationalism Denominationalism? and when does a Nonconformist conform?

10. Show what connection, if any, all this has with the education of children.

Education Notes.

As showing the spread of education, a country correspondent informs us that the owls in his part of the world have left off saying "Tu-whoo" on the ground that it should be "to whom."

This reminds us that much of the natural history taught in elementary schools is bound to be insectarian teaching.

AN EDUCATION BILL.—Captain WILLIAM TEACH, the Buccaneer.



"ARE THESE BUNS TO-DAY'S, BECAUSE WHAT I BOUGHT YESTERDAY WEREN'T."

A FABLE FOR EDUCATIONALISTS.

THERE lives in some outlandish place
A sadly disputatious race;
Theirs is a very curious case:

For, whatsoe'er the reason be,
It seems they never could agree
About the colour of the sea.

One section of them took the view
That it was obviously blue;
There was no doubt, they said; they *knew*.

But others said, "What do you mean?
The sea is obviously green,
As can by anyone be seen."

While yet another lot said, "Nay,
The sea is obviously grey,
So anyone of sense would say."

The rival factions came on board
My yacht, and earnestly implored
That I would end their discord.

Thus importuned, I answered, "Halt,
It seems to me you 're all at fault.
Do you agree the sea is salt?"

"Yes," they replied, "but you forget—"
"No, wait. I haven't finished yet.
Do you agree the sea is wet?"

They did. "Well, let us start with that,
Let all your children get it pat,
It 's quite enough for any brat.

When they are bigger, let them choose
Among the greens and greys and blues."
(Some interruption here, and boos.)

In vain I emptied wisdom's store:
"No colourless belief!" they swore,
And set to wrangling as before.

And still by some the ocean 's seen
As blue, to others it is green,
Or grey, or various hues between.

A LIBELLOUS postcard which is being sent to members of the Trowbridge Foot Beagles runs as follows:—

"A SHOW OF PUPPIES will be held on Tuesday at the Mart, Trowbridge, at 2·30, when it is hoped you will be present."

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

Jane's Eighth or Ninth.

Mrs. Wishart to her sister, Mrs. Tylor.

Dear Emily,—I suppose you have heard that poor Jane is engaged again, and this time it really looks as if it might last. I heard the news from Charlotte, but she says very little. She has not seen him yet. He is a curate named Trevor Singer, and at present is in a church at Hove. It does not sound very grand, but Jane, of course, has her £600 a year, and that should help. She will never give up her horse, I am sure. She is staying at Brighton in a boarding house, all alone, near a Mews. How like her! Yours, Mary.

Mrs. Tylor to Mrs. Wishart.

Dear Mary,—What you say about Jane has set us all in a flutter. We have been trying to fix the number of Mr. Singer's predecessors. Arthur thinks it is seven, but I can only make six, unless, of course, you count that little architect who came about the new billiard room. But surely that was all on one side, although the same remark might, I suppose, be made about them all. Well, it is quite time she settled down, for she must be getting on. Is it thirty-seven or thirty-eight? A curate at Hove does not sound very exciting, but Jane always looked for an amenable man rather than an exciting one. Just think of that Socialist she used to lead about when we were all at Overstrand. Which reminds me that I had forgotten him when I was counting them up. He makes seven for certain—with the little architect eight, and with Mr. Singer nine. I am dying to hear more about it all.
Yours, Emily.

Mr. Hugh Tylor to Mrs. Tylor.

Dear Mother,—Who do you think I saw on the sea wall yesterday? Jane, with a very old parson. She was hanging on his arm just as if she were his only daughter, and I walked behind them for ever so far, and then hurried away before they turned, as I didn't want to meet them and have the bore of being introduced. Besides, I didn't want Jane to know I was here, or she would be bothering me to ride out with her beside her old rocking-horse. But I wonder who the parson is and how she got so thick with him. It's a change for her, after her poets and high-art furniture men. Your affectionate Hugh.

Mr. Hugh Tylor to Mrs. Tylor.

My dear Mother,—I cannot answer your questions, I am afraid, as I have not seen the parson again, although I saw Jane on horseback yesterday and was just in time to turn into a by-street. At the "Bideford," where I am, one is rather out of the way of finding out anything about Hove curates, but his name is in the Directory all right. Why don't you try the Clergy List if you want to know more? Or write to Jane yourself. Only if you do, don't say I am at Brighton: I came here for rest. I am quite sure it was an old man—about a hundred, I should say. Certainly not a young and dashing curate.
Your affectionate Hugh.

Mrs. Tylor to her niece, Jane Rudstock.

My dear Jane,—I have just heard what I hope is a true rumour—that you are engaged. I think you might have told me yourself, but no doubt you have had very little time in the midst of your new happiness. Do let me have a line and tell me all about him; what he does, where you will live, and what his age is, and so forth.
Your loving aunt, Emily.

Miss Jane Rudstock to Mrs. Tylor.

My dear Aunt Emily,—I am sorry that I did not write to you at once. As a matter of fact I did start a letter to you a day or so ago, but while I was in the midst of it I went for a ride and saw Hugh coming towards me, but the way in which he turned his horse's head up a by-street because he did not want to be bored by meeting me, discouraged me from going on. I am not vindictive, but I am utterly daunted by any suspicion of avoidance in others. As it is, however, unfair to include you in this feeling, I tell you now very readily that the rumour is true. It is a Mr. Singer, a curate at St. Benedict's, Hove, and we hope to be married very soon. He will stay here until he gets a living, which may happen at any moment, as he is on very good terms with both the Bishop and the Archbishop. His age is thirty-four. I could have wished that my husband were older than I, but Trevor won't hear of this. He is totally without relations, and was a very lonely man until I met him on the Downs above Brighton, where he helped to get a stone out of Tommy's foot.
Your affectionate niece, Jane.

Mrs. Tylor to Mr. Hugh Tylor.

My dear Hugh,—The plot thickens. Jane (who, it seems, saw you that day when you were riding, and is hurt by your treatment) tells me that her *fiancé* is only thirty-four. This makes the old clergyman whom you saw her embracing a very mysterious creature. Are you sure it was Jane? It is all very perplexing. You ought to call on the poor girl. She is very unhappy about your behaviour. Your loving mother.

Mrs. Tylor to Mrs. Wishart.

Dear Mary,—I have heard from Jane, a nice letter telling me all about Mr. Singer, and how happy she is. One of her delightful, spontaneous, confiding letters. She says that he is thirty-four, but the odd thing is that Hugh, who is at Brighton, saw her hanging to the arm of quite an old clergyman, in public, on the sea wall. As the dear girl says that her *fiancé* has no relations, this is very odd, isn't it? But she always was so odd, and made such curious friends.
Yours, Emily.

Mrs. Rudstock to her daughter Jane Rudstock.

My dearest Jane,—I am so distressed, having heard through your Aunt Mary a very odd story of your being seen on the Brighton Front in much too friendly intercourse with an old clergyman, just after your engagement to Mr. Singer. My dear child, you must be very careful now that you are engaged. Apart altogether from Mr. Singer's feelings, you must consider us, too. It was bad enough to go to Brighton without any chaperon but your eternal horse. Please set my mind at rest by telling me who this old clergyman was. I hope Mr. Singer's grandfather, although I seem to remember that you said he had no relations. Your fond Mother.

From Jane Rudstock to Mrs. Rudstock.

My dear Mother,—As usual the whole trouble has come through Aunt Mary and Aunt Emily. Hugh seems to have been spying about at Brighton and sending home silly letters, although he has not had the friendliness to call on me. There is nothing to explain except that Trevor has white hair and from the back might look older than he is. If you were to trust me more it would be better for us all.
Your loving daughter, Jane.

Mrs. Rudstock to her daughter Jane.

My dear Child,—Your letter fills me with misgivings. Don't say you are marrying an albino. You will be the first Rudstock to do such a thing. Do let me know instantly that his white hair was the result of an illness, or a sudden fright. I cannot bear the thought of my daughter's husband having pink eyes. Your distressed Mother.

Jane Rudstock to Mrs. Rudstock.

(Telegram.)

Trevor albino right enough. Took double first Oxford. Cousin Lord Lamberhurst. First authority England on Saxon fonts. Amateur champion racquets, 1894. Longs meet you. Jane.

Mrs. Rudstock to her sister, Mrs. Wishart.

Dear Mary,—I do wish you would learn a lesson from the past, and not exaggerate simple things. That dreadful trouble over Agnes and the Sunday School treat ought to have taught you



BROWN, WHO HAS HAD A HARD DAY SIGHT-SEEING, IN TUNIS, GOES TO A CAFÉ FOR A QUIET DRINK AND REST. RESULT!

something. All the fuss about poor JANE at Brighton is due to the simple fact that Mr. SINGER, to whom she is engaged, has prematurely white hair is, in fact, an albino. Why he should not be I cannot see. In fact, I think albinos quite attractive, and they are notoriously cleverer than other people. He is a dear good fellow, a great scholar and athlete, and the cousin of Lord LAMBERHURST, and we are all going to be very fond of him. Please write JANE a nice letter. Yours, CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. Wishart to Mrs. Tylor.

DEAR EMILY, It is so funny I can hardly hold the pen. JANE's choice is an albino, and that accounts for the white hair. CHARLOTTE is trying to brave it out and pretend that she could not love any son-in-law who had not white hair and pink eyes, but of course she is mortified to death at the humiliation of it. Poor JANE! How they can allow an albino to take orders I can't think, especially when the Church is threatened on all sides as it now is; but there you are. I wish you had sent on JANE's confiding, spontaneous letter about her freak, but I suppose you had your reasons for not doing so.

Yours, MARY.

A CRY FROM KILKENNY.

[Mr. BRYCE, M.P., the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has recently visited Kilkenny in connection with a scheme to start a wool industry in that neighbourhood.]

OH, Mr. JAMES BRYCE, Sir, pray take
 my advice, Sir,
And think twice or thrice, Sir, before
 you proceed?
For a scheme so nefarious and temerarious
 To alter and vary us cannot succeed.

The Skibbereen Eagle, that biped so
 regal,
You'll never inveigle to smile on your
 plan,
Which seeks on our brawling and resolute
 squalling
To lay a most galling and terrible ban.

This sordid intrusion would spread Revo-
 lution,
And hopeless confusion immediately
 raise;
'Tis hateful and heinous, this effort to
 wean us—
Kilkenny's pet genus—from anarchy's
 ways.

Kilkenny's brave kittens need no woollen
 mittens
Like decadent Britons or renegade
 Pats.
Their glory unfading was not won by
 trading,
A method degrading to patriot cats.

Go plant your dull toilers, with mills,
 looms, and boilers,
Fair Nature's despoilers, in some other
 place.
But drop, for they're idle, your efforts to
 bridle
The force fratricidal ennobling our
 race.

MUSICAL NOTE.—What relation is Max Darewski to "Pa"—Darewski?



THE PIEBALD SUPERSTITION.

"Come on, Billy! Come on an' wish! Wish for something! *'Ere 's a lucky horse!*"

CHARIVARIA.

"I presume," growls a gentleman of the Old School, "that the exceptional Bank Holiday weather which we had this year is only one more instance of pampering the Working Man."

By-the-by, although the present era has been called the Age of Pleasure, we note that hundreds of thousands of persons went for rides on motor omnibuses on Bank Holiday.

A rumour which requires confirmation is to the effect that, in return for the hospitality offered to the clergy on Good Friday by the proprietors of several Music Halls, Miss Marie Lloyd and Mr. Harry Lauder may be seen at Exeter Hall in May.

Major Oswald H. Ames, the tallest officer in the British Army, it is announced, is retiring from the service. We think it a pity that this fact should have been allowed to leak out at a time when it is desirable that we should appear as strong as possible. It is almost inviting the Kaiser to make his pounce on our little island.

Those who are unwilling to believe that British power is a thing of the past were greatly pleased to read the following paragraph in the newspapers last week:—"A British cruiser has arrived at Naples. Vesuvius is now quieter."

It has been suggested that Liberals as well as Conservatives shall join in the celebration of Mr. Chamberlain's seventieth birthday. It is, we believe, a fact that the Liberals are delighted that he is getting so old.

During the last fourteen years, it is stated, there has only been one prisoner for trial at the South Molton (Devon) Quarter Sessions. This brings home to us very vividly the depopulation of our rural districts.

"Some unclean and unholy sneak," says the vicar of St. Andrew's, Earlsfield, in the parish magazine, "recently entered the church and stole some valuable lace from the altar." The sneak in question is said to be shocked at such language from a reverend gentleman.

The Registrar-General's report as to marriages shows that in 1904 widows were less fascinating than in previous years. We understand, however, that tremendous efforts are going to be made by one or two this year.

A motor-omnibus ran into Messrs. Goose and Headgear's last week, but the results were such as to lead one to believe that shopping by motor-omnibus will never become thoroughly popular.

The Hague Peace Conference has been adjourned once more, and there is now time for a nice little war before the Conference meets, but it must be carried out with promptness and despatch.

Judge of the pleasurable excitement in nearly every public and private school in every corner of the globe at the news that, by a fire which broke out in Barbadoes on March 25, some 188 acres of canes were destroyed.

Mr. Henry Holiday declares that the monotony in men's dress is caused by each class aping the costume of the class above it. If this be so, the imitative faculties of the costermonger, when decked out in his best trappings, would appear to be very poor.



A QUESTION OF BALANCE.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. "WELL, I SHOULD LIKE TO STICK TO THE POLE IF POSSIBLE, BUT ANYHOW, I DON'T INTEND TO LEAVE THE PUNT!"

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTY-FIRST FRAGMENT.

1. Now Kamm-el-banraman, thapremyah, thaportli,
2. the wearer of *kiltz*, *karrun-górrums*, and *pibrochs*,
3. with the *uzualad-mikstcha* of *sporrans*, *glengariz*,
4. *Clehmórz*, *dhuinewassulz*—I never am perfectly certain
5. of all these bloodthirsty upholstering details that
6. Scotchmen
7. walk out in —(If we *must* get our *premyahs* from
8. barbarous districts, have our treasury-bench almost solid
9. with Scotchmen, it's a mercy they leave all these
10. *gaelik-mementoz*, these *bludkurdlin-érlumz*
11. downstairs in
12. the cloakroom-- . . . . Here goes for the
13. verb, after more than the *uzualslâhitin-teregnum*
14. for rest and refreshment expected in
15. tablets)
16. appealed to the country (-I knew it was coming!)
17. politely requested they'd give him a party,
18. Just something to work with, . . —the larger
19. the better I need hardly mention, -
20. sufficient to shew their *dhīprutedabhorrenz*
21. of *phiskal-ragériz* and yellow-faced *helots*
22. all hanged (on the hoardings) and drawn (in the posters)
23. and quartered in compounds.
24. And *baijin-gotheh-diddit* . . . he *sertunli-gottem*. . . . .
25. . . . As a flood did they come,
26. as the *trippaz-tumargit*, the *arriztuk-laktun*
27. the *milhandz-tublák-pul*, the *yankiztuparis*
28. (Where on earth they all came from I haven't a
29. notion), they trooped to his colours in droves and
30. battalions; replacing the Toriz all over the
31. country, just as *nitrous-monoxaidz* a comical
32. habit of calmly replacing the *oxygen-innus*
33. when we go to the dentist.
34. They covered like *lókustz* the groaning green benches,
35. with *nachural-kunnin* they all tried
36. to get the *right side* of the Spīkur . . . till
37. the whole blessed building *nirlilistid-tustárbad*.
38. Now Kamm-el-banraman (I said this before but it
39. sounds oriental, besides these *arkéyik-kunéifaum-Jonniz*
40. expressed themselves that way,--if they didn't they ought to,
41. ---it *tukkum-af-ortnaît* to finish a sentence;)
42. after *sundri-strathspéhs* on the tombs of the Toriz,
43. having *chukd-arfab-rikh* at *purdir-Alphrad-milnah*,
44. did settle to business.
45. He relieved the monotonous hours of the *sittinz*
46. by *krakkin-wīkjōks* in his answers
47. to questions,--his *slaiporkih-húmŭr* is
48. always delightful, (*taks-theskōn* as they say
49. in the *purlyuz* of Stirling) . . . .
50. They *pasdresol-ushunz* in favour of having
51. a nice little income in monthly instalments,
52. ---not princely but still something fairly
53. substantial, *justabh-ittugoh*
54. on with . . . . . . it would pay for *tramt-ikkitz*,

55. *motab-ussiz-etseltrah.* They also considered
56. it might be much better to make some provision for
57. days that are rainy, —they voted it simply
58. a *ripinai-diyah* . . . (it's perfectly natural,
59. a nest that is feathered is always
60. a comfort! . . . .) . . . .
61. Then Khir-hādi the Mullah, the Mahdi
62. of Lébar, obtrusive in raiment,
63. (the *jibbah* of fustian)
64. with the tie of vermilion, the signal of
65. danger, the badge of rebellion,
66. (—In view of their somewhat original theories of what is
67. fairdealing, of what is mine own when one is a
68. mine-owner, an employer of labour,
69. to call it a *Liberty*-silk would be surely
70. a *termin-olodjik-al-wadyumak-or-lumm*)
71. . . . . on behalf of his rather rumbustious
72. colleagues, of whom, in her fervour, that
73. *dhir-ledi-warikh* said, "These are my Jewels!"
74. (Each one of these pushing plebeians in bowlers
75. may well be regarded as simply the outcome
76. of *bréslit* or bangul, some brooch or tiara this
77. popular countess popped over the counter.)
78. (What on earth was I saying? Oh! now I remember)
79. on behalf of his colleagues claimed perfect
80. exemption from penal proceedings for workmen
81. who merely molested their fellows, and similar
82. trifles—Divine Right of Workmen, in fact so to speak
83. every man his own Kaiser—Well! of all the . . . . . .
84. . . . . [words missing]
85. Then just before Istar when most of the members
86. were *berridin-bradshah* and taking *kūkstikkitz*
87. for *Nhīsan-mentoneh*, out comes Mistab-irrul
88. all pallid and touzled and lets off his sparkling sputtering
89. *krakkaz, eduk-éshun-al-skuibz* round the calves of
90. archbishops. . . . Such a singeing of *archid-iakon-al-ankulz*
91. such *horifaid-kékualkz* of prelates in panic and *dhīkunz* distracted
92. has seldom delighted our friend Doktak-lifad.
93. . . . Ph-h-h-iyuh! what a *rum-paz!!*
94. *Episkopal-taluns* are neatly extracting dissenting
95. tail-feathers; diocesan plumage is whisking and whirling
96. all over the birdcage (talk of bats in the belfry!)
97. the one question remaining is whether the *ortumm*
98. will find any mournful sectarian *dikkiz* surviving the *skrimidj*
99. "provided"—most likely by that time they'll be "non-provided" with
100. feathers.

E. T. R.

MR. PUNCH'S RACING NOTES.

In view of the great interest taken by all classes in racing, *Mr. Punch* has recently decided to follow the example of other leading journals, and devote some space to illuminating comments and prophetic utterances upon the Sport of Kings. For this purpose he has engaged the services of one of the most eminent writers of fiction of the day, whose first (and last) contribution follows:—

Yesterday evening, through the kindness of Mr. Dopem, the well-known trainer, I had the pleasure of looking over the famous Katsmeet establishment, from which so many classic winners have been turned out. In company with a few choice spirits, I dined first of all with the hospitable trainer. He gave us an excellent dinner, and about ten o'clock we adjourned to the stables. Katsmeet, of course, is one of the most modern and up-to-date training quarters in existence. Mr. Dopem has a tremendous lot of horses at present under his charge—as far as I could see, there appeared to be two in each box. Several of the most spirited were spoilt by having six legs. I pointed this blemish out to Mr. Dopem, but he only laughed good-naturedly, and declared that he had sometimes seen them with eight.

The attention of the authorities should be drawn to the cruel habit in vogue amongst owners of *scratching* horses, in order to prevent them running in races for which they have been entered. Such an eminent authority on sport as the present Prime Minister has referred to this custom as "a method of barbarism;" and the indignation with which the news that a popular favourite has been thus treated is invariably received by the public, is the best proof of how repugnant to our feelings such a practice is.

With regard to the accident which occurred to *Sneakaway*, while out at exercise on Newmarket Heath last week, I should like to draw attention to the dangerous custom which trainers indulge in of taking their strings out with them. Presumably, their desire is to measure the distances which the horses gallop; but it stands to reason that if every trainer takes his own string out, as the most casual reference to the sporting papers will show to be the case, the danger of horses becoming entangled and thrown can scarcely be over-rated.

Looking down the list for the Coddingem Steeplechase, one is struck immediately by the singular fact that all the most promising horses are compelled to carry the heaviest weights. We wonder whether the Stewards imagine that this is the right way to encourage racing? A glance at the recent form exhibited by the various candidates may be of assistance to our readers:—

The top weight has been assigned to that evergreen veteran Uncle Joe, whose chances, however, cannot be summarily dismissed on this account. Coddingem is well-known to be one of his favourite courses; and his recent success in the General Election Stakes speaks volumes for his staying capacities.

I am not so pleased with the prospects of Prince Arthur; though his proprietor, a well-known Birmingham sportsman, will not hear a word against his favourite. He has lately developed a bad habit of eating his words; and although he is very docile and immensely popular at home, the public, I fear, are likely to fight shy for some time of this tricky candidate.

Nor have I much to say in favour of Under-Secretary, for I am no believer in entering two-year-olds for these important handicaps; although carrying no weight, they are apt to lose their heads, and cause considerable trouble. Under-Secretary is too much addicted to snapping and bucking instead of running straight; and the best advice we can offer our readers is to leave him alone, and let him fill out and grow before taking him seriously.

My own fancy turns rather towards Battersea Pet, who, since being purchased by his new proprietors, seems to have given up the vagaries that formerly caused backers to avoid him. He has been thoroughly trained in Hyde Park; and although his style is a trifle rough, and his previous performances slightly inconsistent, we must not overlook the fact that he was very highly tried by his late owners, who, without doubt, are now extremely sorry that they parted with him.

As far as speculation is concerned, the premier position is at present occupied by *Sir Henry*, who is running under the joint colours of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Hardie. His place at the head of affairs may be explained by his recent remarkable victories in the Leadership Handicap and the Celestial Welter. I should advise my readers, however, not to attach much



MORE SWEDISH INSTRUCTION.

Instructress (to exhausted class, who have been hopping round room for some time). "COME! COME! THAT WON'T DO AT ALL. YOU MUST LOOK CHEERFUL. KEEP SMILING—SMILING ALL THE TIME!"

importance to these successes, for many good sportsmen considered that in both cases *Sir Henry* should have been disqualified for boring (both pro- and the other kind). It is doubtful also whether he will be in the best of condition, for his trainer, H. ASQUITH, has lately discovered that *Sir Henry* is frightened of work (or should we say labour?). He is, however, thoroughly accustomed to fences, and should all the other competitors fall down, he would undoubtedly possess an excellent chance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS UNDERSTANDING. No. The bookmaker is quite right. To back a horse both ways does not mean that you get the money whether it wins or loses.

INVESTOR.—If your aunt has really left you £80, you could not do better than to start a racing stable, as you suggest. You will be well advised to begin on modest lines, keeping some capital in reserve for emergencies. Owing to the new craze for motor 'buses, many a good nag can now be picked up in town dirt cheap. With a flier like *Pretty Polly* the property of a mere Major, it stands to reason you could probably obtain a far superior animal from a London General. If possible avoid races for which *Lally* is entered.

FORETHOUGHT. Yes, it was a clever idea of yours to buy a return ticket for Derby last week, so as to avoid the crush at the booking-office on May 30. You would probably see better, however, if you went to Epsom.

BUS: BUZZER: ?

[Professor SKEAT has christened the motor omnibus "a buzzer."]

IN those days of locomotion, which, we 're very glad to say,
We have recently decided are not quick enough for us,
The carriage of the people lumbered slowly on its way,
But was popular in spite of it as *bus*.
But in times of modern hurry, when the only thing that 's vital
Is to reach our destination with the minimum of pause,
The popular conveyance makes addition to its title,
And as *buzzer* makes a bid for our applause.
First the *bus*, and now the *buzzer*, people's pennies to attract,
The progression of the title being natural and just,
But unpleasantly suggestive, when you come to face the fact
That the next denomination will be bust.

Turkish Baths.

(*Ladies and Gentlemen.*)

THE ONLY BATHS IN BUXTON.

Open between 2 P.M. and 5.30 P.M. to Visitors, not Residents.

BUT, if they really are the only baths in Buxton, the residents' need would seem to be the more pressing.

CONCERNING ONOMANCY.

THESE SORDID LARES MAY OUG
DID THE ROSES GO REAL SYAUM?
THE REAL ROSES MAY GO ISDUD.

I was trying to work out an anagram on her name, by her own express command, and I was resolved to have a thorough, genuine, sporting shot at it, even at the risk of spending the residue of my days in a padded room. Of course her name—AMY DORIS THERÈSE DOUGLAS—was the sweetest name that ever sounded in mortal ears, but, at the same time, it certainly seemed to be the most unanagrammatical.

SLAGODYIUR MADE THE ROSES.

That was my next attempt. If one imagined that Slagodyiur was a gentleman moving in Eastern mythological circles—which he might have been for all I knew—the line looked something like a quotation from OMAR KHAYYÁM. On the other hand—

ROSE MADE THE SLAGODYIURS

seemed to have a culinary flavour. Slagodyiurs sounded like something good to eat. Why? Another idea—

ROSE MADE THE SAGO SIDLURY.
THE LURID SAGO MADE ROSES Y.
YES HE EATS LURID SAGO DROM.

So this was what AMY called Onomancy! I called it—well several things in plain but forceful Anglo-Saxon which it is not necessary to repeat. I had been making the experiments described above as I journeyed to the City by train, and I was thankful to give my whirling brain a little rest while I walked from the station to the office. There I made a fair start:

HE RATED MOSES IS YOU GLAD R.
YES HE GLAD I DRAT OUR MOSES
IRATE MOSES HAD YOUR D. LEGS.

I decided to leave Moses severely alone. Besides, I reminded myself, I was overlooking the great secret of Onomancy. "Onomancy," so a dictionary I consulted told me, was "divination by the letters of a name." I ought to have started with a word that might possibly have some bearing on AMY's destiny—a destiny that could scarcely be influenced by Sago, Moses, or even Slagodyiur himself.

Unfortunately I had to abandon the anagram for twenty minutes to attend to my day's work. But I was soon hard at it again, taking "heart" as a word likely to prove a good foundation for an onomantic sentence. An hour's steady work resulted in the following imbecilities:

DEAR HEART I.O.U SOME L.S.D SYG.
MY DEAR HEART IS SO LOUD GES
O SUE, MY DEAR'S HEART IS GOLD

The last line was certainly more satisfactory than its predecessors, but there was no particular reason why I should take SUE into my confidence about my dear's heart, so I decided to try once more.

'TIS YOUR D. LARGE HEAD MOSES.



Mrs. Jubb. "OH! MISS, I BE THAT BAD——"
Inexperience. "BUT YOU'RE LOOKING VERY WELL, MRS. JUBB."
Mrs. Jubb. "AH! MISS, I BE ONE O' THEY AS FRETS INWARDLY!"

The sudden and undesirable reappearance of the obtrusive patriarch quite unnerved me.

I read *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* for the rest of the afternoon, and found it very resting after Onomancy. By four o'clock I was a sane man, and, being restored to the full possession of my faculties, I decided to go at once to AMY's house and tell her gently, but firmly, what I thought about Onomancy. Furthermore I would inform her that, if my eligibility as a suitor depended on my proficiency in that abominable science, I desired her to put me down among the latest scratchings. I found AMY seated at a writing table which was strewn with scraps of paper, smothered with scattered letters and blots of ink.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "have you wasted a day at it too?"

"Oh, I don't think it's such a waste of time," she replied; "I think it's fascinating. Don't you?"

"Any results?" I asked.

"No—well—that is—nothing much," she answered, seeming unaccountably disturbed. "How did you get on?"

"Not particularly well. Sago and Moses and Slagodyiur kept on cropping up, and they rather got on my nerves."

"Oh, I hope you haven't bothered much about it; it didn't matter!"

"I don't mind what I do to please you!"

She bent over the table and blushed so deeply that I thought her attention had been directed to some more unwarrantable vagaries on the part of Irate Moses.

"Try starting with Slagodyiur," I suggested. "But keep off sago."

"No!" she cried, pushing the papers away from her. "It's all silly nonsense. Let's talk about something else."

"The letters that spell your name," I insisted, "could not possibly be arranged to better advantage." I had thought this sentence out in the train, and did not intend to change the subject without—to use a vulgarism—"getting it off my chest."

At that moment the idea of my lifetime struck me.

"Give me a pen and some paper!" I cried; "quick!"

I sat down opposite her, and substituted my own surname for hers, thus:—

AMY DORIS THERÈSE BOWEN,

and then I started onomanting with this new material; and the result was as follows:—

O HEART'S DESIRE BE MY OWN.

It was a positive inspiration.

"It goes out exactly!" I said triumphantly, as I handed the paper across the table to AMY.

"Oh!" she murmured faintly. "How—strange!"

"Is there any answer?" I said, with an air of nonchalance.

She blushed very pleasantly. "I tried it that way myself this afternoon!"

"You did?" I cried exultantly. "AMY!"

"But I made it come out quite differently!" she said.

"But not better," I said. "It couldn't be better."

"Come and see!"

I went to her side, and watched her dear little hand travel slowly over the paper.

AMY OWNS HER DESIRE TO BE AMY DORIS THERÈSE BOWEN.

"Do you know," I said quietly, "I think there's something in this Onomancy after all!"

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

[A Hampstead young lady wrote recently to King ALFONSO, congratulating him upon his engagement to Princess ENA. She has received a letter from the KING, enclosing a signed photograph, and a note in which the youthful monarch says, "She is a lovely girl, and will make a charming Queen." *Daily Press.*]

WE have been so fortunate as to come into possession of the following items of correspondence, inspired evidently by this example:—

A Putney gentleman, who wrote to the KAISER protesting gently against his telegram addressed to the Austrian Foreign Minister, has been favoured with a note which says, "Only lack of time prevented me from wiring the full text of my message for your approval." The note was accompanied by a Sixth Class of the Order of the Mailed Fist, which the happy recipient wore at the opening of the Putney Tennis Club on Easter Monday, with considerable effect.

A Dulwich lady, who wrote to Mr. JOHN BURNS congratulating him upon his fortitude and devotion displayed in opening his letters on Easter Monday, has received an autophotograph of the Minister at his desk, in Levée uniform, and an explanation that he feels that he must work overtime, in order to justify his acceptance of more than £500 salary per annum.

A Denmark Hill young lady, who wrote to President ROOSEVELT approving of his recent remarks upon the impropriety of inordinate wealth, has received a reply enclosing a photograph of the PRESIDENT as a Texan cowboy. Written on the back is the statement that the cowboy is the cream of the manhood of America, and that it is only the approval of young English ladies that induces the PRESIDENT to retain his office as the WANAMAKER of Moral Regeneration.



"NO, MR. WILKES. I AIN'T GOIN' TO KEEP FOWLS NO MORE. DON'T PAY. WHY, COUNTIN' THE MAIZE I GIVE 'EM THIS WINTER, THE EGGS—WELL, I DON'T GIT ANY, BUT IF I DID—THEY'D COST ME 'ARF A-CROWN EACH!"

A volunteer Colonel of Worthing, who wrote to Lord KITCHENER, asking him, in the name of the Service of which they were both proud, to contradict the dastardly calumnies of *The Times* correspondent, has received an autograph letter giving him authority to contradict the slander in his spare time. We understand that the recipient has resigned his commission—7½ per cent. in dry goods—in order to fulfil this honourable task.

A member of the Young Authors' Club, who wrote recently to Mr. ANDREW LANG asking him if it is the case that his best work is turned out while shaving left-handedly with a safety razor, has received an autograph reply which he is totally unable to decipher.

A member of the Kilmacolm Literary Society, who wrote to Miss MARIE CORELLI pointing out certain superficial parallels between "The Heathen" and "The Super Heathen," has received an autograph letter from a well-known firm of solicitors, enclosing a beautifully engrossed writ of libel.

Samson Demosthenes.

The Cam, in its report of a Union Debate, says of Mr. PIGOU that he "picked up the gauntlet which had fallen from the lips of Mr. SAMPSON." No doubt Mr. SAMPSON's idea in speaking with a glove in his mouth is to improve his elocution; or is it the Cambridge version of "talking through one's hat?"

The Daily Mail, in the course of an article on a certain ladies' society in America, says, "This list comprises those who, while sympathetically interested in the work of the organisation, are prevented by age and other circumrd luN.fnxs5!c shrdlu cmfwy shrdluurhs work."

The tact and delicacy of *The Daily Mail* is beyond all praise. We particularly like "shrdluurhs": that is just how we should have put it ourselves.

"Easter Monday, as far as weather was concerned, was an ideal day, and crowds of persons and vehicles found their way to Nailsea, and passed a pleasant day."—*Western Daily Press.*

THE picture of a 40-h.p. Panhard rolling up its carburetters and paddling in the sea is no less charming than that of two landaus and a dog-cart playing "touch-wood" on the cliffs.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. Percy Lubbock had a happy thought when he decided to weave a biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning from the warp and woof supplied by her private correspondence. Her letters, published some years ago in a couple of volumes, are perhaps a trifle lengthy, too diffuse in interest, to give perennial delight. Mr. Lubbock has picked out the plums, and re-made the pudding in handier, on the whole, more delectable shape. He connects the extracts by a condensed, well-written story of the life of the gifted woman who married, and acknowledged the supremacy of, an infinitely greater poet. Fifty, even forty, years ago the author of *Aurora Leigh* had a wide circle of readers. She is no longer the fashion. Modernity yawns over what she fondly regarded as her masterpiece. Nevertheless, human interest in her life and work survives, and will be maintained by the book Smith, Elder publish under the title *Elizabeth Barrett Browning In Her Letters*. When a son was born to the twin geniuses someone said: "There were two incomprehensibles; now there are three." There was actually a fourth in the person of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's father, comprehensible only on the ground of incipient insanity. Over-bearing, unsympathetic, colossally selfish, his shadow hung low over the life of his supersensitive child. After her runaway marriage she wrote to him many piteous letters. He kept them till by chance he learned her address; he never asked for it. Then he returned them to her unopened, without a word. Many men have been shot for an act of less deliberate brutality.

Mr. E. Marston is the nearest approach the twentieth century provides to Isaac Walton. Through the last score years of a strenuous life he has cultivated the publishing trade on a little fishing. His holiday rambles far from Fleet Street have led him by the riverside where, to quote the title of his latest record, he was engaged in *Fishing for Pleasure and Catching It* (T. W. Laurie). The angler will best appreciate the animated accounts of more or less successful casts. But one need not be a fisherman to take pleasure in the charming vignettes of hillside, moorland and streamlet to be found on every page of a book not too large to be snugly conveyed in the pocket.

That writer of pith, Arabella Kenealy,
Is mouthed in a way that I shouldn't call mealy.
This last book of hers, *An American Duchess*,
(London; Chapman and Hall) has some excellent touches.
The writing is good I am heartily glad
To admit this is so - -but the morals are bad.
The titled, hot-tempered American lady
Has a tongue that is coarse, while her manners are shady.
She abandons her Duke; then she marries her lover;
And at last she elopes in her car with a "shover."
Her husband (the second), though no one had forced him,
Remarries a lady who once had divorced him,
And who wins back his love, her own heart being big,
By disguising herself in blue goggles and wig.
Yet, although the society's only so-so,
The book has much skill; it has life, it has go;
And those who like mixing with high-class and haughty folk
Will read it with pleasure, in spite of its naughty folk.

Mr. O. H. Hardy has travelled, as many of us have travelled, in Greece and Egypt; but, beyond that, he has done what few of us could do equally well. He has written down his impressions and has published them in a little book called *Red Letter Days in Greece and Egypt* (Sherratt and Hughes). Mr. Hardy has special and peculiar gifts as a writer of *Reisebilder*. First and foremost his style is excellent, a refreshment to a jaded reader; and, secondly, he has imagination and a fine scholarly sense of historical contrasts. The route he travels is a well-worn one, but Mr. Hardy makes every yard of it pleasant. Whatever the route may be, his manner in describing it is never trite.

Mr. Percy White reminds one of a Square in Bloomsbury, there is something so restful, so scholarly, so delightfully old-fashioned about his style. What cares the Bloomsbury backwater for the motor 'bus that rattles and bangs along Oxford Street; what cares Mr. White for the shrieking —— and the pushing - -, those eminent novelists? No doubt you will reply, dear Madam, supposing that you are kind enough to follow my metaphor, that the scholarly, the restful, the old-fashioned Square (quite close to the British Museum) is also a trifle dull. And there, I must admit, you score a point. *Mr. John Strood*, which Messrs. Constable have just published, is really a study in self-revelation, though *Mr. Strood* himself intends it to be the study of a genius, *Lawrence Rivers*. *Strood* is Boswell to *Rivers*: it is as if the *Life of Johnson* were called simply *Mr. Boswell*. Now it naturally takes one a little time to get used to the idea; and meanwhile there is certainly the danger of boredom. *Strood* (a sort of refined *Eliza's Husband*) is a bad biographer, but a wonderful autobiographer. At first one is annoyed that one can make so little of *Rivers*; afterwards one admires the unfailing skill with which the author lets *Mr. Strood* say a great deal, but reveal nothing. One admires, moreover, the restraint with which Mr. White handles his biographer. If you come to think of it, restraint, too, is a quality of the Bloomsbury Square.

Anyone who wants a vulgar book in praise of vicious vulgarians should read *The Sphinx's Lawyer*, by Frank Danby (Heinemann). All others are counselled to avoid it.

HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?

Batting and bowling averages being considered no longer desirable by a great number of players, who annually discover that it becomes more and more difficult to keep their name to the front, would it not be more interesting, now that the pen has to a certain extent superseded the bat, to substitute the players' literary averages, so that those who make runs may read, somewhat on the following lines? –

First-class Averages.

	Literary. Books.	Not out (yet).	Readers.	Most Reviews to a Book.	Average number of Readers.
K. S. Ranjitsinhji	2	–	8,576,431	9,742	4,288,218·5
C. B. Fry*	3	50	1,132,367	847	377,455·6
P. F. Warner ...	3	30	1,002,063	756	334,021

* Whether contributions to Fry's pure concentrated Magazine, now regarded in the U.S.A. as *second-class* postal matter, should be reckoned in the first-class averages, is now engaging the attention of the MS. Committee of the M.C.C. (Marylebone Cricket Contributors).

	Journalistic. Paragraphs.	Articles.	Columns.	Periodicals Published in.	Average per Periodical.
G. L. Jessop	798,432	106,536	200,000	7.	28,571·4
Lord Hawke	0	0	0	0	—

Lord Hawke delivered one preface in one volume for no cash.

A Liberal correspondent is upset to think that the children in the public elementary schools should still be using Mr. Arnold-Forster's *Citizen Reader*. We beg to re-assure him. A special school edition of *Obiter Dicta* is now, we understand, being hurried through the Press.

An Unnatural Parent.

"Pony for sale, 13 hands, warranted a good worker, used to all road nuisances and my own children, cause of selling having 2 and not enough work for 2."—*Exchange and Mart.*

URBS IN RURE.

By the courtesy of the proprietors *Mr. Punch* is enabled to present his readers with extracts from the correspondence columns of *The Week-End*, the new periodical devoted to the interests of that large and constantly increasing class who spend two days out of every seven in the country, and take with them as much London atmosphere as they can.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAPPY HUMPSHIRE!

DEAR SIR, Life in the country has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. For example, in this part of Humpshire there is no 18-hole golf course within seven miles of my house, and play on the 9-hole course close by is restricted to week-days. Again, the London papers do not reach us until 10.30 A.M., and worse still, it is practically impossible to get any decent asparagus or up-to-date gramophone records in the neighbourhood. The result is that two chauffeurs have left me in the last two months. Yours faithfully,

E. PLUSCARDINE.

Whiteport, Humpshire.

FAIRPLAY FOR MOTORISTS.

DEAR SIR,—Why should motorists alone be obliged to give warning of their approach at cross roads and corners? The only efficient way to minimise collisions is to insist that all who use the roads should make their advent audible. Horsemen should have a bell or horn affixed to the pummel of their saddles, while pedestrians should have a similar means of signalling attached to the handles of their sticks and umbrellas. The loneliness of the open road, which so often affects the spirits of dwellers in the country, would thus be sensibly mitigated, and the burden of precaution equitably distributed between the tortoises and the hares of modern life.

Yours faithfully,

F. I. A. T. JUSTITIA.

The Reeks, Leighton Buzzard.

INCONSIDERATE ANIMALS.

DEAR SIR,—The stupidity of animals is one of the greatest curses of a residence in the country, as I have long found out to my cost. When motoring at the rate of thirty miles an hour or upwards one can generally count on pedestrians keeping out of the middle of the road. But it is otherwise with poultry, sheep, and even young rabbits. Only yesterday I had a new Michelin tyre seriously damaged by a hedgehog, and last week my wife was struck in the face by a clumsy sparrow which, if she had not been wearing goggles, might have done her serious mischief. As it was she was so much upset that she was unable to play Bridge for several hours.

Faithfully yours,

MAX BAMBERGER.

Bungalow de Luxe,
Little Slamton.



HARD LINES ON THE COMPANY.

Outside Porter. "WOT'S BECOME OF OLD GEORGE? - AIN'T SEEN 'IM LATELY."

Venerable Ditto. "OH, 'E HAD A ROW WITH THE COMPANY AND 'E'S LEFT, AND IF THEY AIN'T JOLLY CAREFUL I'LL LEAVE TOO!"

THE ERUPTER.

A CERTAIN literary gentleman, who in consideration of the intimate terms on which he now is with Vesuvius, which he recently interviewed for *The Daily Mail*, and in connection also with his intimacy with Roman Society, is henceforward to be known as Signor HOLCANO, has not only arranged to introduce a real eruption into his new play, *The Bondman*, when it is produced at Drury Lane in the autumn, but in view of the fact that he is the only English dramatist who was at Naples at the time of the recent volcanic disturbance, and therefore the only one with first-hand knowledge of the same, is proposing to add to his business as a novelist and dramatist the profession of Erupter to others. That is to say, if any of the other writers for the stage, Mr. PINERO or Mr. SHAW, Mr. JONES or Mr. BARRIE, finds at any time that his new play is not going as it should, Signor HOLCANO will arrange a realistic eruption for him in the Second or Third Act according to requirements, and ensure success. No audience, he is convinced, can resist a volcano intelligently planned. Such an interpolation, the Signor is convinced, would have been the making of *The Heroic Stubbs*. Even *His House in Order*, he believes, would be the better for it. As he remarks, with infinite wit, "*His House in Order* may be great; but *The Bondman* will be crater."

MUSICAL SHAKSPEARE.

A SHORT time ago the Playgoers' Club instituted a competition for playwrights, with the result that "more than 250 plays were sent in, none of which were suitable for production at a West-End theatre." Commenting on this, *The Evening Standard* suggests that a play which might run a hundred nights labelled a genuine CARTON or PHILLIPS would not satisfy the requirements of a prize play by an unknown. This, no doubt, explains a paragraph in the paper to the effect that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is hall-marking SHAKSPEARE by writing a musical comedy based upon *As you Like It*. *Mr. Punch* begs to forestall Mr. HICKS, and to present

AS WE CERTAINLY DON'T LIKE IT.

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts, by HICKS VON RUBENSTANNER and WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[NOTE: Great care has been taken to follow the usual musical-comedy plan of making the Second Act even worse than the first.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke (living the simple life in Shepherd's Bush).
Frederick (his brother, and tenant of his house in Park Lane).
The melancholy James (footman to the banished *Duke*).
Hackenschmidt (a wrestler).
Oliver / *Orlando* } (Sons of the Empire, and, therefore, brothers).
Adam and Bede (servants to *Fredérick*).
Touchstone (a low-comedy actor).
Rosalind (daughter to *Duke*- at Park Lane for the season).
Celia (daughter to *Frederick*).
Phebe (a Shepherd's Bush girl).

SCENE—FREDERICK'S *house; a wild place in the Bush.*

ACT I.—*Hall in Park Lane.*

Chorus of Footmen, Minor (yet in their way champion) Wrestlers, Maidservants, &c. *On their dispersal*

Enter ADAM *and* BEDE.

Adam. Tell me again, BEDE, just how it is that his Grace spends his days secluded-like in Shepherd's Bush.

Bede. Why, HADAM, I told you not half an hour ago.

Adam. Never was such a memory as mine, BEDE. Tell me again, my lad.

[BEDE *accordingly explains to the audience just how it is. Exeunt. Re-enter* Chorus, *who explain in bad verse that* HACKENSCHMIDT *has challenged all-comers, and that an unknown Colonial has accepted the offer. Enter* ORLANDO. SONG—"*England, my England.*" *Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Celia. As I live, ROSIE, there *is* the man!

Rosalind (*to* ORLANDO). Sir, are you he who would wrestle HACKENSCHMIDT?

Orlando (*modestly feeling his biceps*). I am.

Rosalind. The little strength I have, and I may mention that I am a Sandow girl, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine, to eke out hers.

TRIO—"*The Sandow Girl.*"

Enter HACKENSCHMIDT, *looking as if he wondered what he was doing in a Park Lane hall. Exit* ORLANDO, *to return disguised as* MADRALI. *They wrestle.*

Celia. I would I were invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

Rosalind (*learnedly*). I don't think that would be allowed, dear; it's the Græco-Roman style, you know.

Celia (*vaguely*). Oh, I thought it was Association.

[*A shout.* HACKENSCHMIDT *is thrown. Exit* MADRALI *hurriedly, to return as* ORLANDO.

Rosalind (*giving him ring from her finger*). Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hands lack means—
Sans length, *sans* strength, *sans* trumps, *sans* everything.

Celia (*aside to* ROSALIND). Oh, my dear, how often have I told you that in our set we *don't* talk in blank verse. You *must* get out of that habit.

Rosalind. At home—

Celia. Oh, in Shepherd's Bush!

Rosalind (*warmly*). There are some very nice girls in Shepherd's Bush. You wait till you've seen PHEBE.

SONG.—"*The Shepherd's Bush Girl.*"

Oh, have you heard of PHEBE, she lives at Shepherd's Bush?
Her father was a footman—until he got the "push."
But PHEBE didn't worry—a typist she became,
And HENRY is her lover: she is typing HENRY'S name.

Chorus. PHEBE,
(Whoever *she* be)
What matter if her eyes are blue, are brown, are green?
Under the shade of the plane-tree parm
He circles her waist with a Cockney arm—
And she's his Queen! [*Etc., etc.*

Orlando (*aside*). She's charming! (*To* ROSALIND) Excuse me, Madam, but did you say you lived in Shepherd's Bush?

Rosalind. I do, Sir; though I am staying with my cousin for the season. But why?

Orlando. I am fitting out an expedition to explore the unknown tracts of the Bush. I wondered if —

[*They retire to back of stage. Enter* OLIVER.

SONG.—"CEL-YER, *I want to steal yer.*"

[OLIVER *hangs about till he gets his encore, and then goes out with* ORLANDO.

Rosalind. CELIA, I've decided. We must go to Shepherd's Bush, back to father. After all, the season's nearly over.

Celia. My dear, in these clothes, how could I?

Rosalind (*struck with a brilliant idea*). Let's put on some of your brother's things, and go out with the expedition. It *would* be fun.

Celia. Oh, what a joke! But what will papa say?

Enter FREDERICK.

Frederick. ROSALIND, I must ask you to remove yourself to Shepherd's Bush—if possible, *with* CELIA.

[*Having thus qualified as an actor, and prepared the way for Act II.*, FREDERICK *goes out.*

Celia. There! How lucky!

[*Exeunt to change their clothes; enter* TOUCHSTONE *to keep things going during the necessary interval.*

Touchstone. I once had a jerboa, a little boy jerboa—dear little chap he was, only a Nonconformist. OSWALD—that was his name, OSWALD. He really made a very decent jerboa indeed—came in from leg a bit, too. A bit of a rascal, though. A bit of a naughty, naughty rascal with the girls . . . .

[*Etc., etc., until the* Call-boy *winks at him.*

GRAND TABLEAU. ORLANDO, *at the head of his Expedition, singing patriotic song, "A Little Bit of Red on the Map."* ROSALIND *and* CELIA, *who are travelling overland to Notting Hill, wave farewell from the windows.*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.—*A wild place in Shepherd's Bush.*

Enter JAMES *with one or two Lords, like Bushmen.*

James (*looking at his watch*). 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And thereby hangs a song. [*Sings it.*

[*Mr. Punch.* Excuse me a moment, but is this Act *very* bad?

Mr. Hicks von Rubenstanner. Very bad indeed.

Mr. Punch. Personally I fear that I shall not be able to survive it.

Mr. Hicks von Rubenstanner. Oh, two or three of us will re-write it after the first night, you know.

Mr. Punch. Then by all means let us wait for that occasion.]



WILL HE STRANGLE THEM?

(After the famous "Infant Hercules" by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)



Mistress. "YOU WISH ME TO TAKE YOUR NOTICE, JANE. THIS IS VERY SUDDEN, ISN'T IT?"
Jane (blushing). "OH NO, MUM, I'VE KNOWN 'IM THREE DAYS!"

THE BITER BIT.

[The Dogs Bill proposes to wrest from the canine world the privilege of the first bite.]

CAN it be false and am I dreaming,
  Or is it really all too true
That callous-hearted men are scheming
  To rob our doggies of their due?
Is it not all a dreadful fiction,
  Whereat I hold my bated breath,
That on his very first conviction
  My honest tyke must die the death?

The Pug and Pom. will stand aghast if
  This shameful Bill becomes the law;
Against its tone the stately Mastiff
  Uplift an angry voice and paw.
And not content with mute negation,
  The Collies swell the wrathful cry,
Until their howl of indignation
  Awakes an echo from the Skye.

And you, who clamber up on my knee,
  And wag a tail devoid of care,
Must realise, my faithful Tiny,
  That things are not as once they were.
No more must you race up yon high hill,
  To worry sheep, your fond delight,
The motto "*et foxterea nihil*,"
  In your case means you mustn't bite.

But stay, I see a silver lining
  Illume the blackness of the cloud,
Why waste your time in futile whining
  When lawful bites are still allowed?
Ere yet the verdict of the Forum
  Shall cheat you of your lawful prey,
Make tears in breeks as once you tore 'em,
  Gather the rosebuds while you may.

Thus if, perchance, a cracked tin kettle
  The movement of your tail impedes,
While there is time make haste and settle
  The youths who do such horrid deeds.
Let not your canine breast be smitten
  With fears of any future woe,
Only make sure those boys are bitten,
  Only make sure you don't let go!

THE OLYMPIC GAMES AND AFTER.

GAMES like the Olympic Games, it is rumoured, are to be instituted in Turkey. A draft programme which reaches us includes:—

1. Stadium obstacle race for persecuted peasants. Competitors to run round course through burning villages, with wives and families, pursued by tax-collectors with red-hot irons. Peasants with more than £10 a year income to carry 5lb. penalty.

2. Feats of strength by teams of soldiers of the NIZAM, who will extract six months' back pay in advance from Minister for War in the arena in full view of the audience.

3. Tourist-baiting — Custom House officials to be let loose on foreign travellers chained to stakes in centre of ground, armed solely with backsheesh.

4. The national sport of "Conference," or word-making and word-breaking, with exhibitions of expert prevarication. Representatives of England, Germany, France, and Russia to meet the GRAND VIZIER on a raised platform and attempt to procure evacuation of the Yemen district. (Time limit eight months.) The delegates will throw ultimatums, and the GRAND VIZIER procrastinate against all comers in the catch-as-catch-can style.

5. The County Championship in revolution, competed for by teams of Bashi-bazouks. Any team failing to establish a new Government on the revolving stage within a quarter of an hour to be disqualified.

MORAL REFLECTIONS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

I.

THESE reflections only occurred to me on the afternoon of last Saturday week, and, though I trust they are moral, I fear they are hardly scientific. Seeing that I never had any scientific training, it would be extremely odd if they were.

I had gone to the Museum with the object of enlarging my mind, and found several hundred other members of the public there with the same purpose. There was a long line of excursion brakes drawn up outside the gates, and I have an idea that some of the excursionists had come up from Newcastle or Everton for the Cup Final. Whether any of them were under the impression that this was the Crystal Palace, I cannot say . . .

In the Central Hall I paused—as I generally do whenever I visit the Museum—before a large glass case containing two models in coloured wax. One represents "The Spotted Gnat, or Mosquito;" the other "The Common, or Grey, Gnat," and both are enlarged twenty-eight times (linear).

Comparing them (unscientifically) with their originals, who are set up alongside and make but a poor show on two cardboard discs of the diameter of a threepenny-bit, I should have thought the enlargement considerably understated, as each of the models is about as big as an average clothes brush, and very nearly as bristly. But I suppose the official figures may be taken as correct.

These Brobdingnagian insects are highly instructive; read the labels, and you learn that the Mosquito "stabs with its proboscis" (which is the size of a small stylograph) "and is capable of conveying malarial fever," while the Grey Gnat (a lady) receives a certificate that is almost a testimonial: "Stabs with her proboscis, but does *not* convey malarial fever."

With consummate art the modeller has contrived to suggest in the latter insect's demeanour a certain smug superiority. Her head is bent in Pharisaical humility, as though she were murmuring: "Pray do not confuse Me with a class of insects whom I will not sully my proboscis by particularising! *I* don't carry malaria about—like *some* persons!" Which is downright hypocrisy—because anyone who is at all acquainted with the Common Gnat knows that it would be perfectly delighted to carry malaria if it only knew how.

I wonder whether it is quite judicious of the authorities to apotheosise the Grey Gnat in this fashion; it was surely insufferable enough before, without all this official whitewashing!

I always linger in front of this case, because, sooner or later, there is sure to be at least one simple-minded sight-seer who accepts these two models as ordinary specimens of tropical insect life. And once more I am rewarded. For I hear AMANDUS remarking, with a superior air, to AMANDA, "You didn' reelly expect they 'd 'ave 'em out there as big as all *that*, did yer?" To which AMANDA replies in an aggrieved accent, "Yus, I *did!*" Poor girl, *her* mind is being enlarged twenty-eight times (linear), but it is a painful process, and involves the shattering of many fond illusions! . . .

I drift on to a case designed to illustrate "Mimicry. Special Resemblance to Surroundings." Privately I have my doubts whether, even for insects, Mimicry may not be rather a dangerous social accomplishment; whether, in short, they may not make more enemies than friends by it. What I feel I am *expected* to admire is the marvellous, if unconscious, instinct of self-preservation shown by such performances.

Well, candidly, I cannot. I would if they seemed to me to mimic *well*, but I do not think—though of course they must know their own business best—I do not think they do it quite well *enough*.

Take, for instance, the Butterfly known as "*Kallima Inachis.*" This insect attaches itself to a dry twig and endeavours to look as much like a decayed leaf as it can. But surely, except in the autumn, it would only be rendering itself more conspicuous by such a device. And at any season I can scarcely believe that it would impose for long on any bird that was not a born fool. I am no *Sherlock Holmes*—yet even *I* detected the disguise almost at a glance. And your bird, remember, is a specialist by heredity in these matters . . .

I confess that this and similar exhibits in the same case have had the deplorable effect of lowering my opinion of the entire Insect Kingdom. I will not say that I ever entertained a high regard for any of them, but at least I gave them credit, as a class, for being free from the slightest taint of Snobbishness!

Yet what do I find here? A Moth the whole object of whose existence is to be mistaken for a Butterfly! And such a shoddy "frock-coat and bowler-hat" sort of imitation, too! So obvious an outsider could never have succeeded in getting into any really good—to say nothing of smart—Butterfly set. And this is what it has come to—exposure to the scorn of the British Public as a detected impostor! Better—far better—for that Moth had it perished while still an innocent larva!

Again, there is a kind of Spider which has achieved quite a passable imitation of an Ant of the lower middle class, or else it is the plebeian adventurer Ant that is posing, to impress those who do not know it at home, as a Spider with a web and flies and everything handsome about it. I care not which. In either case it seems to me but a paltry ambition. I should have expected better things from *both* of them.

It is distressing to note that even the Animals are not free from this foible. Here, for example, is a Tree Shrew which, not content with doing its duty in its own state of life, persists in aping the manners and appearance of a Squirrel.

A lady visitor does not seem to have quite grasped this idea, for I hear her observing instructively to her companion: "Ah yes, my dear, see how closely they get to resemble the trees they live in—*wonderful*, is it not?" But the majority seem to have spotted the Shrew as the contemptible fraud he is.

The same case contains an object-lesson illustrating what is described as "Reciprocal Advantage." So far as I can follow it, the situation is something like this: There is a Nice Butterfly (whom we will call A.) who is uncomfortably conscious of being regarded as a delicious tit-bit by every bird or lizard with any pretensions to a palate.

There is also a Nasty Butterfly (hereinafter referred to as B.) whom even the least particular lizard or bird will, after a single experience of his peculiar flavour, take uncommonly good care never to touch again.

So says A. to himself (or else Nature says it for him—I am too unscientific to know which): "If I could only make myself *look* as nasty as B. *is*, all the birds and lizards would let *me* alone!" Which, by patience and perseverance, A. gradually contrives to do.

Well, I will admit that this idea of A.'s is not without a showy ingenuity, even if it is wanting in true reciprocity and consideration for B.'s interests. What I fail to see is that, even from A.'s point of view, it is really such a very masterly stratagem.

The calculation evidently assumes that the inexperienced lizard (or bird) would come across B. *first*. But why is this so certain? Why should not A. be the first victim? Then, obviously, such bird (or lizard) would infer that both A. and B. were equally good eating. I may be told that any such impression would infallibly be corrected as soon as the lizard (or bird) tried to tackle B.—that it would then wipe its mouth (or bill) with surprised disgust, and a mental note to avoid both B.'s and A.'s for the future. Again, *why?* Surely it is quite as likely that the bird (or lizard) would merely look upon the *contretemps* as a regrettable incident, a rare

exception to the general rule. After all, a person who has had the ill-luck to absorb a dubious Anglo-Dutch does not necessarily forswear all natives from that moment. He may pass through an interim stage of suspicion, but eventually, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, Hope will, as it generally does, triumph over Experience. His trust in oysters will return to him.

No, Scientific Experts may extol the wisdom of this so-called Reciprocal Arrangement if they choose:—for my own part, I have the gravest doubts whether it is found to work out well in practice. Depend upon it, when any insect sets out with the idea of being too clever by half, it is tolerably certain to be itself the first it succeeds in taking in! That, at all events, is the moral I draw from the case in point....

There are many other equally valuable lessons and morals to be picked up in the Museum, but I have exhausted my space already, and must reserve the remainder of my reflections for a subsequent number. F. A.

THE AID OF THE "AD."

EVEN the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park has now adopted methods of publicity, in issuing picture post-cards and large coloured posters to attract the public. *Mr. Punch* expects to read the following shortly in the papers:—

Don't be Ill.

Have you a bad leg?
The London Hospital will take it off.
Is your hair falling?
The London Hospital will keep it on.
Open day and night.
Subscriptions and donations neatly landed by the Hook of (Sydney) Holland.

Don't be Uninformed.

Why grovel in ignorance when the British Museum in Bloomsbury is only a penny fare from almost anywhere?
Matchless collection of curiosities.
Thousands of Books.
Free to all.

Save your Money.

"I know a Bank."
"Where?"
"In Threadneedle Street."
"Who lives there?"
"The Old Lady."
"What does she do?"
"Takes care of your money!"

TO THE CASHIER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

April 1.

DEAR MR. NAIRNE,—Ten years ago I deposited a sum of money at your Bank. Last week, when I called, I found it still there! Yours truly,
HENRY MIGGS.



MR. MOTHDRIVER, THE FAMOUS, YET ABSENT-MINDED, GOLF-NATURALIST, INVARIABLY CARRIES A BUTTERFLY-NET IN HIS GOLF-BAG—FOR HE AGREES WITH MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON THAT SOME OF THE BEST ENTOMOLOGICAL SPECIMENS CAN BE CAPTURED IN THE COURSE OF PLAYING THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.

Education Note.

THE Nonconformists say that they are right, and right is might, but the Bishops think the Mitre is righter. It is hard to kick against the Bishoprics.

The Tribune, in its account of the recent French riots, says that "when the first electric tramcar left the depôt to start running, a group of 1,000 strikers stopped it and took out the horses," thus cruelly depriving it of its h.p.

More Commercial Candour.

FROM an advertisement of a Dublin Sale ("Bargains Page"):—

25 pairs
Mercerised Tapestry Curtains.
23/- pair; worth 3/5.

Anyone lucky enough to snap up the whole twenty-five pairs could furnish the rest of his house with his savings.

Russia's St. George.—GEORGE BORROW.

WOE FOR WEARY WILLY.

[As a result of the recent Vagrancy Commission the tramp is threatened with imprisonment as such.]

WILLIAM, whose fatigue has lent a
Long tradition to the road,
Scorner of impedimenta
And the permanent abode,
Have you lately seen enormous
Thunderbolts about the blue?—
Legislation (they inform us)
Fairly hovers over you.

Often by the wayside hedges,
WILLIAM, we have watched you sit,
Propped against their verdant edges,
And to all appearance—fit;
Often, musing on your avocations and the life you led,
Found you working awful havoc
With a tidy hunk of bread!

Others may be poor but honest;
WILLIAM, that is not your part,
Pride, emphatically, *non est*
Round the region of your heart;
Every open-windowed mansion
Sees your simple powers employed
Stretching to supreme expansion
Nature, who abhors a void.

Difficulties! You disdain 'em;
Prompt to act at hunger's call,
What to you is "*Cave canem!*"
On the glass-embattled wall?
Philosophic to the last, if
Fortune frowns, you mock her whims,
Merely severing the mastiff
From your slightly damaged limbs.

Nought to you, unblushing scoffer,
Are the cares that cark and irk!
Nothing grieves you but the offer
Of facilities for work;
No intemperate proceeding
Bids your burly bosom ache,
Save remorse from overfeeding
On the house-wife's home-built cake.

Yet—for all the canine genus
Ultimately meet their fate,—
Yours is coming, and (between us)
WILLIAM, 'tis a trifle late;
In the future able-bodied
Patrons of the simple life
Will be resolutely quodded
Ere they dream of saying "Knife."

Never now shall dreamy bantam
Perch or coop untimely quit,
You have robbed the hen-roost *quantum,
Gulielme, sufficit:*
Never more shall larder window
Set with household stores and fruit,
(Peaches from the wall or tinned do.);
Yield you uninvited loot.

WILLIAM, to be somewhat briefer,
Since the State intends to soil
Fingers that we know had liefer
Stoop to larceny than toil,
Rumours of your sad position
All our sympathies evoke
For the pending abolition
Of an immemorial joke!

THE CALL OF THE EAST.

["WANTED.—A PRIME MINISTER for a NATIVE STATE. Salary, Rs. 2,000, besides allowance. Apply to No. 1069, *Civil and Military Gazette*. Lahore."

Civil and Military Gazette, April 4, 1906.]

DEAR SIR,—Noticing your advertisement for a Prime Minister in *The Civil and Military Gazette*, I beg to offer myself for the post. I have been for three years in a similar position in this country, in which time I gave, I believe, a large measure of satisfaction. The only reason for ceasing to hold the reins was that it was felt by the country that it was perhaps time for my opponents (for in England every Prime Minister has opponents) to be given a chance, but they are already repenting it. I was, however, by no means tired myself, and would readily begin again. In your reply kindly say if you have a good golf links near the Parliament House.

Believe me, yours faithfully
ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in supporting my dear friend A. J. BALFOUR'S application. He is apt, willing, and has had long experience. I cannot remember any Prime Minister who disagreed with me less. Take him, is my counsel, take him and keep him. He will do you credit. Believe me, yours faithfully,
JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

SIR,—If your advertisement for a Prime Minister in *The Civil and Military Gazette* is genuine, and not a joke, I offer myself to fill the breach. I am thirty and unmarried; fighting weight $10\frac{1}{4}$ stone; I hold office in the English Government; I have a special fondness for native States. My reason for expressing willingness to accept this post is that I am ready for a change. One can be in the same place too long. I will give you what you want: if you like peace I will do my best; but if you want war you shall have it. I could come at once. Yours faithfully,
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

SIR,—I know Mr. CHURCHILL well. He is in fact, if not in name, a member of my Cabinet, but I would make an effort and spare him if you were really keen. I sometimes wonder if he has not been with us long enough. At any rate a young native State would, I think, offer him a congenial field for his undoubted abilities. Yours faithfully,
H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

SIR,—Mr. CHURCHILL has asked me for a testimonial, and I gladly give him one. He is a very remarkable young man. In whatever new employment he undertakes I would wish him God speed.
Yours faithfully, ELGIN.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your advertisement in *The Civil and Military Gazette* for a Prime Minister, I beg to offer my services. I have not, it is true, had any actual experience in this capacity, but as you are doubtless aware, the Editor of a great London weekly such as *The Spectator* is virtually a Prime Minister; while I would remind you that my efforts not only to promote rifle ranges, but also to retain Free Trade, cheapen cottages and raise the status of the dog and cat, are all of a part with the duties of a truly humane Premier.

Awaiting your reply,
I am, your obedient servant,
J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

SIR,—I can cordially recommend Mr. STRACHEY for the post of Prime Minister of a Native State. As a distant despot I think he would be distinctly enchanting to the view. Besides, in times of prolonged drought you could rely upon him to rain cats and dogs once a week.
Yours faithfully
JESSE COLLINGS.

DEAR SIR,—Having abandoned the pulpit and exhausted Drumtochty, I beg to offer myself for the post advertised in your journal. Faithfully yours,
IAN MACLAREN.

SIR,—IAN MACLAREN of old *was* a *prime meenister* and would no doubt be so again. Respectfully yours,
S. R. CROCKETT.

SIR,—I see from your advertisement in a recent issue that you require a "Premier"; and in reply I beg to inform you that I have a "Moonbeam," secondhand, but in very good condition, and which I have already ridden over 2000 miles, largely in the North of England. The tyres, bearings, &c., are of the very latest pattern, and in fact I feel sure that it would be in every way suited to you. I see you offer 2000 rupees a month, but I should prefer to sell it outright. Inspection invited any afternoon before three. I remain,
Yours sincerely,
ARCHIBALD ALLTUFT.
The Nest, Peckham.

DEAR SIR,—Disgusted with the methods adopted in the political arena at home, I had already resolved to seek employment in the Far East when I saw your advertisement. My qualifications for the post of Prime Minister are so obvious that I need not recapitulate them beyond mentioning that as chief Bannerwoman at the Albert Hall I was far more than a match for Premier BANNERMAN, and that *The Daily Chronicle*

describes me as a determined-looking woman.' I have only to add that I should, if appointed, insist on continuing to wear our famous big white buttons with the motto "Votes for Women," and that my first measure would have for its aim the abolition of all policemen.

Faithfully yours,
ANNIE KENNY.

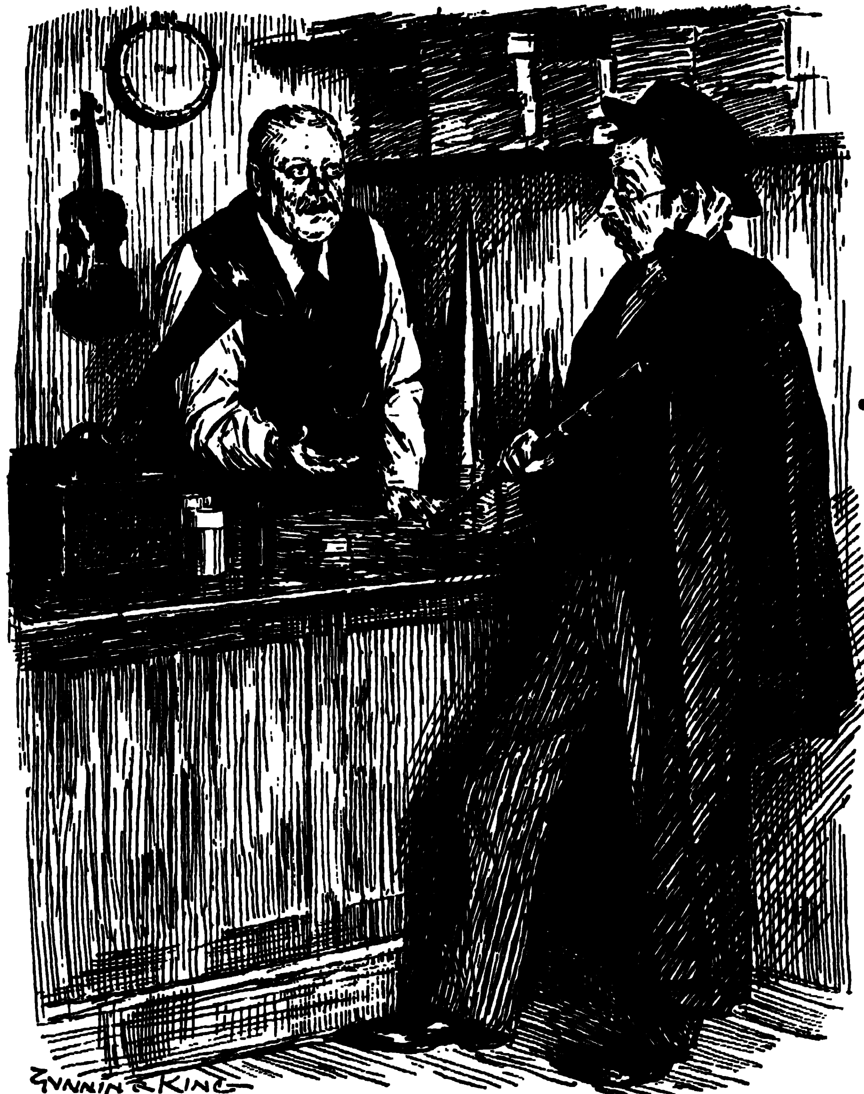
Miss BILLINGTON has great pleasure in stating her conviction that Miss ANNIE KENNY is in all respects fully qualified to hold the post of Prime Minister, or indeed any post hitherto monopolised by men. She has the eloquence of LOUISE MICHEL and the courage of forty bloodhounds.

SCIENCE AND SENTIMENT.

[In its review of "Noteworthy Families (Modern Science)," by FRANCIS GALTON and EDGAR SCHUSTER, *The Daily Chronicle* says:—"Professor GALTON's new science of Eugenics—of procreative development—promises to set us all thinking a little more about force of family ability, and less about accidental things which may or may not matter, when, in the fulness of youthful wisdom and deliberation, we choose our wives."]

DOLLY is sweet and fair,
MABEL is fair and sweet;
KITTY's complexion
Is simply perfection,
And so are dear TRIXY's feet.
DOLLY has wavy hair,
MABEL a magic spell;
Adorably pretty
Are TRIXY and KITTY,
And DOLLY and MAY as well.
For DOLLY I
Would die;
To MAY, dear thing,
I'd cling;
I'd crowns eschew, could I but woo
Sweet TRIX so true, and KITTY too!
They set desire
On fire,
They're all so sweet and pretty:
I'd cross the Styx for darling TRIX,
Or MAY, or DOLL, or KITTY.

JANE has a turned-up nose,
Eyes of a sad sea-green,
Also a figure
Of terrible rigour,
Angular, lank and lean—
Scanty each love-lock grows,
Dingy and dull each tress;
Her hat is all dusty
And fusty and musty,
And so is her draggled dress.
For JANE my heart
Won't smart;
I feel no pain
For JANE;
I'd bear the blow with courage, though
She were to go to Jericho.



THE PHONOGRAPH CANNOT LIE.

German Dealer. "NOW, MEIN HERR! YOU'VE CHUST HEERD YOUR LOFELY BLAYING REBRODUCED TO BERFECTION! WON'T YOU BUY ONE?"
Amateur Flautist. "ARE YOU SURE THE THING'S ALL RIGHT?"
German Dealer. "ZERTAINLY, MEIN HERR."
Amateur Flautist. "GAD, THEN, IF THAT'S WHAT MY PLAYING IS LIKE, I'M DONE WITH THE FLUTE FOR EVER."

I would not stir
For her,
Nor very much regret her:
I'd be inclined, I think, to find
The world distinctly better.

But DOLLY's papa—who's he?
And MABEL's and KITTY's too?
And what are the stations
Of TRIXY's relations?
Not one of them in *Who's Who!*
JANE's father's a D.Sc.,
Her uncle a don—no less;
Her promising brother
Is also another,
As well as an F.R.S.

Then DOLLY I
Must fly,
And turn away
From MAY:
My face I'll set though KITTY fret,
And TRIX be wet with vain regret.
I'll woo my plain
Old JANE—
To miss such chance were folly—
No! hang it, I for TRIX will try,
Or KATE, or MAY, or DOLLY.

WE beg to call the attention of Mr. DARLING (in *Peter Pan*) to the following from *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph*:—
"DOG KENNEL, good condition, very large; suit gentleman."



TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

Unsympathetic Spectator (to G. R., who is doing his best to recover his seat after a blunder). "Now then, Guv'nor, it ain't no use your goin' on without the 'Orse!"

CHARIVARIA.

Gustavus Adolphus Oscar Frederick Arthur Edmund, Duke of Westerbotten, has been born.

The Marquis Townshend has now recovered, and cannot adequately express his thanks to the halfpenny papers which looked after his private affairs during his recent indisposition.

A Chicago man has made a bet that he will tell nothing but the truth for the space of one year. We admire him. Not many men would voluntarily sentence themselves to twelve months' hard.

A man in custody at Liscard, Cheshire, speaks a dialect which the police cannot understand. We wonder whether it is honest English.

General Baden-Powell has condemned sporting loafers in no uncertain voice, and says we are gradually becoming a nation of onlookers at games. The loafers in question consider this an exhibition of gross ingratitude on the part of the General, for, without them, there would have been no Mafficking.

Councillor Hosgood, the ex-Mayor of Hackney, has planted a tree in what is to be known as Mayor's Avenue. The custom, it has been decided, is to be continued, and if we have a hot summer and more shade becomes necessary, a new Mayor may be elected every week.

The leaders of the rowdy Suffragettes showed themselves such practised disturbers of the peace, that Mr. Redmond spoke up for them.

King Alfonso and Princess Ena, having investigated the inside of a submarine, have quite made up their minds where they will do the remainder of their courting should the reporters show them too much attention.

Meanwhile, by far the prettiest street decoration to be seen in Cowes is, we hear (and can believe), Princess Ena.

It is expected in the drapery trade that, owing to the San Francisco disaster, everyone in future will devote more attention to the choice of pyjamas.

Mr. Wildsmith, of the Telegraph Department, Leeds, it is announced, has had a water-colour accepted by the Royal Academy. But Mr. Wildsmith must not be discouraged. It has happened to better men than he.

The Old English Dinner which took place last week is mentioned by several papers as a novelty. As a matter of fact there are many restaurants in London where one may always rely on getting old English food, although the fact is not advertised to the casual customer's great annoyance.

The war of the rival motor omnibuses continues. The electric vehicles, it is said, will make no smell; on the other hand, the petrol vehicles, it is pointed out, make a nice smell.

We are glad to hear that Father Gapon is none the worse for having been killed.

A correspondent in *The Daily Telegraph* suggests that on the day of the Education Bill's second reading everybody should send a postcard of protest to the Prime Minister, making 10,000,000 protests in one day. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Buxton declare that they will face the situation with equanimity.



UNDISMAYED.

SAN FRANCISCO. "I SHALL SOON BE MYSELF AGAIN."
COLUMBIA. "AND MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER!"



"Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind, thou art not so unkind as Man's Ingratitude."

MISS HATFIELD SAYS THAT SHE WILL NEVER STOP ANOTHER RUNAWAY HAT — SHE DIDN'T RECEIVE A WORD OF THANKS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 24.—CARSON in fine form after his Easter holiday. Reminds old Members of his earlier manner when, just returned for Dublin University, finding Mr. G. Leader of House with Home Rule Bill in his pocket, he, to huge delight of Ulster men, gave the veteran Statesman a taste of what in Dublin passes for Old Bailey treatment of a disreputable witness. Storm arose to-day over inoffensive-looking measure disguised under prosaic name of Local Registration of Title (Ireland) Bill; in charge of CHERRY, making his first appearance at Table as Attorney-General for Ireland. Before it was over he fervently hoped it might be his last.

Tornado so swift, sudden, and furious that it was a little difficult to make out what it was all about. As far as mere Saxon intelligence could comprehend, the late LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND had placed in the office of Local Land Registration in the County of Cork one Mr. WRIGHT. There was a little difficulty about the matter. Mr. WRIGHT, though a sound Unionist, was not legally qualified for the post. But what of that?

"Ever hear the story about ASHBOURNE and our dear departed Lord MORRIS discussing HALSBURY'S alleged tendency to put blood relations into snug offices?" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "ASHBOURNE loyally defended his colleague. '*Cæteris paribus*,' he said, 'a man having a good thing to dispose of should remember his relations.' '*Cæteris paribus* be — ,'" growled honest Lord MORRIS.

Cork case was referred to Irish Law Officers, who advised that appointment of Mr. WRIGHT would, on technical grounds, be illegal. Nevertheless he was appointed. Object of Bill before House to-day was to rectify the admitted irregularity. Ulster up in arms. Slightly varying a historic couplet fashioned years ago by GRANDOLPH:

> Ulster will fight
> To keep in Mr. WRIGHT.

CARSON led the attack. Remembering proverbial injunction, he didn't make two bites at CHERRY. Disposed of him at a single snap.

"A dirtier piece of work has never been attempted in the House of Commons," he thundered. "A gross job, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL knows it."

At first dull Saxons listening thought this was an allusion to ASHBOURNE'S appointment of Mr. WRIGHT, denounced as illegal by his colleagues the Law Officers. CARSON, perceiving this awkward tendency, hastened to make his position clear. Sweeping the range of the Treasury Bench, he noticed absence of the CHIEF SECRETARY. This his opportunity. If in a Government of All the Virtues there is one man more blameless than the rest, it is BRYCE. That made CARSON'S attack the more picturesque and effective.

With voice deepening in indignation, his frame quivering with righteous wrath, a baleful light gleaming in his shocked eyes, he thundered forth inquiry, "Where is the CHIEF SECRETARY? Why is he not present to-day?"

Answering his own question, he drew a vivid picture of the guilty Minister hiding—whether in the cellars of the Irish Office or in the purlieus of the House he did not condescend to say—ashamed of a transaction, memories of which would haunt what was left of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to his dying day.

It presently turned out that Mr. BRYCE was in Ireland winding up work undertaken during the recess. Also there was read the opinion of the Irish Law Officers in the last Government advising that Mr. WRIGHT'S appointment was illegal. That certainly awkward. But

Ulster instinctively resents a job, and its honest voice found emphatic utterance from the lips of Lord Ashbourne's former colleague, sometime English Solicitor-General.

Business done.—House resumes work after the Easter holidays.

Wednesday night. Just forty years ago a brilliant youth at Cambridge, bubbling with Greek, wrote a fragment after the manner of an old Athenian comedy. "The Ladies in Parliament," he called it. Ladies are not yet in Parliament. But they were to-night in the Gallery behind the Grille and, before sitting closed, were turned out by the police, just as if they were Irish Members.

The little incident arose in debate on Motion affirming the principle of Women's Suffrage Bill. Curious how closely proceedings followed the lines laid down by George Trevelyan. In "The Ladies in Parliament" the Leader of the insistent women, discussing the plan of campaign, says:—

> One chance remains, the last and surest course
> Of injured worth:—a bold appeal to force.
> Invest the lobbies; raise across the courts
> A barricade of Bluebooks and Reports;
> Suspend for good the Orders of the day;
> To serve as hostage seize Sir Thomas May;
> And with one daring stroke for ever close
> The fount and origin of these our woes.
> Till man, who holds so light our proper charms,
> Is brought to reason by material arms.

Thus throughout earlier part of sitting the outer lobby was a scene of tumult. Strong-minded females bodily seized passing Members with intent to extort pledge of voting for their Resolution. Keir Hardie in charge of it did not find opportunity till close upon 10 o'clock. No sign on half-empty Benches of coming storm. House as peaceful, almost as somnolent, as San Francisco on eve of earthquake.

It was Sam Evans who tossed the fat into the fire. Home Secretary having announced that in pending division Members might go as they pleased, it seemed natural that division should forthwith take place. Under new Rules debate must close at eleven. If proceeding at that hour the Motion would be talked out. When Sam—a lately married man, too—interposed with jaunty air and evident intent of making a speech as lengthy as was necessary for nefarious purpose, there was ominous rustling in the crowded Ladies' Gallery. Hitherto the occupants had been portentously silent. That they meant to take a turn in the proceedings was evident from the fact that they brought down their battle flag, presently to be run up at what serves as the peak of the Gallery. With a wiliness foreign to the simple nature of average woman they bided their time.

By order of relentless man they would certainly be turned out when disorder began. Towards close of sitting that wouldn't matter. They would have heard the debate and could afford to pay



Safest and Cheapest Travelling in London.

New method of transit invented by our hysterical friends the Suffragettes; cheaper, quicker and more reliable than tubes or motor-buses.

the price of exclusion in the last few minutes. But Sam Evans, unconsciously dallying under an avalanche already beginning to slide, was too much for them. He affirmed that no important section of women demanded the franchise. James Stuart denying this, the pent-up passion of the crowd in the Gallery burst forth. A shrill cry of "Hear! hear!" resounded through startled House.

Serjeant-at-Arms, whetting his sword on leg of chair, sent up message that if this was repeated, "steps would be taken." For a few minutes this had mollifying effect. The reckless Sam continued. Hands of clock pointed to ten minutes to eleven. In ten minutes the Motion would be talked out. Those seated beneath the Ladies' Gallery heard ominous scratching suggestive of finger-nails practising on copies of Orders of the Day. Someone behind the Grille shrilly shrieked "Divide!" The cry was taken up in varied note of discord. Ungloved fists projecting through the Grille were shaken in the direction of Sam, still on legs which, in spite of desperate effort at self-control, began to tremble. Cremer, who crowned the iniquity of opposing the Motion by announcement that he "had had two wives," came in for share of execration. Members looking up at scene of riot, beheld a white flag, bearing in black letters the legend, "Vote for Women," frantically waving over the sacred edifice of the Speaker's chair.

By command of the Speaker the police were marshalled. Advancing at the double they charged the Ladies' Gallery, and by main force cleared it. One damsel insisted upon her right to be carried forth. So uniformed men more or less tenderly encompassed her frail form in stalwart arms, she meanwhile crying aloud for other, less substantial, woman's rights.

"There can be no stronger argument against the Motion before the House than the scene just witnessed." Thus Sam Evans, in the enforced absence of the traditional proprietress, having the last word.

Business done.—The female suffragist descends on House of Commons; after sharp conflict is ejected.

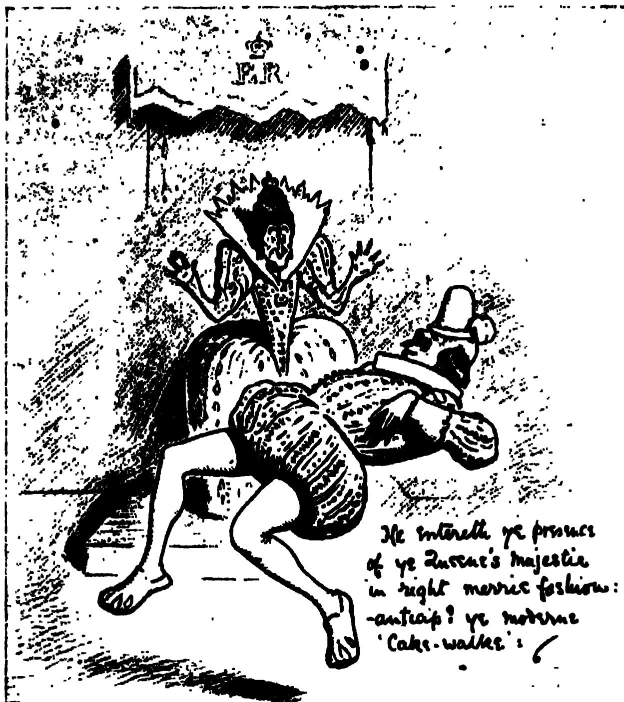
Less 37.

Professor Milne, who has an earthquake-recording instrument at his home in the Isle of Wight, interviewed after the San Francisco disaster by *The Daily Express*, said: "I found the record on returning home from a round of the golf-links, and at once saw that a tremendous upheaval of the earth's crust had taken place." We are afraid that the Professor did not keep his eye on the ball.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Among those present, with whom his lordship shook hands very cordially, were three men, one armless."—*Daily Mail.*

"——, a deaf mute, was brought up on remand .... The prisoner did not wish to say anything, and was committed for trial."—*Oxford Chronicle.*









WAS SHAKSPEARE SERIOUS?

Dr. Furnivall, presiding at the Shakspeare Celebration at Clifford's Inn Hall, said that artists committed the mistake of making Shakspeare a serious individual. Shakspeare was not serious, he was always "larking," and artists should remember this. (Our artist has.)

THE TIT-BITIAN STATISTICIAN.

(*Dedicated to Mr. Poffley in "The Man from Blankley's."*)

If all the broccoli sent in a single week from West Cornwall to Covent Garden were placed in a line, it would be long enough to reach from Charing Cross to Mont Blanc, make a double-circle garland round its top peak, and continue thence to one mile west of Valparaiso.

If the Aurora Borealis were transplanted and stuck in the middle of Europe, it would take employment away from 1,750,439 gas-workers in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, and Turkey, with a saving of household expenditure of £12,584,256 13*s.* 7*d.* annually, while the fall in shares would bring starvation to 51,411 men, 189,666 women (married and single), and 373,538 children under 14 years of age.

The amount of blotting-paper that could be turned out of British paper mills, working two shifts a week, during 25 years, 8 months, 3 weeks, would be enough to about soak up the Pacific.

An eminent scientist has calculated that if the agricultural labourers of Great Britain would discard hobnail boots in favour of pumps, the manufacture of the latter would provide work for the whole continent of Europe bar one man. The iron thus thrown aside would suffice to make 12 armoured cruisers two-thirds the size of the *Black Prince*, with plates ¾ inch thicker.

The quantity of hair exchanged annually between lovers in the United Kingdom would suffice to stuff 999 gross hair pillows, or generate enough ammonia to fill 21,203 carboys.

If a man were to walk on his hands from London to Bournemouth, it would take him 17¾ times longer than it would take a 10lb. salmon to swim from Varstanger Fjord in Norway to Calcutta (*via* the Suez Canal).

The amount of porridge consumed in Scotland during the last three centuries (including 1900 up to October 1st) would form a lake 2¼ times the size of Loch Lomond and 3½ times as deep.

Supposing a contract were made to suspend linen buttons by single strings at distances of six inches along the branches of all the palm trees in Southern India, it would take English manufacturers 9 years, 7 months, 3 weeks to supply the demand.

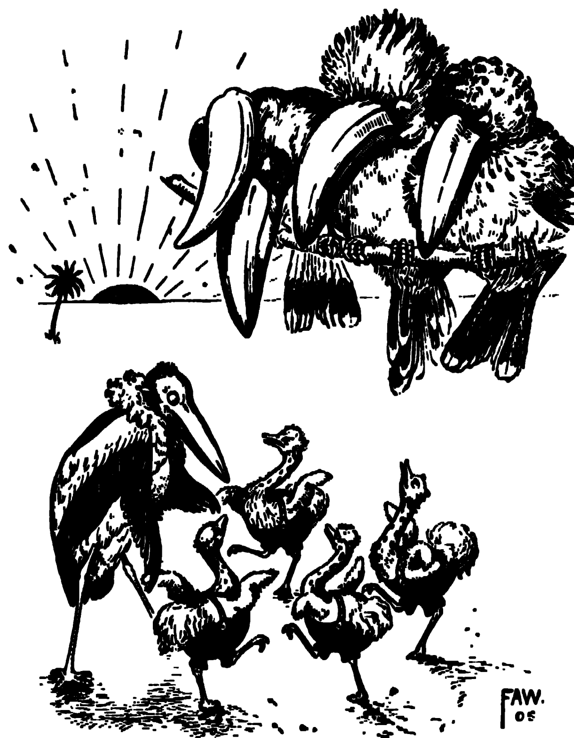
A month's accumulation of the mustard wasted daily in London on the edges of plates would suffice to give St. Paul's a beautiful coat of primrose paint.

Two cocoa-nut husks form an adequate life-belt. If the husks of all the cocoa-nuts in Southern India were brought to this country and distributed two husks per man, there would thus be provided a sufficient number of natural life-belts to enable two-thirds of the population to be swimming about in the English Channel at the same time.

Should some malicious person remove the 80,000 volumes in Coimbra Library to Madrid, it would take 667 students carrying a volume a time and walking 20 miles a day, 7 years, 5 months, 3 weeks, 2½ days to carry them back to Coimbra.

If all the paraffin lamps made in this country in one year were brought together on Salisbury Plain and lit, the heat thus produced, emanating from the earth's surface, would be sufficient in 1200 years, 9 months, 5 days, to dry up all the minor watercourses on Jupiter.

20,607,010 loads of hay would just be enough to block up the Thames at Blackfriars.



BIRD FANCIES.

Young Ostriches. "OH, AUNTIE, REACH US SOME OF THOSE LOVELY BANANAS!"

THOUGHTS ABOUT PARIS.

PARIS is in France. At certain times of the year, America is in Paris.

It is said that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. Tourists, on meeting some of them, are apt to fear that one day it may be their fate to meet a bad one.

The birth rate in France, low as it is, is sufficient to keep the French language alive. The language is so frequently murdered by tourists that it is computed it would be extinct in a day and a half but for the children.

To get over the language difficulty, tourists should pretend to be dumb.

A little language is a dangerous thing. A nation that does not speak English is not of necessity a fair object for ridicule.

Ignorance of the correct French accent does not invariably denote a superior person.

The traffic in Paris is controlled by one policeman and one white bâton. It is the policeman's business to write in a book the number of any *cocher* who refrains from reply to his rebuke, and to that man is offered the post of road-waterer in the Avenues. Meek men are required for this work, who may be relied upon not to use their hose in revenge upon drivers and chauffeurs who attempt to run them down.

What Paris did not think yesterday, the Paris *Daily Mail* says to-day.

The Englishman who has formed his ideas of Frenchmen from *The Spring Chicken* is likely to find many surprises in Paris.

A beard in Paris does not necessarily denote wisdom or middle age. It is rather the proud result of the infinite pains of a vain man.

When the cafés close, the day begins.

A franc is not a shilling, and a 25-centime piece is not a franc.

No man can truly say that he has seen Paris until he has lived there a dozen years, or spent at least a quarter of an hour at the top of the Eiffel Tower.

The greatest menace to the *entente cordiale* is garlic.

THE NEWER HISTORY.

THE Modern School of History has done much to correct the erroneous notions of kings and statesmen, once held by us so fondly. In connection with its work of reconstructing and to a large extent whitewashing the past, a series of lectures will be delivered in London during the summer by the youngest and most modern among our historians. We append a syllabus of the first three lectures of the course.

HISTORY AS SEEN UNDER MODERN LIGHTS.

LECTURE I.—*Matilda the Conqueror; or, The true story of the Norman Conquest.*

1. Norman Conquest generally regarded as the ambitious enterprise of a strong-willed Norman Duke. Erroneousness of this conception.

2. Norman Conquest now known to be an expedition undertaken to satisfy, not the virile lust of ambition, but the artistic craving of a woman.

3. MATILDA of Flanders, the artist, ever longing to create. Compelled by the restrictions of her age to shape her conceptions not in painting or in literature, but in Tapestry, the passion of her life.

4. Demand of the Artist-soul for a theme worthy to be the material of her masterpiece. The achievements of her husband the most natural source of her inspiration.

5. Discontent of MATILDA with Duke WILLIAM's local conquests, involving mere land marches. Her demand for a progress across the sea, affording scope for designs of ships, pageants of embarkation, landing, etc.

6. The great request—the conquest of England. Duke WILLIAM's reluctance to do the lawless deed.

7. Complex personality of Duke WILLIAM, the strong-willed chieftain, but also the submissive husband. The needle mightier than the sword!

8. Conquest of England and its results: the work of the Royal Needlewoman of Flanders.

LECTURE II.—*Harry the Chivalrous.*

1. Popular notion of HENRY THE EIGHTH that of an unbounded tyrant in relation to women. Injustice of this conception.

2. HENRY THE EIGHTH by nature the sensitive, solitary ascetic, devoted to the study of the New Learning, compelled by fate to play a public part as King.

3. HENRY THE EIGHTH the first to see the growing preponderance of women in our English population. Marriage at that time the only career open to women. Loneliness and lack of dignified position the inevitable lot of many feminine subjects of the KING. Consciousness of this a heavy burden on the sensitive soul of HENRY, hence his generous determination to make Royal wives of as many women as possible.

4. Execution of his wives and his subsequent re-marriages explained by two distinct motives: -

(*a*) Insupportable longing for the solitary life. Impulse from time to time too strong to be resisted.

(*b*) Impulse again restrained under the sense of renewed possibility of rescuing another woman from the curse of spinsterhood.

5. Strange injustice of posterity, whose women have condemned the conduct of HARRY the Chivalrous.

LECTURE III.—*Smoke Cleared from the Gunpowder Plot.*

1. Successful performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream* in London in the spring of 1605. Popular appreciation of the Athenian workmen's share in the festivities of *Duke Theseus.*

2. Idea thereby suggested to a band of loyal London workmen. Preparation of a simple masque to be presented before the King and Lords on their way to Parliament.

3. Masque of *The Phœnix*, soaring from a nest of fire, suggesting majesty of JAMES rising with new vigour from the ashes of Elizabethan brilliance. Faggots needed for the Masque stored in the Westminster vaults. Gunpowder prepared in order to represent the sound of a Royal salute—access to genuine artillery not being then allowed to the common people.

4. Fanciful and classical names assumed by the masquers. Capture of the actor earliest at rehearsal. His historic name CAIUS FAUSTUS. Uncouth pronunciation of the Latin tongue, hence the popular corruption GUY FAWKES.

5. Elation of King JAMES at his own ingenuity in discovering a so-called plot. No opportunity of explanation afforded to the unhappy clowns.

6. A tardy exculpation. To clear the name of GUY FAWKES now the sacred duty of the Modern Historian.



Office Boy. "WANT TO SEE THE GUV'NOR? WHAT NAME SHALL I SAY?"
Visitor. "HERR SCHWEITZSALSBURGHAUSEN."
Office Boy. "OH, I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO PRONOUNCE ALL THAT. I'M LEAVING AT THE END OF THE WEEK."

A PROBLEM OF CONDUCT.

MR. A., on entering a railway carriage, puts down the window. A man, accompanied by a boy of rubicund countenance, inquires if he would mind having the window up. Mr. A. frankly admits that he would, as the day is warm. The proprietor of the red-faced boy replies, "I'm sorry, but my boy has scarlet fever, and I do not like him to sit in a draught." What is Mr. A. to do?

The prize has been awarded to Mr. W. TOWELL, Round Head, Rottingdean, for the following solution:—

Mr. A. should wait until the train stops. He may then alight without breach of the regulations, and, if he has further to go, may continue his journey in another carriage. On reaching home he should take a good dose of carbolic.

Other solutions are as follows:—

Mr. A. should recline in the hat-rack, and avoid breathing.

Mr. A. should appear not to have heard the observation.

Mr. A. should arrange to have been himself bitten beforehand by an insane dog, and casually mention, in the course of conversation, that he believes he is suffering from hydrophobia. The man and boy will at once see the propriety, not only of opening the window, but of departing through it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD'S *Sir Henry Irving* (FISHER UNWIN) is labelled *A Biography*. But it does not rise above the level of a compilation possible to anyone with leisure, industry, and access to the index and file of *The Times*. It is mainly composed of records of successive plays in which IRVING figured, occasionally illustrated by copies of bills of the play. The most interesting of the excerpts thus obtained are quotations from the snatches of autobiography IRVING was accustomed to introduce into after-supper speeches. These are charming by reason of their simplicity and their graphic touch. Reproduction of photographs of the great actor whilst still making his way to the front are also acceptable. When, in a final chapter, Mr. FITZGERALD attempts an appreciation of the character and position of what he calls "the eminent and amiable actor," it is regrettable to find he does not hold him in such high esteem as do some less superior persons. He is careful to explain that the honour of burial in Westminster Abbey "was really paid to the exceeding personality (*sic*) of the man, for it could not be contended that his professional merits reached the highest standard." Similar doubt besets Mr. FITZGERALD when recording the exceptional honour paid to IRVING by the Athenæum Club, to which he was elected without submitting to the ballot. "It may be doubted," says the genial biographer, "whether he would have been admitted within its august portals by the ordinary ballot." Contemplating him in his dignified heroic struggle with financial embarrassment that came with failing strength, he begs us to think of "the poor harassed creature suffering in body, filled with gnawing anxieties, hopeless for the future." Sharing IRVING'S hospitality at a country inn, Mr. FITZGERALD noted "how careful was our host to seize any opportunity to increase his popularity. A young man staying at the hotel spoke to him, and IRVING answered him cordially and presently offered one of his own choice cigars." Common people knowing something of IRVING'S boundless generosity would see in this little incident fresh proof of it. Mr. FITZGERALD is not to be deceived. As he remarks when recording how IRVING smilingly disregarded his advice in the matter of stage decoration, "I am afraid his taste in many directions was a little corrupt." It will be perceived that Mr. FITZGERALD has not fully or finally occupied the field. We still await the biography of an actor whose genius and personal charm made him for more than thirty years a prime favourite with the English-speaking race. The man obviously fitted to undertake the work is IRVING'S long-time counsellor, friend and close companion — BRAM STOKER.

I am here alone with a book by BART KENNEDY. And it is called *A Tramp Camp*. And published by CASSELL. CASSELL is the publisher, and I am here alone with this book, *A Tramp Camp*, written by BART KENNEDY and published by CASSELL. To me it is a good thing to be alone with this book. Reading along. Reading this book of short sentences beginning with "And." (And ending suddenly at the first noun.) And as I sit here alone with this book, reading along, I ponder upon "style." Style! What a wonderful thing is style! The expression of a man's self! That, I say, is style. And I wonder to myself, as I go, reading along, is there somewhere, tramping along, tramping Fleet Street (or California) a clipped staccato Mr. KENNEDY? Stopping suddenly with one foot in the air. And jerking the tankard to his mouth. And holding it there. A man on wires. A marionette. A marionette on wires. And I feel sorry (as I go reading this *Tramp Camp* by BART KENNEDY) that a man with such tales to tell should spoil himself so. I feel sorry that a man who has had such adventures should spoil himself so. That he should become a slave to his style. A slave! A slave to style! (And I remember that he wrote a book on slavery.) But I reflect, too, that a man is paid for writing. And paid by the line. So much for the line. A penny? Or twopence? Or —? No. Piece-work. And I reflect that it comes more. It comes more if you repeat yourself. Many times. If you repeat yourself many times, it comes more. It comes—— [*Quite so.* ED.]

A POEM IN THE MAKING.

(*The best poetry is made, not born.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Author—A man of magnificent build and striking appearance, evidently no ordinary being, and probably a genius of the first water.
The Editor—A mere person.

Auth. The air is fresh, the clouds are high, I think it will be fine.
Ed. Your job is not the weather, AUTH., the weather is not mine;
A poem, quick!
Auth. Political?
Ed. No, fool, the usual rot!
Auth. Having remarked that I am not
A fool, we 'll now proceed to what
You 're pleased to call the "usual rot."
Ed. For goodness' sake, you hireling AUTH., be careful with the metre,
A point on which experience shows "the more the same the neater."
Auth. "*Scarce had the sunbeams crossed the mead*,"—a very proper phrase
You must——
Ed. Go on!
Auth. "*When from her couch herself did* PHYLLIS *raise;*
Whom when they saw, the grazing kine did flee in hurly-burly . . ."
Ed. "*Surprised*," I think you 'd better add, "*to see her up so early.*"
Auth. Who 's doing this? Am I or you?
Ed. We 're doing it between us.
Auth. I spy a rhyme most *à propos*, you must——
Ed. Go on!
Auth. "*As Venus*
Did once of old."
Ed. My foolish AUTH., where are your wits a-straying?
Come, rhyme your lines with other lines and not with what I 'm saying.
Rhyme "Venus" with "between us," Sir? Whatever are you doing?
Your fatal greed for rhymes, my friend, will be your certain ruin.
Auth. What, "ruin" rhyme with "doing"? Oh, of rhymelessness the height!
I may not rhyme the right lines, but I rhyme the wrong lines right.
What, "ruin," ED., with "doing," ED.? Say, have you any shame?
Ed. Tell me, is this my office?
Auth. I fail to follow you. Is this a new metre, and, if so, what metre? . . . I absolutely refuse to rhyme with "office."
Ed. Bother the metre and the rhyme! Is this my office?
Auth. Bother you and the office. Are you going to rhyme with my last, or are you not?
Ed. Answer my question. Is this my office, or is it yours?
Auth. Yours, I suppose.
Ed. Then get out of it. [*Exit Author.*

CHARIVARIA.

We cannot feel too grateful that it did not occur to the Labour leaders to require the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to hand over his surplus to the Trades Unions.

In the debate on the Budget Mr. BALFOUR warned the House of the dangers of the reduction of expenditure on our armed forces at the cost of that national efficiency which we have never had.

During King EDWARD's visit to Athens the Servian Minister was informed that no invitation could be sent to him for the diplomatic reception, so he went for a few days' visit to Constantinople, where, it is rumoured, a new Triple Alliance, consisting of Turkey, Servia, and Germany, was discussed. So much for those who talk of the isolation of Germany!

The Royal Commercial Traveller must be pleased. The KAISER's three youngest sons have now all secured Orders from the SULTAN.

Meanwhile the Turks have not been slow to take advantage of the epidemic of earthquakes. Two ancient pillars which marked the boundary between Turkey and Egypt at Raphia have suddenly disappeared.

The statement that two American scientists have offered to purify the atmosphere of New York for the sum of £1,000,000, leads a dear old lady to write to us asking why it is not possible to train dogs to catch the microbes.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, speaking at Ottawa last week, declared that Sir WILFRID LAURIER was one of the five greatest men in the world. He did not name the other three.

The Royal Academy has brought it on itself, and will, we fancy, meet with scant sympathy. An artist has written to a contemporary stating that, as his picture has been rejected this year, he intends never to send to the R.A. again.

An article in *The Daily Mail* declares that women are a great hindrance to traffic, which, but for them, would move half as fast again; and it is thought that they may have to be abolished.

The announcement of the impending appearance of a new halfpenny daily paper renders it not improbable that at least one existing journal may have to join the great *Majority*.

All who write books know the difficulty of finding a title which has not been used before. We think the author



Mistress (soliloquizing). "I'M AFRAID THIS HAT 'S RATHER OUT OF DATE."
Maid. "OH NO, MUM. IT 'S QUITE FASHIONABLE. COOK HAS JUST BOUGHT ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT!"

of "*In the event of War with one or more Naval Powers, How should the Regular Forces be assisted by the Auxiliary Forces and the People of the Kingdom?*" and "*The best, least irksome, and least costly method of securing the male able-bodied youth of this country in the regular or auxiliary forces as existing and for expanding those forces in time of War*" has succeeded; and, one day, when we are feeling well, we are going to ask for these works at a bookstall.

It is announced that the proprietors of *M. A. P.* hope that *P. T. O.* will soon go to *P. O. T.*

We note the appearance of a new snippet magazine called *The Scrap Book.* This is a happier title than *The Scrap Heap.*

The National Liberal Club is to receive a bequest of £30,000, to be devoted to such purposes as the Committee deem advisable. It is almost certain now that the much-needed classes for teaching foreign members English will soon be established.

So many persons nowadays make gods of their motor-cars, that we are not surprised to read that an offer has been made to the proprietors of a Dundee church with a view to turning it into a garage.

The Underground was blocked for some hours one day last week owing to a Midland goods train running off the metals. The Midland goods train made the absurd excuse that it thought that the Underground never minded that sort of thing.

Quieta non movere.

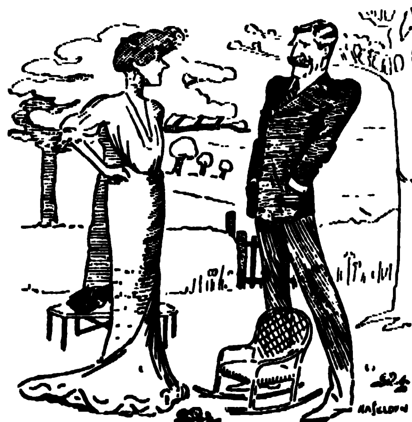
ACCORDING to *The Westminster Gazette*, "while excavating for the foundations of new premises in Nottingham, the workmen discovered an ancient cove nearly 20 feet below the level of the railway." But poor old cove! Why couldn't they let him be?

THE SMILES THAT DIDN'T QUITE COME OFF.

ANYONE unfamiliar with the irrepressible vivacity of that charming and high-spirited actress, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, might well have assumed that some exceptionally funny episode had occurred behind the Garrick scenes before the curtain rose on *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*. She entered smiling; and with a few brief and perfunctory interludes she kept on smiling to the end. Constantly her utterance was choked with mirth. I could not find that it always arose directly out of the things she had to say, though some of them were most felicitous; she giggled impartially at good wit and bad, her own or anybody else's; and on the occasions when her words afforded a fair cause for merriment (though even so it is better policy to leave the laughter to others), the force of nature could no further go. "When she smiles, O Lor!" says little *Alfie* at the inn; and little *Alfie* was right.

I confess that I know nothing more depressing, on or off the stage, than an uncontrollable hilarity for which there is no adequate warrant. Mr. BOURCHIER, I see, does not adopt my view. He caught the infection, and giggled with what seemed to be a very honest conviction. Perhaps the play was funnier than I thought; yet I laughed promptly and spontaneously at times, though I own that I could not share the enthusiasm of the pit when the lady discovered that her ginger-beer had been tempered with gin; for through a fatal gift of prescience I had anticipated this humorous *dénouement*.

I am glad to think I was not the only one who failed to find a good reason for all this giggling. Mr. AUBREY SMITH, as the good *Colonel*, was most sympathetic;



Lady Clarice Howland. Miss Violet Vanbrugh.
Colonel Raymer. Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.

(The artist has been fortunate in seizing one of those rare moments when the lady's smile was giving itself a rest.)

he preserved a profound stolidity throughout the play.

"You are lovely, you two," was the comment of the American *ingénue*, *Aggie Coles*, on a passage of ordinary dialogue. We had to take her word for it: they had said nothing "lovely" —not audibly, at least. And, if much of this assumption of mirth on the part of some of the actors was unjustified by the text, the very title of the play may also be said to have begged the question. Frankly I could not share Mr. SUTRO's confidence in the "fascination" of his protagonist, unless, indeed, he was thinking of rabbits and boa-constrictors. He had, it is true, a very attractive *verve* and impudence which nothing could



DINNER FOR ONE (TWO PORTIONS).
Mr. Vanderveldt. Mr. Arthur Bourchier.

derange. Yet, if I were a woman (which I never was), I believe I could easily have eluded the advances of this "fascinating" *Mr. Vanderveldt*, whose manners suggested a Transatlantic *Mephistopheles* with just a hint of the facial methods of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS. Except for his overwrought air of internal amusement he played with a very pleasant restraint, preserving the imperturbable calm of a veteran squire of dames to whom triumph has become a habit; whose gifts are too notorious to be insisted upon.

Miss NORA GREENLAW's *Marchioness of Hendingby* was an admirable piece of comedy-acting: and so, in a more farcical vein, was the *Rev. Hubert Langston* of Mr. CHARLES FRANCE.

As for the play, its First Act was a superfluity and its Fourth an anticlimax; though the incurable *aplomb* of *Mr. Vanderveldt*, when he reappears unabashed after the defeat of his nicely-laid schemes, relieved the bathos of a scandal which suffered deplorably by comparison with the brilliant opening of *Man and Superman*. The scheme of the excellent Third Act, when I saw it, had lost something of its piquancy through the revelations of the reviewers. The dialogue contained a few pearls among a lot of paste, the conversation of the younger characters being, for an author of Mr. SUTRO's reputation, curiously *banal*.

DRESSES.

I have read elsewhere an appreciative account of Miss VANBRUGH's costumes, and in justice to Mr. BOURCHIER (and to myself as a Critic of Art) I feel that something ought to be said about his. In the First Act, then, he wears unobtrusively a dark brown *complet* (a little too dark, perhaps, for the height of the summer) with a *cravate* in a lighter shade of the same colour, a white shirt, and a high linen collar to distinguish himself from Mr. ALEXANDER. Brown boots gave a finishing touch to an admirable harmony. The *ensemble* suggested comfort rather than smartness, the outside pocket for the handkerchief being somewhat *démodé*. In the Second Act he wears a lounge suit of the same cut (single-breasted), but of a dark blue scheme of colour, with a high-art tie in keeping, and, for head-gear, a Panama Homburg with the black ribbon of propriety. In the Third and Fourth Acts he has no opportunity for fresh creations, except in the matter of his motor-coat, which seems to be of the material of an aquascutum. Its tone is khaki, and the wide lapel falls back squarely after the fashion of German officialdom. O. S.

THE MARTYR MALGRÉ LUI.

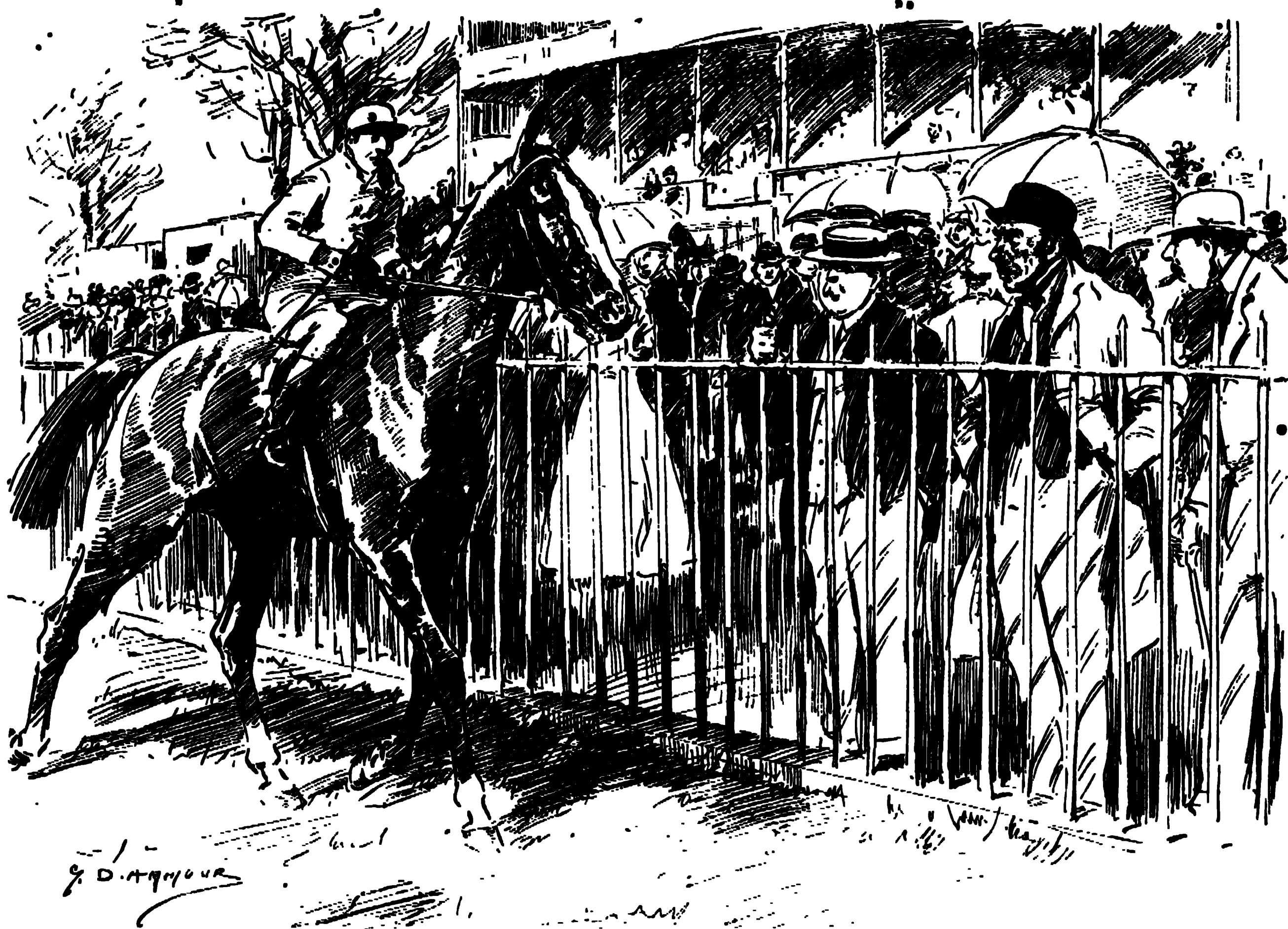
MR. WILLIAM SIKES, who, it may be remembered, was most unjustly sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for an impulsive act of self-assertion, was released from Holloway Prison last Saturday.

His emergence from the grim portals was at once touching and dramatic. The eminent individualist had evidently suffered severely from his incarceration. His hair is thinner and grizzled at the temples, and he has lost nearly two stone in weight. Outside the gate a crowd of notorious publicists waited with their heads reverently uncovered, and as Mr. SIKES crossed the threshold their leader, Sir POMPEY SZLUSCHER, rushed forward and with true British cordiality embraced the hero of the occasion on both cheeks. Amid salvos of cheers Mr. SIKES was then escorted to the state glass coach drawn by four cream-coloured horses which had been thoughtfully provided by Sir POMPEY, and the procession, headed by a brass band playing "*See the Conquering Hero comes*," moved off to the offices of *The Geyser*, where a great public reception had been



OUT OF BOUNDS.

JOHN BULL. "SHOO! SHOO!"



"BEDAD! I DON'T LIKE HIM AT ALL. HE WALKS LAME IN HIS TROT."

organised in honour of the newly liberated Martyr.

After Mr. SIKES had been ushered to the dais amid tumultuous applause, Sir POMPEY made a brief speech welcoming their illustrious guest. Speaking under the influence of obvious emotion, he said that they were met together to celebrate the restoration to liberty and public life of a great, a good, and a much calumniated citizen. Mr. SIKES might have been indiscreet—he for one would never admit it—but he had been cruelly over-punished for what he had done in a moment of expansion. Mr. SIKES's profession was the noblest in the world, for its constant aim was to readjust the inequalities of our social system, and to counteract that monstrous accumulation of riches in a few hands against which President ROOSEVELT had so eloquently protested. And Mr. SIKES was the noblest, because the most uncompromising, member of his profession. He could not trust himself to say much more, as his heart was full, but he must not sit down without informing his hearers that Mr. SIKES had undertaken to write the biography of his late wife under the title of *Nancy, and Why I Killed Her*, the first instalment of which would appear in next Monday's issue of *The Happy Despatch*. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Mr. SIKES, whose rising was the signal for another tempest of applause, said that he never expected such a welcome, but the times had changed during his retirement, and he supposed he must move with the times. His own desire had been to lead a quiet life, but the choice had been taken out of his hands. Remunerative work was offered him, and though he was a novice at journalism he would do his best to satisfy the requirements of his employers.

The Duchess of READING, in a speech of fiery eloquence, said that Society would only be saved by men like Mr. SIKES, who had risen superior to his surroundings and, "by suffering made strong," sprang at one bound from criminality to sanctity. She earnestly hoped that he would not give up to letters what was meant for mankind, but would enter Parliament as a Socialist Member at the earliest opportunity and lead the attack on the House of Lords, the Monarchy and every form of vested interest. As PLATO said somewhere, "*Corruptio pessimi optima.*" Anyone could commit crime, or repent of it, but it was reserved for the few elect souls to emerge from the brutalising ordeal of punishment triumphant and undismayed.

At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman made his way to the platform and asked to be allowed to say a few words. Permission having been courteously granted by Sir POMPEY SZLUSCHER, the newcomer said that he desired to offer his sincere sympathies and condolences to Mr. SIKES. (Interruption and cries of "Why?") The kindest thing that could be done to him was to leave him alone (Shame!), or to assist him privately to make a fresh start in life. (No! No!) Instead of which he was being invested with a sham halo of martyrdom not for his own benefit, but merely to increase the income of pseudo-humanitarians. (Tumult, which only subsided on the speaker being conducted gently but firmly to the coal-shoot.)

The proceedings terminated shortly afterwards with a vote of thanks to Sir POMPEY, proposed by Mr. LEO SLEIMER and seconded by Sir TRAYNER D'OYLY.

THE TRUE STORY OF JACOB SELBY.

I.

Dear Bob,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is, I'm writing a story. It's called *Jacob Selby*, and will be about 100,000 words. I know you will scoff as usual, and say that nothing will ever come of my writing, but I assure you I really am on to a good thing this time. *Jacob Selby*—why, the title alone will sell it! You will see the magic name on all the bookstalls soon, I bet you a shilling.

Yours, Tom.

II.

JACOB SELBY,

By Thomas Meredith.

Chapter One.

When Jacob was a little boy of five his uncle took him to the grave by the hillside on a certain afternoon in May. This had always been the forbidden place to Jacob; and sometimes he had wondered, as he listened to the whispered conversation of his elders, and watched their sidelong glances at one another, whether it was here that the Wicked Man his nurse had told him of had his cave. But on this particular afternoon . . . .

JACOB SELBY,

By Thomas Meredith.

Chapter One.

"I am afraid I do not understand you," said Selby, looking coldly at the other.

"My dear Jacob, surely my meaning is plain enough! All you have to do is——"

"Quite so," answered Jacob. "And then *you*——" He paused meaningly.

The other gave a satisfied laugh. "I see we understand each other after all," he smiled. "*Au revoir*, then," and with a bow he was gone.

Jacob Selby remained by the fire place, a frown upon his handsome face. Georgiana, Lady Manners, had once wittily compared him to

to——

—had once compared him . . . .

JACOB SELBY,

By Thomas Meredith.

Chapter One.

As I sit writing here my dear wife looks over my shoulder and begs prettily that I will pass by nothing of what happened in the apple orchard on that April morning—ah! how many years ago. Through the open window I can see our eldest boy, sturdy rascal that he is, dragging his nurse after him to play some new game or other. Memories rush thick upon me as I watch him—

—as I watch him—

—as I . . . .

III.

Dear Jack,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is, I am writing a play. I have not quite decided on the title yet, but, of course, that can come later. Hero, *Jacob Selby*—George Alexander, I should say. Heroine—but I mustn't give the whole thing away like this.

Yours, Tom.

IV.

Act I.

Scene—*The hall of* Lord Armborough's *country house. Oak settle on right. Fireplace on left.* Lord Armborough, *a middle-aged man of forty-five, is reading the paper in arm-chair* R.C.

Enter a Footman.

Footman. Mr. Selby, my lord.

Lord Armborough. Ha, Jacob!

Selby. Ha, Dick, old man. I just looked in to tell you . . . .

Act I.

Scene—*A Bond Street tea-shop. Enter Chorus of tea-girls.*

Act I.

Scene—*An old Roman temple. Moonlight.*

Enter Jacobus Selbeius.

Selbeius. Now the pale moon——

The paling moon (?)

. . . . moon . . . . palely loitering . . . .

V.

Dear Bill,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is I have nothing very great on at present. Just the usual game; odd paragraphs for odd papers.

Yours, Tom.

VI.

A good story is going the round of the Clubs now, in connection with the appointment of that eminent but little-known Colonial, Jacob Selby, to the post of Comptroller-in-Chief to the Guavan Hinterland. It seems that . . .

Talking of Lord Milner, I wonder how many of my readers have heard this story of Mr. Selby, the well-known American financier. "Jacob," as he is known "on 'Change," was. . . .

A fruit-grower in Suffolk expects great things from a new plum he has just grown. It is called the "Jacob Selby Greengage," after its discoverer's uncle, who claims for it . . . .

VII.

Dear Fred,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is, I have had no luck at all lately. I don't think I've had a line in print for a month. However, a friend has promised to introduce me to the Editor of *Hearth Notes*. . . . It sounds pretty feeble, but I suppose it's better than nothing. You know the sort of thing. Acrostics and Trials in Tact and so forth. . . . Of course I may not get it.

Yours, Tom.

VIII.

J. S., a well-known Clubman, overhears Mrs. A. telling Miss B. that he (J. S.) once proposed to her daughter. J. S., who is an unmarried man of unblemished reputation, did not even know that Mrs. A. had a daughter, and is deeply in love with Miss B. He realises that there may be two Jacob Selbys in the world (Jacob Selby is his name), but at the same time does not think that such an unusual name is a common one. What should he do?

IX.

The Editor of *Hearth Notes* presents his compliments to Mr. Meredith, and regrets that the post for which he has applied is already filled. He does not care about Mr. Meredith's "Trial in Tact."

X.

Thomas Meredith, 25, describing himself as a journalist, was charged with breaking windows in Fleet Street. Accused, who when arrested gave the name of Jacob Selby, together with a false address, was remanded for inquiries.

"Mr. —— has been the sufferer by an extraordinary outrage which has been perpetrated by some persons unknown in his hen run."—*Ramsey Courier.*

Nowadays any old Bramah with money can get into the best Buff Orpington Society, and the result is a scandal of this sort.

According to "Industrial Notes" in *The Times Engineering Supplement*, "It is the practice in New York to summarily arrest any person guilty of causing the emission of smoke into the open air." It is reported that a stranger who was seen smoking a cigar in the street was surrounded by an excited crowd and immediately lynched.

From an official notice of the Pembroke (Dublin) Urban District Council issued in connection with the Acts concerning popular representation:

"A man, peer, or woman, may occupy part of a house separately, although he or she is entitled to the joint use of some other part—for example, a man, peer, or woman, occupying the first-floor front room and having the joint use of a washhouse may occupy part of a house separately."

The Evening Times, in a sketch of the family of Rothes, states that "the seventh Earl was one of Charles II.'s greatest friends. He carried the sword at that monarch's coronation, and always had the King's ear." After a while he must have become quite expert at it.

BALLOONING FOR BEGINNERS.

[Week-end balloon parties, according to *The Car*, are the latest form of country-house attraction.]

BALLOONING is evidently "in the air" just now, and since, as far as we know, there is not at present any manual of etiquette on the subject, we hasten to fill the gap with the following rules which the tyro would do well to commit to memory:—

Never leave the car while in motion especially when at a considerable altitude. It hurts.

***

Do not stick pins into the envelope, even if the balloon *is* a stationary one.

***

Should your grappling-iron "grapple" a harmless old gentleman and lift him off his feet, do not be too angry with him; let him down gently.

***

Take no notice of the rude gibes of passing pedestrians. You can in your position afford to look down on such mere earth-worms.

***

Keep well on the *off* side when turning a sharp corner, and always pass other balloons (which are travelling in the same direction) on the left.

***

Do not throw out empty bottles when passing over densely-populated urban rural districts; they will only get broken.

***

Should you feel an escape of gas, do not try to locate it with a lighted candle. Turn the gas off at the main.

***

When passing over a friend's estate, try and resist the temptation of dropping a sand-bag through his conservatory; somebody may be there, and besides, your friend may be a retaliator and a first-class rifle shot.

***

Above all things do *not* try to be funny in a balloon. When you are drifting over the Channel and are short of ballast, you will soon appreciate the "gravity" of the situation.



LUNCHEON HOUR CONFIDENCES.

"SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN TOOK ME OUT TO DINNER LAST NIGHT—SUCH A WELL MANNERED MAN. D'YOU KNOW, WHEN THE COFFEE COME AND 'E 'D POURED IT IN 'IS SAUCER, INSTEAD OF BLOWING ON IT LIKE A COMMON PERSON, 'E FANNED IT WITH 'IS 'AT!"

THE DUST PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE.

[*Extract from "The Daily Mail" of June 24, 1907.*]

MR. EUSTACE MILES'S great discovery, that dust, when suspended in air charged with petrol fumes, is a powerful counter-irritant to all diseases of the respiratory and alimentary tract, has caused a complete reaction in public opinion, and the problem which confronts the nation is how to make the limited supply cope with the enormous demand. The usual inaction is displayed in official quarters, and private enterprise leads the way in catering for public requirements. Eligible corner sites at crossroads are being eagerly snapped up by the wealthy, while the Pulveropathic Company, Ltd. (the inventor of this name has followed the best classical traditions of medical terminology) is doing wonderful business, and has issued a most attractive prospectus guaranteeing a two-inch surface on the adjoining roads, entire immunity from the water-cart nuisance, and petrol-impregnated dust-baths in visitors' own bedrooms at all hours of the day and night.

Dr. LUNN'S "Highway Motor-Omnibus Tours" (preceded by racing cars) have already achieved a great vogue, and seats must now be booked one month in advance; while promenades in the wake of a petrol-driven road-sweeper are growing popular in all the best centres of intellectual life.

Dust-disturbing in its various forms bids fair to become a powerful industry, and if protected by the Government would give a suitable occupation for the unemployed for six months in the year.

The popularity of the new cure has gripped the heart of the people, and it is almost pathetic when the day's toil is over to see the weary multitudes flocking from the city streets into the country highways, and standing in groups along the grey hedgerows inhaling the beneficent nimbus which hangs like a cloud over the English landscape.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WRESTLING MATCH.

(Reported by Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

WHY, Mr. Editor, you selected *me* as your representative at this memorable contest for the Wrestling Championship of the World is a mystery I cannot attempt to solve. If I ever gave you an impression that I was anything of an athlete, I assure you it must have been quite involuntarily on my part. And certainly wrestling is one of the many sciences with which I do not even profess to be familiar.

So that, when I entered Olympia's Mammoth Stadium (I am afraid, Sir, that the phrase is only too likely to grate upon your editorial ear - but I cannot help it. That is what the Manager calls it, and he might have found some description which you would have liked even less. After all, it's *his* Stadium)—when I entered it, I had serious misgivings that I should be found out at once. In the Press enclosure I should be surrounded by experts and proficients to whom my ignorance would be instantly apparent.

But, on reaching my seat a few yards from the platform, after passing a cordon of officials in red scarves who rather reminded me of a Demonstration in Hyde Park, I was relieved to find that my journalistic *confrères* did not look so very formidable; they were mild spectacled gentlemen mostly, of all ages, and it struck me that in most cases their knowledge of wrestling must be purely theoretical.

It was about eight o'clock, and a gentleman on the platform in what is known as "faultless evening dress" was endeavouring to tell the audience all about two competitors for one of the preliminary bouts which the audience apparently did not want to know, as they intimated with refreshing candour. But he got his way in the end, and the bout began. It was in the "Græco-Roman" style, which, as you are probably aware, Sir, differs in many important respects from the "Catch-as-catch-can." If you ask me in *what* respects, I am not sure that I should find it easy to tell you but they *do* differ.

I asked a fellow-critic next me, and discovered that he was equally vague on the subject.

But, so far as I could observe during the evening, the Græco-Romans remain perpendicular for longer periods, while most of the "Catch-as-catch-canning" seemed to me to be done lying down on the mat in an inextricable tangle, like a pair of pink boa-constrictors.

During these preliminary bouts, which formed as it were the *hors d'œuvre* to the *pièce de résistance*, I made strenuous efforts to get my eye in, and follow the proceedings at least closely enough to discover which wrestler was getting the best of it. I cannot say that either my neighbour or I was very successful until the Master of the Ceremonies announced the result which was never by any chance what we had anticipated. Perhaps this was because all that we could see during the greater part of the struggle was a view of what *Uncle Remus* might refer to as the "behime-ends" of the champions, and even when one behime-end was clad in cherry-coloured shorts and the other in sky-blue, they afforded little or no indication of the prowess of their respective possessors. At least I found that the "behime-end" I had connected with victory invariably turned out to belong to the vanquished. In one contest I noticed that one of the gentlemen engaged seemed to have inserted his fingers inside the other gentleman's mouth, which, however intimate they might be in their private relations, I should have thought was a liberty that would naturally be resented.

On consulting the rules I discovered that, although one party is forbidden to scratch another, or pull his ear, there is no express prohibition against either pulling his nose, or putting a hand in his mouth, which are matters left to the individual taste and discretion of the competitors.

For over an hour we watched couples of bull-necked gladiators rolling over one another, and the spectacle, as a spectacle, seemed to me to be wanting in the element of classic beauty - it was strenuous but scarcely statuesque. Then came a wait of about a quarter of an hour, beguiled by music from the orchestra, which interval the occupants of the five-shilling seats in the Gallery employed in swarming down into the vacant two-guinea stalls, where they no doubt were cordially welcomed by the few who had paid the larger sum for a good view of the event of the evening.

At last the band, with a prophetic strain that was perhaps a little previous, struck up "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*," which changed, with as doubtful appropriateness, into "*The Red, White and Blue*," as the Terrible Turk mounted the platform. He may have felt quite cheerful and confident—but he did not look it. As he stalked to his corner, he strongly suggested some chilly bather at a French watering-place, going to take his morning dip on principle but without enthusiasm.

Shortly afterwards, to the sounds of the Russian National Anthem (I suppose, if the orchestra had known the Turkish one, they would have played MADRALI in to it but surely even the "*Turkish Patrol March*" would have had more local colour than the tune they actually provided for him), HACKENSCHMIDT entered.

It struck me that he was not looking happy either. He came up in a brown dressing-gown with very much the air of a householder who rather fancies he has heard burglars in the house, and has at last made up his mind to get up and see what is going on.

After him came the Referee, a pleasant-looking, grey-haired gentleman in a dinner-jacket, who literally tripped, and all but fell, up the steps. The Gallery greeted him familiarly as "Good ole GEORGE," and "Good ole White 'Un."

The M.C. advanced and informed us that he "now made the announcement of the event of the evening, and probably the greatest event of the century" (which, at this early stage of it, seemed a rash prediction); there was a flourish of trumpets, and then the two champions shook hands with all the cordiality to be expected in the circumstances, and retired to their respective corners.

Then they advanced, and went through a process which I understand is called "manœuvring for the neck-hold," though it appeared that either would have been perfectly content to grab the other by the ankle or wrist. Occasionally this happened, and then the grabber would let go as though on calmer reflection he preferred some other limb of his antagonist.

Then, so it seemed to me, HACKENSCHMIDT must have suddenly proposed a game at bears, for he went down on all fours, while the Turk, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, hugged him tightly from behind, and "Good ole GEORGE" bent down and examined them both attentively, amidst exhortations from the Gallery (who seemed to consider this a piece of impertinent curiosity on his part) to "Get out of the light," and "Keep off the mat." As usual, I could only see the "behime ends," from which I could draw no inferences - till all at once there was a roar, and when I saw HACKENSCHMIDT being congratulated I divined (correctly) that the Terrible Turk had had the first fall.

Another interval of ten minutes with music, spent by HACKENSCHMIDT in his own dressing-room, and by the Turk, who looked a surprised and distinctly "sick" man, in sitting in his corner of the platform enjoying what appeared to be a severe jobation from his second. And presently HACKENSCHMIDT returned, and the second bout opened. Once or twice the Referee intervened—why, I could not understand, for they appeared to me to be getting on very nicely indeed. So thought the Gallery evidently, as they recommended the "White 'un" to "Go away and leave 'em alone."

Then the champions began to "play at bears" once more,



A LIKELY CUSTOMER!

Ratcatcher. "Beg pardon, Ma'am, but if you ever want a few nice lively rats for that there little dawg o' yours to play with, I'm your man!"

and this time even my limited acquaintance with the rules of the game told me that the top bear was unmistakably the Terrible Turk. Then once more something happened which I was unable to follow—but the upshot was that the unfortunate Turk was under-bear and lost the match.

His conqueror skipped from the platform amidst tremendous cheering and violent thumps on the back, while a section in the Gallery, who would no doubt describe themselves as true British sportsmen, booed the defeated champion as he slowly followed.

Shall I be exposing my lack of the true sporting instinct if I own I was glad to see that neither of the giants seemed any the worse physically for their exertions? If they had been seriously damaged, I am not sure that I should have enjoyed my evening a bit more. Anyhow, I hope not. After they had retired, the crowd stormed the platform and began carefully to examine the mat, though I don't know what they expected to find on it. One enthusiastic sportsman, however, succeeded in carrying off a little souvenir—a bottle which had been left in Hackenschmidt's corner, and which was labelled "Special Scotch."

It was not empty, but somehow I fancy he found the contents disappointing. I like to think it contained liniment.

F. A.

Carted Novices.

The Field announces "Practical Hints for Hunting Novices." We should imagine that the whole business consists in first catching your novice, and then hunting him.

SOME CLICHÉS.

Mr. Basil Tozer, in the May number of *The Author*, protests against the hackneyed similes which prevail in the majority of present-day novels, where, for instance, the young ladies have hair invariably resembling (1) a raven's wing, (2) burnished copper, (3) burnished gold, with "Cupid's bows" and "dainty shells" doing duty for other features. The matter is undoubtedly urgent, and something must be done to preserve the taste of the romance-reading public. We can but make the sporting offer of a small assortment of figures of speech to the purveyors of this class of literature. Subject to the ordinary wear and tear, they should prove serviceable for the next five publishing seasons at least. We suggest, therefore, that forthcoming heroines should be re-equipped with some of the following embellishments:

Tresses, like (1) the pinion of a rook, (2) peroxide of hydrogen, (3) American "rolled gold."

Mouth, *à la* Jew's harp or Venus's fly-trap.

Teeth outvying the morbid growths in an oyster-shell.

Eyes that rival pools of ink, Reckitt's blue, Kentish cobnuts, or dog violets.

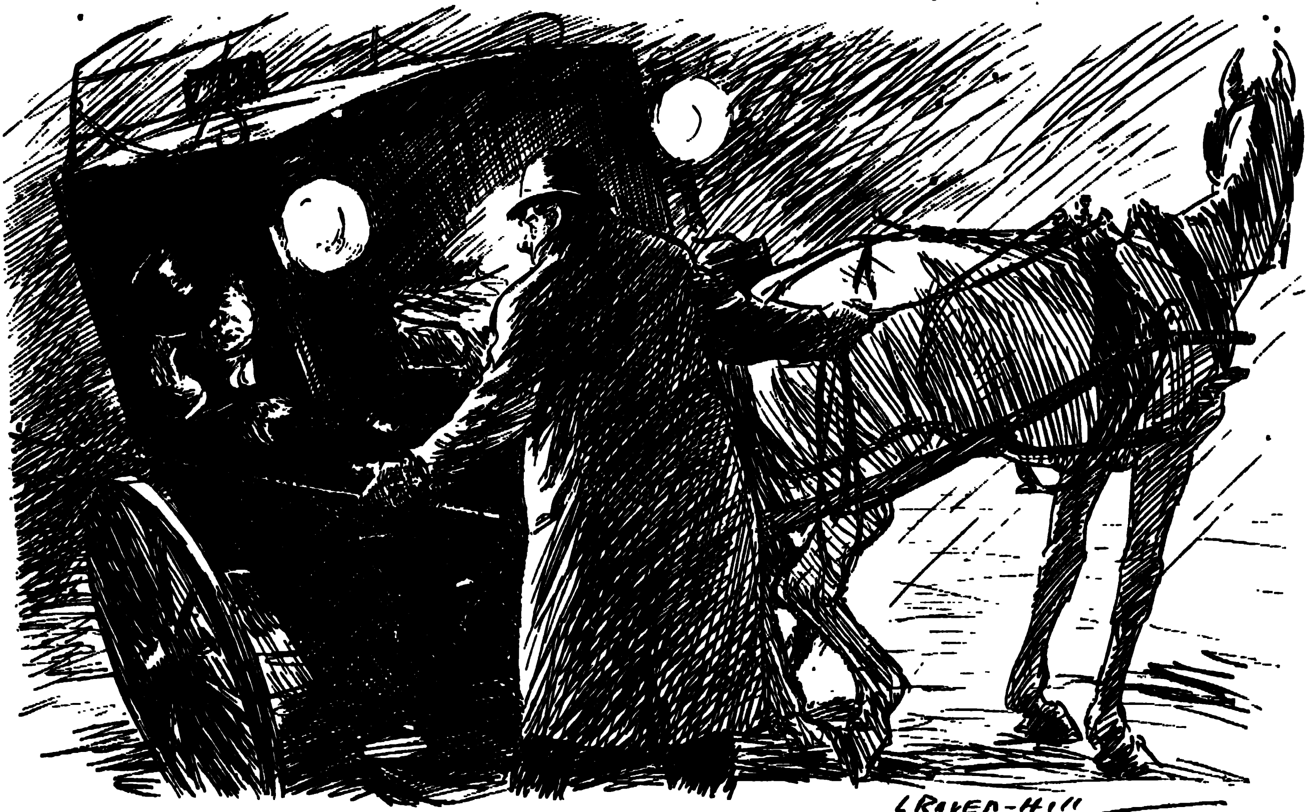
Eyebrows stippled with an artist's hand.

Ears, like (*a*) the half of a bivalve, (*b*) a periwinkle.

Forehead, smooth as celluloid or a hard-boiled egg.

Complexion, dazzling as the finest pearl-powder salts of bismuth.

And so on with the rest of the catalogue. We hope the above are sufficient to indicate a possible manner of furbishing up some ancient formulæ, and, animated with the deepest sense of philanthropy, we reserve no copyright whatsoever.



Belated Traveller. "WHA'S MATTER?"
Cabby. "'ERE'S A NICE GO! ONE OF THE FRONT WHEELS 'AS BIN AN' COME OFF!"
B. T. "WELL, KNOCK OFF T' OTHER, AN' MAKE THE BEASTLY THING A HANSOM!"

THE LIT. PAR. MADE TOPICAL.

(With apologies to too many journalists.)

IN view of the fact that a bomb was recently found smouldering on the window sill of ex-President LOUBET's residence in the South of France, there should be a considerable demand for a work on Old Provence which Mr. DAWNLEIGH FOAM has in preparation.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

The recent fire at San Francisco, which is so generally deplored, lends interest to a new book which is about to be issued by Messrs. BROWN AND YOUNGER, entitled *An Inveterate Matchmaker*.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Mr. FLOPTON WING's new novel, *Anticipation*, will be published by Mr. SHORT this week. Its appearance is very timely when we remember how we have all been looking forward to the Derby.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

In connection with the interest that is being taken in the ELLEN TERRY memorial which a daily paper has set on foot, there is likely to be a run on the forthcoming art volume entitled *From Peg Woffington to Mrs. Jordan*, by Sir HENRY BIFF, which will be published by Messrs. DEKKLE AND EDGE, a limited edition at three guineas each.

The new volume of the *Cambridge History* comes out very opportunely at this moment, when Education is, so to speak, in the air.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Whatever may be the truth as to the fate of Father GAPON, of which so much has been written of late, there is no doubt that the mystery will quicken public interest in the new sixpenny edition of JAMES PAYN's *Lost Sir Massingberd* which is promised by Messrs. BURLEIGH AND FRY.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

The first session of the Duma, now sitting in Russia, lends a topical interest to a work shortly to be published by Messrs. BLOOMER AND BLUFF. Its title is *The Two Dumas, père et fils*, and the author is the well-known essayist, Mr. ADDLESTONE EGHAM.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Publicists who are anxiously following the course of events in Natal can hardly dispense with a careful perusal of Mr. LE BOO's new romance *The Wastrel's Revenge*, in which the hero runs away from school because of his intense hatred of *Colenso's Arithmetic*. The publishers are Messrs. SKINNER AND FLINT.

* * * *

The opening of the cricket season and the revival of some of its vexed questions lends a peculiar significance to the publication by Messrs. ODD, ODDER, and ODDEST of Dr. BOANERGES BIMMS' new volume of sermons, *The Narrow Wicket-gate*.

RONDEAU OF THE SPEAKER'S DINNER.

A HURRIED chop behind a screen,
Oblivious to hygiene,
I swallow in unwholesome haste,
The precious moments not to waste
When absent from the busy scene.

Rich dainties of the hot tureen,
Fish, entrée, joint, *p'tit verre* of green
Chartreuse—farewell! 'tis mine to taste
A hurried chop.

Then back to hear, with brow serene,
Wit, humour, satire, folly, spleen,
Torrents of eloquence misplaced—
Till, when Obstruction grows bare-faced,
I give it, with the guillotine,
A hurried chop.

The Candid Family Man.

"HOUSEKEEPER, Working, Wanted for Farm in District; four Cows; two in household."—*Laurencekirk Observer*.



BULL-STICKERS BEWARE!

[Mr. BIRRELL's Education Bill came up for Second Reading on Monday.



Infuriated Motorist (to Waggoner, who has made him stop). "WHAT THE DICKENS DID YOU MAKE US STOP FOR? YOUR HORSE IS NOT FRIGHTENED?"

Waggoner. "NAW, SHE'S NO FEAR. BUT I JUST DIDNA WANT MA NEW HAT TAE BE SPOILT WI' DUST FRAE YOUR AULD RUMBLER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.—JOKIM seated over the clock in the Peers' Gallery, preserving that appearance of renewed youth that flushed him when he took off his coat to fight DON JOSÉ's Fiscal heresy, listened to-night to the exposition of the 43rd Budget at whose birth he has been present. Some have been his own bantlings, born in the epoch immediately following the memorable crisis when GRANDOLPH, "for getting GOSCHEN," left the Treasury Bench never to return. In his time has heard the magnificent orations in which Mr. G. threw a glamour over Customs and Excise duties, making almost pleasant the duty of paying an extra penny on the Income Tax. He listened to BOB LOWE's trifling with the Match Tax, irresistibly tempted by the lure of a Latin tag. LOWE had his jest ("*Ex luce lucellum*"), and they had his estate.

He was familiar with STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's placid speech; witnessed HICKS BEACH's bloodless dissection of the body corporate of Finance; looked on whilst RITCHIE conducted his mock auction with the Income Tax "Will you have a penny off? Shall I make it twopence? Then it shall be threepence;" was present when HARCOURT triumphantly proclaimed the Death Duties which, as he subsequently lamented, enabled his successors to carry on the war in South Africa, to give doles to the parson, and to reduce the burden of the landowner.

With all his long experience never heard a Budget speech on model of ASQUITH's. To say that it did not contain a classical quotation is to affirm maintenance of the modern manner which asserted itself when Mr. G. retired from the Treasury; but there were no jokes, nor any attempt at their manufacture. The MEMBER FOR SARK, whose recollections stop short of JOKIM's only by a decade, does not recall a precedent for this humane attitude. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, his secret yet undisclosed, sways an almost servile audience. They nearly burst with laughing at the meanest ebullition of machine-made humour. CHANCELLORS OF THE EXCHEQUER, being after all to a certain extent human, rarely resist the temptation. ASQUITH, above all things a business man, had a widespread lofty mass of intricate figures to expound. Literary grace, scholarly erudition, eloquent phrases, above all little jokes, might well await another opportunity. His Budget speech will, amongst other things, be memorable for the fact that it opened without exordium, closed without peroration. Straightway he plunged into the sea of statistics and with strong, sure stroke pursued his course to the appointed haven.

For the first time in a long Parliamentary career he addressed the House for the length of two hours. As a rule forty minutes serves a man who, in whatsoever crisis, has something to say with every sentence. It is the surplusage of reiteration, the inability to come to grips with one's own or the adversary's argument, that is responsible for long speeches. Avoiding these constitutional weaknesses, ASQUITH frequently concludes his speech within the limit of time another man appropriates for preliminary observations. His first Budget speech was a model of lucidity and, notwithstanding its two hours' flow, of skilful compression.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Tuesday night.—The chivalrous in-

stinct that permanently underlies the manner of the House of Commons had fresh illustration to-day. Everyone regrets occasion of absence of SON AUSTEN when, yesterday, Budget was introduced. His successor at the Treasury, opening his speech, made graceful, sympathetic reference to the incident.

DON JOSÉ, on Front Opposition Bench, shared its desolation with PRINCE ARTHUR. Latter attempts to ward off sad thoughts, divert attention from too closely dwelling on circumstances of adversity, by study. Brought down with him this afternoon what looked like a Book of Devotions. Producing it from breast pocket, bent reverential eyes on its closely-printed double-column page, what time ASQUITH endeavoured to put off REDMOND *aîné* with sympathetic words carefully selected so as not to involve inconvenient pledges. It is the old question of alleged over-taxation of Ireland. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, like the late General TROCHU, has a plan. He and the CHIEF SECRETARY brood over it day and night. Next year it will be fully fashioned. Meanwhile Ireland must be content and hopeful.

Throughout this little fencing match, and for an hour later whilst others spoke, DON JOSÉ sat grimly silent. House nearly empty when he unexpectedly rose. When he sat down after three-quarters of an hour's speech every bench was filled. His business naturally was to "go for" the Government in general, ASQUITH in particular. But he could not forget the latter's reference to "my right hon. friend, the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," and made warm acknowledgment.

Homage paid to sentiment, he proceeded to business. House, wiping its aged eyes, dim with tears at the affecting incident, gasped for breath as DON JOSÉ proceeded with amazing speech. The Budget, he remarked, is humdrum, commonplace. Still, in the main, it is the Budget of the outgoing Government. A poor thing, but mine own. "We provided the surplus; we framed the Estimates." Some details are faulty, the reduction of the Tea Duty, for example. But wherein there is anything creditable in the scheme, anything conducive to welfare of the people, then it belongs to "my right hon. friend, the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," and his colleagues.

Credit was taken by ASQUITH for stern sacrifice to sound finance by insisting on overwhelmed tax-payer contributing an extra half-million to service of the debt. Pooh! DON JOSÉ "could say authoritatively that, if it had fallen to the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to deal with his own surplus, he would have made a much larger contribution than this."

Then the Coal Tax. "My right hon. friend" whilst still at the Treasury had made up his mind it must go.

Thus one by one were the props withdrawn from the swelling figure of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who awoke this morning to find his Budget applauded from both political camps. He was a pricked bladder, nothing left of him but a crumpled handful of casing. Collapse made more striking by the figure of "my right hon. friend," inflated by fond paternal breath, slowly filling out to majestic proportions.

House so taken aback by this manœuvre that for a while it sat silent. But when DON JOSÉ, changing air of banter for attitude of severest condemnation, accused ASQUITH, his colleagues, and the Liberal Party as a body, of dangling promise of Old Age Pensions as a bribe to the electorate, the spell was broken. A Homeric peal of laughter from the now crowded Ministerial benches filled the Chamber. Entering into the joke of the thing, they punctuated the rest of DON JOSÉ's speech with laughter and ironical cheers.

Business done.—Some Budget Resolutions agreed to.

Wednesday. Everyone glad to see C.-B. back again, restored to health by Channel ozone. Has been at Dover for a fortnight, like GOLDENROD,

> Rocked by breezes,
> Touched with tender light,
> Fed by dews,
> And sung to by the sea.

The Opposition unite with faithful Ministerialists in the hearty cheer that welcomes his re-appearance from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.

Came in time to hear promising maiden speech from one of his young men. LULU, in charge of Bill limiting privilege of voting at Parliamentary elections to a single effort, sparkled with quiet humour. Speech had advantage of being delivered in musical voice with modest manner. FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS is a decided acquisition to debating power on the Treasury Bench.

Bill created consternation in Conservative ranks. Sound Constitutionalists see in it another prized privilege lopped off by Radical hands. In the final Parliament of the last century sat a Member whose proud boast it was that by taking thought (and express trains) he succeeded within the space of twelve hours in voting in eleven constituencies. When this Bill is added to Statute Book he will be saved some railway fares.

"What we're coming to I really don't know," said DIXON-HARTLAND wearily. "On the very day we have this Ministry bringing in a Bill abolishing plural voting, we read in the papers of a publican putting up a notice that he will serve customers with only one drink per diem. What with one man one vote and one man one pint, our beloved country is hurrying to the dogs."

Business done.—Justices of the Peace Bill and other measures advanced.

NEOLOGIC TERMINOLOGICS.

[In an article contributed to the second volume of "Sociological Papers," which has just appeared, Mr. STUART GLENNIE uses the words "neotechnics," "eupolitics," "demiurgics," and "archontagogic kalliagogics."]

How oft in my search after knowledge
At college,
When Greeks would appear to talk rot,
I turned for advice to your pages,
Ye sages,
Omniscient LIDDELL and SCOTT!
And seldom you failed to discover a clue
To PINDAR and PLATO and ÆSCHYLUS too;
You straightened the crookedest passage, for you
Were still (so to speak) on the spot.

And now from the shelf of dust
Where many a year you have lain
In a cloud of smoke and fust and must
I take you down again.
Full many a riddle you've read for me,
But this is the worst of any;
For nothing that dates from your old B.C.,
However corrupt the MS. may be,
Is half so tough
As this terrible stuff
By Mr. STUART GLENNIE.

I plunge in its abysms,
And there I find
With wondering mind
Most weird neologisms.
Yet with your aid, immortal twain,
I struggle, not, at first, in vain.
At "neotechnics" I can guess;
"Eupolitics" perchance express
A kind of meaning more or less;
And "demiurgics," too, appear
To hint at something, though, I fear,
Precisely what, is not quite clear.

But then I find a phrase
Most unexpectedly let off on us,
That throws the startled senses in a maze—
Fantastical and most kakophonous.
Not all your learning, deathless pair,
Can tell the meaning hidden there—
Your wit, nor all your lion's share
Of sage etymologics!
Your pages eagerly I con;
Alas, they shed small light upon
The force of—what is it?—Archontagogic kalliagogics.

Ah, LIDDELL and SCOTT, you may help one a lot
In common or garden Hellenics,
But 'twill take all your art to assist us to start
On the Greek of these queer Stuart-glennics.

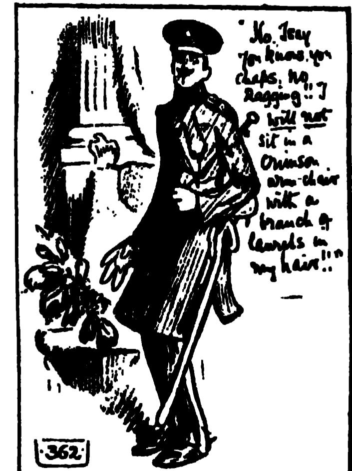


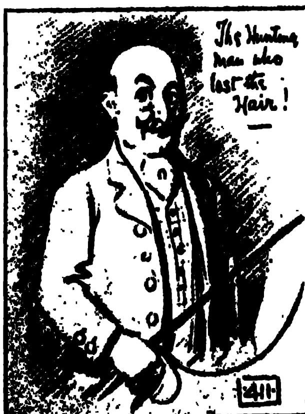
















ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES—RE-VARNISHED.

LONDON THE LURID.

(*Being a respectful amplification of Mr. George R. Sims' "Mysteries of Modern London."*)

INTRODUCTION.

THE time has gone by to look upon London with an unsuspicious eye. London must henceforward stand forth in its true colours as the capital of crime, the metropolis of mystery, the nexus of nepotism.

If it were realised that scores of people whose death has been accomplished by the hand of the assassin are quietly buried in London cemeteries every year without the slightest suspicion of wrong, the public would be startled. But the fact remains.

It may be stated as an axiom that no murderer is ever caught. The few murderers who are brought to the scaffold are victims of the police. Real murderers, who may be counted by thousands, always escape and settle in London.

CHAPTER I. *Dark Houses.*

The strange, the weird, the romantic, may be found at every turn of the great maze of mystery which is called London. The homes of mystery and romance lie often at our very doors, unknown and unexpected. We pass a scene which the novelist or the dramatist could turn to thrilling account, and to us it suggests not even a passing thought of wonder.

Yet there is no end to the death-dealing agencies of London. Poisoned doormats that strike up through the soles of the boots. Knockers that delicately abrade the skin and communicate their fatal essences. Bell-pushes that wound through the thumb. There are some houses where no wise man ever calls.

CHAPTER IV. *Life-long Masquerades.*

Most of the men you see in London are really women in disguise; most of the women, men. The members of the Lyceum Club are nearly all men.

CHAPTER X. *Summary Justice.*

Private executions are by no means the uncommon things that people suppose. Many an opulent and respected City man, whose word is his bond in Lombard Street, maintains a guillotine or scaffold, or even electrocution chair, in his West End house, and keeps a private cemetery in the country. I know of one such in Kent.

CHAPTER XII. *Secret Chambers.*

When the interior of a house is set upon the stage, the fourth wall is always down in order that the audience may see what is going on. In real life the dramas within the domestic interior are played with the fourth wall up. Sometimes through the windows we may catch a passing glance of domestic comedy, but when it comes to drama, care is taken that no passer-by shall have a free entertainment.

Most London houses have secret chambers; and the older houses secret passages too, communicating with graveyards. One walks along a quite ordinary and outwardly respectable and obvious street, such as Gower Street, little recking of the dark tragedies that are going on behind the fourth wall: murder, skeletons, &c. There is one house in Gower Street that not only has a secret chamber, filled with bones, but also a moat and portcullis. But this is not exceptional. There is a house in Cromwell Road from which no butler ever emerged alive.



AT THE WRESTLING MATCH.

Enthusiastic Old Gent. "GO ON, SONNY! STICK 'OLD OF 'IS 'EAD."

CHAPTER XVII. *The Sombre Bus.*

One of the most curious psychological problems that confront the criminologist is the affection for omnibuses which criminals evince. They cannot keep out of them. Never trust any one in an omnibus. London omnibuses are in reality so many Black Marias *manquées*. It would be quite safe for a Scotland Yard inspector to mount the box and drive any of them straight to Bow Street.

CHAPTER XXI. *Tragic Obliterations.*

There are streets and squares and terraces in London which have been renamed in order that they may no longer be associated in the specialist's mind with the dark deeds of which they have been the scene. Sometimes, where the renaming has been a difficult one, the houses have been renumbered. But many remain as they were, and Londoners pass them daily and hourly, little dreaming of the drama that once made them notorious.

What was Piccadilly before it was Piccadilly? Ah!

No house agent would dare to tell you all he knows.

Why do house agents so often retire and make room for new partners? Because their burden of dark knowledge is more than they can bear. The asylums are full of house agents.

CHAPTER XXXIII. *Restaurants.*

Everyone you see in a restaurant is a political refugee engaged in hatching a plot against authority. Especially the women. The waiters are all in league with them.

CHAPTER XLI.—*Disappearances.*

One day a man whom I knew a prosperous suburban tradesman went into a City office the office of a firm with whom he had business transactions. He paid an account, and said he should come back late in the afternoon to give an order. He was going to his bank to cash a cheque.

He was seen within a few hundred yards of that bank by an acquaintance, but he never cashed the cheque, and he was never heard of again.

Where is he? Cloak-room attendant at one of the opium dens that are so common all over London? Croupier at one of the gambling hells in Kensington High Street? Where is he? And this is only one of many cases. Think of all the sailors and passengers who are missing when their ship has gone down in mid ocean! Where are they? For the sea is not so poor a melodramatist as to drown them. No, they are all somewhere, leading double lives.

CHAPTER LII. *Deceitful Shop Fronts.*

How would you like to be mangled to death? Yet it is not uncommon. Who would think that those innocent-looking little laundries that one passes, where the girls are ironing and talking so brightly, are really death-traps? No one ever came through a mangle alive. In 1893, Mr. WILLIAM PESKYBORE, the inventor, was walking along Park Lane. He stopped and entered a laundry there to complain about his collars. He has never been seen since. This is only one of thousands of cases.

Umbrella shops are rarely what they

seem. The umbrella is the commonest medium for the secret conveyance of nitro-glycerine and other explosives used by the anarchists who infest our city. The wise man purchasing an umbrella always takes the one offered him by the shopman. No knowing what might happen if he touched one of the others. In 1881 an umbrella shop in Leather Lane caught fire and burned out. Everyone attributed the fire to a gas explosion. *It was not gas.*

CHAPTER LVI. *The Hiding of the Dead.*

If only the back gardens of London could tell their secrets! Oh if walls had tongues or even knew the deaf and dumb language! Many a motor-car is a tumbril in disguise. You have seen those broughams that drive about nominally filled with drapers' patterns? What do they really contain? Ah!

CHAPTER THE LAST. - *The London Morgue.*

It is generally thought that London has no Morgue. But this is not true. Every London house is a Morgue.

ACCORDING to *The Morning Post*, the start of the Marathon Race took place at Marathon at three P.M. on May 1. "The winner," it goes on, "arrived at Athens two months ago. He ran splendidly, and finished as fresh as paint." This is, of course, easily a record, beating the previous best by two months, two hours, and fifty-eight minutes. After reading of it we do not wonder that the winner is uncertain whether his name is HERRING or SHERRING. Personally we incline to HERRING, having just read in the papers that "a plaice, which travelled 200 miles in ten weeks, has been caught off the Irish coast." There is evidently some sort of movement going on in the fish world.

"To ask the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS if his attention has been called to the following:—

"Pork Butcher, young, married, requires Situation; cure, make smalls, Germans; kill if required; good references." —*Evening News.*

"To ask what steps, if any, he will take to deal with this threat to a great and friendly nation (*loud cheers*); and whether the references mentioned were from the late Government (*groans*); and if the German Government has made any representations on the subject."

WE are always glad to see our dumb fellow creatures showing a spirit of independence, and we are particularly pleased with a horse who advertises as follows in the *Bath Herald*:—

"Useful Brown Cob, 14-2. Good and reliable in any harness. Owner no further use."

THE PHILTERED CUP.

THE Covent Garden Opera Syndicate grows confident to the verge of tyranny. It opened the season's operations last Thursday with one of the most exacting of WAGNER'S music-dramas; ordered us in on empty stomachs at seven o'clock; and turned the lights out so that we could not look at one another, but had to concentrate ourselves on the heavy business in hand. I don't know what we had done to deserve this, and I disapprove of being treated like a child. (King ALFONSO, I notice, agrees with me. He preferred to go to the Aldwych, where they keep the lights up.) It is not that I am afraid of the dark; and of course there is no real danger to your pockets, even though you may be sitting next to a dramatic critic; but I had bought a book of the words, and should have liked to follow the sense of it all. I am sure that WAGNER himself would



A LONG STRONG PULL AT THE PHILTERED CUP.
Isolde . . . Frau Wittich.
Tristan . . . Herr Anton Burger.

have wished me to grasp the meaning of his music; for that it always means something I am honestly convinced. And with the book of the words to help me, if I had been allowed to use it, I might, for instance, have understood, when I saw the two lovers gazing speechlessly at one another for something under five minutes, with half the width of *Isolde's* very roomy private cabin between them, that they really had plenty to say, but were waiting for the orchestra to catch up with the situation. I might further have gathered that the Cup, in which the germs of death were believed to lurk, actually contained a *philtron*, or amatory potion; whereas, from seeing it jerked about in a series of dramatic spasms and recklessly held aloft at impossible angles, I concluded that it was empty by the time it reached the gentleman's lips.

No, if the lights must be turned down somewhere, let them be turned down on the stage. Then some illusion might be preserved. As it was, if I may say it without discourtesy, the somewhat opulent figures of *Tristan* and *Isolde* offered little correspondence with one's conception of a pair of relatively youthful lovers, to say nothing of the emaciation which commonly attends an ill-starred passion. What is it in the physical conditions of the Fatherland that makes it so difficult for German Opera to secure singers who shall convey some sort of impression of the heroic type in its early vigour and grace? If such vocalists are not to be had, why not select actors for the suitability of their physique and let them move through their parts in dumb pantomime while the singing is being done in the wings?

It was the boast of WAGNER that in his music-dramas he aimed at a combination of the arts in which each should have its fair share. I will not dare to advance the heresy that it is still the music (dramatic music, I admit) that comes first and the rest where they can. But I may safely say that the plastic art is left to take its own chance when an actor is chosen without due regard to the question of his ability to look the part.

Frau WITTICH, at her best in the less strenuous passages, sang admirably, and played with fine intelligence. Herr ANTON BURGER, though his appearance was not heroic, and though he never seemed quite comfortable on the blue rug that covered the garden seat, did justice to the beauty of the famous love duet and to that most exquisite of airs in which he resigns himself to death—

"Es ist das dunkel
Nächt'ge Land."

I withdrew after this, knowing that *Tristan* was a perfect vulture at the swan-song, and would take a most unconscionable time in dying; also that I was leaving things quite safe in the mobile hands of Dr. RICHTER.

SPURRED on by the example of journalistic tact that we gave the other week, *The Amateur Photographer* explains the Amateur Photographer Plaque in these words:

"The subject represents Photography seated at the feet of Art, having laid down for the moment she too must go, where, above the liar to her craft, whilst her sister points the way the camera and other appliances peentemple of knowledge, the sun shines."

We must confess that there was one dreadful moment in the fifth line when we were afraid the sun would never shine again.

SCENE—*Village School.*

Vicar's Wife. Now can any of you children tell me of *another* ark?

Bright Child. 'Ark the 'Erald Angels Sing?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF the reader turns to *Six Years at the Russian Court* (HURST AND BLACKETT) with expectation of finding tit-bits of scandal or malicious glimpses of Imperial privacy, he or she will be disappointed. Miss EAGAR was for six years governess to the CZAR'S children, and, moving about with them and the Court, had full opportunity of observing Imperial Majesty at close quarters. In her record she is discreet even to the point of dulness. Political questions are not even hinted at, and when here and there she discourses upon the social condition of Russia her remarks are not of the informing character that create appetite for more. The best parts of the book are those devoted to the nursery, of which, and its little occupants, we get many glimpses. The Grand Duchess OLGA, eldest of four girls, is clever and original, with a pretty turn for sketching. Education in some other directions lacks finish. When the war broke out the little Grand Duchess gave expression to the pious hope that the Russian soldiers would "kill all the Japanese, not leaving even one alive." It being explained to her that the Japanese had wives and children and a country to fight for, she thoughtfully replied, "I did not know that the Japs were people like ourselves. I thought they were only like monkeys." Grim contrast is suggested when we come across the CZAR in his Winter Palace, or at Tsarskoe Selo, listening to the prattle of his children while his Empire is being battered in the Far East.

My mind is made up, Sir, by hook or by crook
To review *Richard Baldock*, a capital book.
Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, who wrote it, is known
As a writer of excellent temper and tone.
Imagine a boy (you have been one yourself,
Before you got grey and were laid on the shelf),
A jolly, high-spirited, natural boy,
With a hatred for shams and a liking for joy.
His mamma being dead, you will find you would rather
Have this lady alive than his Puritan father,
A vicar whose thoughts seem to dwell on the tomb,
And to blame boys and men for their freedom from gloom.
The book as you read it makes painfully clear
The checks that impeded young *Richard's* career.
It is published by RIVERS; I much recommend it,
And if you begin it you're certain to end it.

Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait is the theme to which AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE have addressed themselves in their new book *If Youth but knew* (SMITH, ELDER). For their type of ignorant youth the authors have chosen to present to us, in *Count Waldorff-Kielmansegg*, a pompous, self-satisfied prig, with a heart of much baser metal than the leg of the lady, his namesake with a slight difference, in TOM HOOD'S rhyme. As his countertype we have a veteran fiddler, who pops up at every turn with a *répertoire* of *leit-motifs* for the youth's better admonishment, to save him from the wilful pride by which his own past was irretrievably blighted. I could have wished that the authors had set themselves the more difficult task of illustrating the two phases of their theme in a single person; but there was the need of a happy ending, and no doubt they knew their affair.

The book has neither the sustained passion of their best work, *Rose of the World;* nor the sustained artificiality proper to the life pictured in *A Bath Comedy* and *The Incomparable Bellairs*. Intrigue, escapades, a frowning castle and an *oubliette* provide the regulation elements of romance. The burlesque Westphalian Court of *not' p'tit frère Jérome* furnishes the kind of background which is so good for the display of historical colour and erudition in uniforms. The hearts of the virginal *Sidonia* and the antic fiddler young April and reminiscent December, that have no part, either of them, in the midsummer pomp of passion—supply the thin red blood of sentiment. It is all picturesque and pleasant enough, but fails, except for a few chapters towards the end, to hold the reader by its spell. These charming authors are incapable of producing anything that is not graceful and refined and scholarly; but one has half a suspicion that their work comes a little too easy to them—perhaps because there are two to make the labour light.

Mr. LANCELOT SPEED'S illustrations have real merit. They show a very sincere sympathy with the authors' design, and have many touches of pure feeling and imagination.

Lo, Messrs. NEWNES have published at the price
Of three-and-six apiece these volumes three
(Their print is pleasant and their binding nice)
Of BYRON'S varied mass of poetry.
Thin-paper classics are they, but to me
What most appeals is this:—that they are bound
In lambskin, like the wolf who fain would be
Mistaken for a sheep, and scheming found
Sheep's clothing best to help him as he prowled around.

There is a fine breezy out-of-door atmosphere about *A Man of No Family* (HUTCHINSON). C. C. & E. M. MOTT know not only all about horses, but are equally at home on the cricket field and by the trout stream. The hero of the story, *Joe Darkyn*, is a sort of *Mr. Smith*, "a part of whose life" was told by MRS. WALFORD to a former generation. A commonsense, honest, straightforward man, he goes about his business just as he rides to hounds—straight, fearless, and with judgment. A brewer by trade, only one remove from the founder of his firm, and therefore not yet eligible for a Peerage, he finds himself accepted in county society, a much more exclusive set than is met with in Mayfair. Falling in love with the daughter of the *Earl of Melborough*, he does not see why he should not marry her; nor, when the question is put, does she. The *Melborough* family—the Earl, his sister, and his Countess, especially the latter—are admirably drawn. I have not before come across work by these authors. If it is a first essay in novel writing it is singularly free from amateurish touch.

Glasgow Men and Women (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has a wider interest than its name implies. The book is a selection from sketches from life by A. S. BOYD, whose pencil is not unfamiliar in the pages of *Mr. Punch*. Originally published in local journals, they form a valuable contribution to the history of the last quarter of a century. Turning over the pages of the portly volume in which they are admirably reproduced, one is struck by the havoc death has wrought among familiar friends. On a page of portraits one comes upon clever sketches of J. B. BALFOUR, who lived to be raised to the peerage and the headship of the Scotch Judicial Bench, and of Mr. ASHER, who unaccountably missed those opportunities. Another interesting feature is the *vraisemblance* of veterans of to-day as they lived and moved a score of years ago. Here, for example, hero of a great Radical demonstration at Glasgow in 1885, is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, looking remarkably like Son AUSTEN of to-day. Another plate is filled with sketches of Mr. GLADSTONE speaking about the same epoch at Hengler's Circus in Glasgow. As I happened to be present on both occasions, I can testify to the faithfulness of the portraits. The book is full of memories. Mr. BOYD has not only summoned spirits from the vasty deep, but at his bidding they have come.

THE nine sons of the King of BURMA came to the school *specially erected for teaching the Bible to them on elephants*."—*Daily Dispatch.*

The italics are *Mr. Punch's*, and are employed to attract Mr. BIRRELL'S attention to this scheme for popularising undenominational religious teaching.



Major Buffer. "LADY VI LOOKS UNCOMMONLY WELL. GOT SUCH A FRESH COMPLEXION."
Mrs. Scratcham. "YES. FRESH ONE EVERY DAY!"

THE SKYLIGHTS OF LONDON.

["There is unquestionably a tendency with many writers to exaggerate the beauties of foreign places, thereby tacitly belittling the charms of spots nearer home. The same sun, which in setting seems marvellously wonderful from the summit of Teneriffe's Peak, sinks to rest with just as wonderful roseate hues over Acton as seen from Hammersmith." *Health Resort.*]

THE dying light of sunset glowed
One evening on the Brompton Road;
The very chimney-pots were kissed
To tints of pearl and amethyst;
And, seated on a motor-bus,
I communed with my spirit thus:
How vain on distant shores to roam,
When scenes like this are found at home!
Fools count among the world's delights
A sunrise seen from Rigi's heights.
How little can such people know
Of sunrise over Pimlico!
Let fickle fashion run in quest
Of Matterhorn and Everest,
Enough for me if I can still
Breast the lone peak of Primrose Hill,
And watch below the wanton breeze
Coquetting with the Kilburn trees.
Diana's face your soul enslaves
As mirrored in Geneva's waves?
But, tell me, have you ever seen
The moonbeams dance on Parson's Green?
Go, and from boredom find relief
Upon the Peak of Teneriffe;
The patriot, who for nature yearns,
In Hampstead all he needs discerns;
For alien charms he has no whim
An Acton sunset does for him;
And, if he wants a wilder view,
For threepence he can get to Kew.

THE DAILY SHAVE.

A CONTEMPORARY states that "shaving, old as it is, has till now needed one thing to raise it to the rank of an art a literature."

We are able to state that this long-felt want will soon be supplied, and beg to announce the early publication of a new ½d. morning paper which will be called—

THE DAILY SHAVE.

If you are a self-respecting man you cannot do *without* "THE DAILY SHAVE."

If you are a strong-minded woman you will insist on your husband *having* "THE DAILY SHAVE."

"THE DAILY SHAVE" will be clean and wholesome, and many of the features will be illustrated with cuts.

The first number will contain an instalment of the thrilling serial

"METHODS OF BARBER-ISM"

by "H. C.-B." initials, we may hint, which conceal a name. "METHODS OF BARBER-ISM" is alone worth *twice* the money (one halfpenny). Don't miss it; it is a HAIR RAZOR!

Another attraction will be—

TIPS FOR SHAVING, by one who has had considerable experience in SHAVING FOR TIPS.

"THE DAILY SHAVE" will try to help you in every possible way; it will make the rough places smooth; and although belonging to no party its policy in general will be an "Imperial" one.

We have received the following flattering telegrams upon the new venture—

"For cool cheek *The Daily Shave* beats everything."

"I used to have a beard; now I am going to take *The Daily Shave* regularly."

These are but two examples out of at least half a dozen. Originals, with names and addresses of senders, can be seen at the offices of

"THE DAILY SHAVE,"
NEW CUT, E.C.

"Paying with Words."

"FRENCH lady would exchange French conversation for one o'clock lunch, West End." *Scotsman.*

OF TOP-DRESSING.

"Cui flavam religas comam?"

BETTY, I have it in my honest heart
To let you know with what a pure compassion
I see you tire your head (and deem it smart)
In the flamboyant mode approved by Fashion –
Something between
A stuffy turban and a tambourine.

Is it because few women dare defy
The other women's tyrannous dictation?
Or that you hope to melt some manly eye
And wring therefrom the sort of adoration
That innocent souls
Offer to angels in their aureoles?

If that's your object, I am not aware
Who is the guileless youth, the verdant stripling,
For whom you bind your sheaves of mellow hair
By processes of artificial rippling,
Using a frame
With borrowed fluff to overlay the same.

It cannot be for me; for middle age
Leaves me, to such allurements, cool—or coolish;
It must be someone else, less timely sage.
More simple, more impressionably foolish;
Some one (or more)
Unskilled to doubt you genuine to the core.

Yet, if you care to hear the candid truth,
From one who still preserves a sentient fraction
Of what has been a heart that through and through
Thrilled to the best capillary attraction—
I can't admire
These bulging haloes rigged on padded wire.

It's not as if your hair was in decline,
Nor do you need to have your head diminished,
Or to obscure a scalp of poor design
Which Nature roughly blocked and left unfinished;
I've always said
You had a rather nicely modelled head.

But that portentous bulk above your brow
Makes all the rest beneath seem small and petty,
Especially your brains; and anyhow—
To be sincere (you wish me, don't you, BETTY,
To be sincere?)—
Brains aren't your strongest feature, are they, dear?

O. S.

MORAL REFLECTIONS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

II.

CONTINUING my wanderings through this unrivalled collection, I came, in one of the side galleries, upon the gigantic skeleton of the "*Mastodon Americanus.*" It did not impress me with any reflection of moral value, but it does tend to show that, even in the earliest periods, our American cousins did things on a more colossal scale than could be attempted by this effete and one-horse country. There is a placard describing it as "partially restored," and I cannot but think that it would be wiser if the authorities were to abandon all idea of a complete restoration. They may, for all I know, have commissioned some modern Comparative-Anatomist-*Frankenstein* to set it up with an outfit of flesh and blood, muscles and skin, and so forth, and electrify it into vitality—but is it worth while? Fortunately, there is still time to pause and reflect, as they have not advanced at present beyond the framework, where (I merely suggest) the restoration might well stop.

For, even as a skeleton, this Mastodon is the reverse of attractive. Its massive bones have acquired a rusty brown hue which is extremely distressing. Perhaps it would present a handsomer appearance if the authorities would have it bleached, or at least whitewashed. Failing these remedies, I should strongly recommend them to bury it. It has been dead a great deal too long already, and besides it must have a baleful effect on all persons of a nervous or imaginative temperament beholding it for the first time. I cannot believe that if it was absolved from further attendance anybody would ever miss it much.

And, if you come to that, there are several other specimens of equally appalling nightmare-power, which, in the public interests, I think might now be allowed to retire into decent obscurity. Among these I would particularly mention the "Giant Ground Sloth or Megatherium," which rears its hideous bony head twelve feet above the level of the floor, as it claws clumsily at a tree as though in a pathetically futile quest after some non-existent gentleman from one of Mr. REED's "Prehistoric Peeps." I should like to ask: *Is* this beast a fit sight for neurotic infancy? Is it not as certain as anything can be that it gets out after dark on most evenings, and looks in at many a South Kensington nursery window the moment nurse has switched off the light? I am convinced that such escapades go far to reconcile it to its present reduced condition. Then the "Giant Armadillo" (*Dinornis maximus*), resembling an enormous rocky egg, with a smaller egg serving as its repulsive head, really is a kind of outrage. Of course it is several thousands of years since such grotesques were ramping about alive and well, but *that* is no excuse for preserving them. One would so infinitely prefer to believe they had never existed at all.

No animal, I am well aware, does itself even the barest justice in skeleton form; but these creatures, at their very best, could never have been popular. Then why perpetuate these first crude and unsuccessful attempts of Nature to construct an elementary animal with no nonsense about it? Why not let bygones *be* bygones, instead of raking up early indiscretions which have long since been lived down? I should like the authorities to think very seriously over this suggestion—I am sure there is something in it.

Some such reflections as the above were, I fancy, passing through the mind of a youthful private in a line regiment, who, with a companion, had strolled into the room containing these monstrosities. Not that either of the pair said a word—they were far beyond *that*—but both evidently felt that the things were "not *right.*"

Perhaps I should make an honourable exception in the case of the skeleton of "Burchell's Rhinoceros," which still retains a cheery grin full of quiet humour. In life it must have been rather a lovable beast, and was probably deeply attached to BURCHELL. If it had a fault, I should say it was a tendency to practical joking . . .

On my way to visit the "*Diplodocus Carnegii*"—whom I respect, if I do not like—I came upon a group of maidens who, with their single attendant swain, had just discovered a case in which some stuffed birds were shown receiving a visit of ceremony from a rabbit. "'Ullo! *Bunnies!*" exclaimed one of the girls, whereupon all were overcome with a mirth which seemed out of all proportion to the occasion—for there was only one rabbit, and even he had nothing markedly ridiculous about him that I could discover. But the sense of humour is apt to manifest itself in mysterious ways.

The swain remarked, with some pride, that he "'ad nine at 'ome like '*im*" (referring to the rabbit). On which a girl—rather, it struck me, from coquetry than any real desire for a rabbit—said "Gim-*me* one!" . . . "If I *did*," he said, "where'd you *keep* it?" "Ow, let it run about the 'ouse," said she, "it 'ud do fur a cat—we ain't got no cat." "But it wouldn't ketch no *mice*," objected the young man, who seemed inclined to be stingy with the rabbits. "*That*'ll be



A BIT OF A BREEZE.

C.-B. (*Organ Grinder, to* Independent Labour Party). "AIN'T YOU A-GOIN' TO JOIN IN WITH YOUR FRIEND, MISS?" I. L. P. "NOT ME! SHE AIN'T MY CLASS!"



MELODRAMA IN THE SUBURBS.

Elder Sister. "Do give up, Nellie! They're only acting."
Nellie (tearfully). "You leave me alone. I'm enjoying it!"

all right," replied the young lady cheerfully, "'cos we ain't *got* no mice." I was unable to hear whether she obtained her rabbit or not, but perhaps the conversation may serve to prove that Museums do exercise a decidedly educational influence in some cases. None of those girls will ever again suppose a rabbit likely to prove a competent mouser . . .

The Diplodocus is undoubtedly the star of the whole collection, and seems fully aware of the fact. There is a notice-board in the Central Hall marked: "This way to the Diplodocus," an invidious distinction which, I trust, has not yet come to the Megatherium's notice. He has no board showing the way to *him*. Both beasts are, it is true, fairly obvious to a commonly observant person but at least the Megatherium is what a dealer would describe as "genuine old," whereas the Diplodocus is merely a modern copy.

However, only a few visitors seem to realise this. I overheard one remark to his wife, "I expect it was found in fragments, like." "What! ain't it made like that?" said she. "Na-ow," said he, "'e was *born*, not made, 'e was. Like the Poets!"

The correct comment on a first sight of the Diplodocus is: "Shouldn't care to meet *'im* about!"—and very few sightseers omit to make it. And the sentiment, if trite, is undoubtedly sincere.

But I did hear one little girl exclaim wistfully: "Oh, I do *wish* he lived *now!*" from which I inferred that she must be fond of animals.

The Diplodocus measures from stem to stern, as I ascertained from one of the boards with which he is so liberally provided (the authorities seem to be doing their very best to spoil him), exactly 84 feet, 9 inches, or, let us say, at least twenty-five yards longer than there could ever have been any reasonable necessity for him to be. Though that, no doubt, is entirely a matter of taste.

Another of his innumerable boards requests the Public: "Please not to touch this specimen" and of course they don't. But when the original Diplodocus was in full enjoyment of life and vigour, this particular board at all events can seldom have been required. The mighty has indeed fallen.

In his present form he inspires more amusement than awe. He is seldom taken quite seriously; indeed, some appear to consider him a huge scientific hoax an attempt on the part of the Director of the Museum, or Mr. Carnegie, or somebody, to "get at them." Even the Megatherium and Mastodon come, most unjustly, under the ban of this suspicion which is, perhaps, another argument in favour of having them decently interred.

I must urge once more that such relics of a past that no sensible person would wish to recall are not only obsolete, but most uncalculated to imbue the youthful mind with that unconscious cult for the Beautiful which I have often read is so essential a factor in the training of our rising generation.

And I think these views of mine were shared to some extent by a most superior British artisan who was good enough to give me his candid opinion of the collection as a whole: "Well enough in its way, I grant yer, Guv'nor," he said, "but most of the articles are too olefashioned fer *me*. And what I arsks you is: wheer's the *Art* in it all?" F. A.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(*In the Manner of the Radical Dailies.*)

Lord Boxmoor's Birthday.

CONGRATULATIONS from all sorts and conditions of men will to-day greet Lord BOXMOOR, who enters on his fiftieth year. Lord BOXMOOR has many claims to distinction, and he is certainly the only Liberal Peer in the kingdom who has twice married an American heiress, besides being a member of the National Liberal Club.

He is a Mus. Doc. (Toronto), as well as an R.S.O. (a very rare combination); he is patron of fifty-nine livings, possesses the finest cellar in Mayfair, and is owner of five country seats, three grouse-forests, four racing yachts, three sons and two daughters. His income is commonly reported to run into six figures; he is also deeply religious, and has a beautiful tenor voice.

Park Lane Palace.

During the season Crowned Heads frequently dine at Lord and Lady BLACKSPEAR'S Park Lane Palace.

On such occasions the decorations are gorgeous, the cuisine unexceptionable, and the whole entertainment is arranged in the most perfect taste.

Thus at one particularly Imperial party in January the scheme of decoration was peach-trees laden with ripe fruit, forming an avenue down the passages and standing round the walls of the ball-room, while massive gold baskets, filled with bullion, depended from the parcel-gilt ceiling.

Titled Singer.

Lord HUNTERCOMBE, who is justly celebrated for his diamond pins, the name of which is legion, is naturally very proud of the vocal talents of his daughter Lady GWENDOLEN BOODLE, who has been singing at several of the most *recherché* charity concerts of late.

Lady GWENDOLEN'S voice gives great promise, and is of quite exceptional range, extending, in moments of emotion, quite beyond the limits of the gamut. Her *fiancé*, Lord BLANDAMER, is also extremely musical, and is perhaps the best pianola-player in the Grenadier Guards.

Admired American Belle.

At present Mrs. VANDERCRUMP is at her house in Grosvenor Square recovering from an attack of trypanosoma contracted while shooting big game on the Nandi plateau.

Miss MAMIE GUGELHEIM, her handsome daughter—Mrs. VANDERCRUMP, like HENRY VIII., from whom she traces her descent, has been married six times—will be in town most of the season, although it will be quite impossible for her to accept all the invitations which she is sure to receive.

Standing six feet in her richly embroidered silken footwear, with wonderfully well-chiselled features of the true feudal type, Miss GUGELHEIM shares with Miss BIRDIE JOSKETT and Lady BALCOMBE the reputation of being the best "two-step" dancer in London, as well as the best lady banjoist in Grosvenor Square. Miss GUGELHEIM, who is as philanthropic as she is beautiful, has never ridden in a bus, and never gives a hansom-driver less than half a sovereign.

"Die Meistersinger."

There was a huge audience at Covent Garden on Saturday for the performance of WAGNER'S droll though somewhat prolix *Meistersinger*. The Duchess of READING, in emerald velvet with salmon-pink insertions, entertained a party of Anarchists in her omnibus box. The Countess of GIGGLESWICK, still in mourning for her husband who was killed in a balloon accident three weeks ago, was escorted by her uncle Lord JACK SIMMER. Among others to be seen were Colonel and Mrs. BURBERY KITE and their winsome daughter, Miss "GUTTIE" KITE, who has the reputation of having the longest eye-lashes and the shortest upper-lip in Portman Square.

SHADES IN REVOLT.

A MASS meeting of painters' ghosts was recently held in the cellar of the National Gallery to see what measures could be taken to protect the privacy of their lives from ruthless treatment by modern writers of fiction.

The Chair was taken by the ghost of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, while there were also present Messrs. GAINSBOROUGH, TURNER, WILSON, CROME, ROMNEY, OPIE, REDGRAVE, RAEBURN, LESLIE, MULREADY, WILKIE, HOGARTH, and many others. CONSTABLE stood at the door.

Having in his opening remarks laid down the general proposition that a dead artist is better than a living novelist (Loud cheers), and referred in no measured tones to the scandal of so long postponing the appointment of a new National Gallery Director, the CHAIRMAN called upon ROMNEY to lay his case before the meeting.

The ghost of ROMNEY, who was received with enthusiasm, thereupon rose and addressed the Meeting. He was not, he said, a vindictive spirit; he believed in a certain freedom being allowed to writers in their choice of material, but he was compelled to draw the line at some things. There had recently been brought to his notice a new novel by a popular—and possibly deservedly popular—lady novelist, the story of which was largely the story of his own life, dressed up, and, he felt constrained to add, vulgarised, to suit the taste of the present day. He would not have minded so much had the story been frankly a biography, but it was not—it was an adaptation under a thin veneer of modernity. For example, he himself, GEORGE ROMNEY, figured under the commonplace style of JOHN FENWICK. (Cries of "Shame.") He asked what was to be done? The author being a lady, he could not take such measures as he might had the work been that of a man. But some action was needful, because although, taking it altogether, it might be said that Mrs. WARD had not transgressed very seriously in her encroachment on his privacy, what might have happened had his story fallen into other hands? The thought of the treatment which Miss CORELLI, for example, might have given it was more than he could bear. (Prolonged shudders.) Or Mr. LE QUEUX. (Sensation.) Or even, in another way, Mr. HENRY JAMES. (Panic.) He would say no more. The reception which the Meeting had given his remarks showed him that its feeling was aroused. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN, before calling on the Meeting for some practical suggestions, said that he felt no less strongly than his friend ROMNEY, although, not having himself had the kind of career that lent itself to fiction, and being deaf into the bargain (an ear-trumpet being death to romance), he could not rise quite to the same pitch of eloquence.

The ghost of GAINSBOROUGH, who followed, said that his life also had lacked picturesque details, but he sympathised very strongly with his friend ROMNEY, who had already been treated imaginatively once for all by the late Lord TENNYSON. His own grievance was less exalted, but not less painful for it was his fate to have the name for which he had toiled for many years kept alive quite as much by a shape of hat as by his pictures.

Other speakers followed to the same effect, there being no dissentient voice but HAYDON'S, who expressed himself only too willing to have his life utilised by capable novelists, as the result might be that he would in time come to be properly recognised. In his lifetime he was the victim of a cruel conspiracy— (Cries of "Chestnuts," and uproar, during which the ghost was at last induced to sit down.)

The question of punitive and deterrent measures was then considered. A long discussion took place as to whether it was wisest to haunt and terrify the authors themselves or their publishers. To haunt the authors, it was held, would perhaps be more logical, but to haunt and discourage the publishers would hit



TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

New Groom (coming in from exercise). "BEG PARDON, SIR. YOUR 'ORSE 'AS LET ME DOWN."

the offenders harder. (A voice, "Also booksellers.") It was therefore decided that, although the authors were not to be allowed to have wholly untroubled nights, the principal attack should be directed against the publishers and booksellers.

A further discussion was then held as to whether Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD and her publishers, Messrs. SMITH AND ELDER, should be informed of their misdeed, or whether they should be merely warned, and it was ultimately decided to take no steps this time, but make the punishment all the more drastic and exemplary if the offence occurred again.

A vote of thanks to the CHAIRMAN, which he failed to hear, concluded the proceedings.

A DOOR plate in Kensington announces: "Madame G—— Dresses and Laces." We rejoice in the first avowal, but, as a Past Grand Worshipful Master of the Anti-Corset League, we deprecate the other.

THE AUTOMATIC SCENT-CAR.

PUBLIC feeling has been deeply stirred by a suggestion that motorists should be compelled to drown the odour of petrol proceeding from their cars in some less offensive aroma. Why not? We have much pleasure in presenting to the world the very latest thing in automobilism. The Scentipede is a 4-syringer, rocking-h.p. roadster with vaseline engines, driven by the alternate explosions of Frangipani and Opoponax. Round the rear of the tonneau runs a perforated pipe ejecting, when the car is in motion, a continuous cascade of Sanitas. This serves the double purpose of fumigating infected areas and abating the dust nuisance, whilst it is conjectured that street arabs will find a soothing refuge under the deodorising spray. Each car contains a series of reserve tanks to meet special emergencies.

Thus the susceptibilities of highly-strung rustics and pedestrians are gratified by the discharge of an ingenious compound, comprising the bouquets of new-mown hay, *sourire d'Avril*, and bone-manure, while on passing a string of thoroughbreds, the careful chauffeur will render these intelligent beasts thoroughly docile by a well-managed jet of Jockey Club, reserving his fountain of lavender-water and salts of lemon to quiet the apprehensions of governess-carts.

Everything in fact that human ingenuity can devise has been done to render the Scentipede grateful and comforting to other occupants of the high road, and even the horn will emit a note midway between the buzzing of a humble-bee and the melodious nocturne of a barn-door owl.

In the course of time ozone and the autocar will become interchangeable terms, and all the benefits of a week-end trip to Margate or Blackpool (to say nothing of the Trosachs) will be secured by a momentary whiff of the breezes in its wake.

NATURE STUDIES.

The Feminine Watch.

In the Chronicles of an ancient kingdom, long since decayed and obliterated from geography, it is narrated that the then King, a chieftain who made business efficiency his watchword, issued a decree providing for the erection of sun-dials in all the commercial centres, and markets, and highways and public resorts throughout the kingdom, and commanding all his adult subjects, without distinction of sex and upon severe penalties, constantly to observe these sun-dials and to make a record upon their tablets of the time so observed. "Thereupon," the Chronicler continues, "there arose a strange and perplexing situation, which soon, growing to an extraordinary and unforeseen degree, threatened to subvert the established institutions of the kingdom, and, indeed, fell not far short of bringing the kingdom itself to an end. For whereas all men cheerfully obeyed the decree, save only here and there one of the baser sort, the women on the other hand, whether moved by some natural infirmity or incited by the craft of conspirators I cannot say, from the outset resisted the decree, and in the end, banding themselves together, boldly defied it and caused grave annoyance to the officers and judges whose duty it was to enforce it. In course of time the prisons became filled with women, and the expense of building new cells rose to a sum of many millions. Nor was this the only inconvenience. After four years it was estimated that four-fifths of the women of the kingdom were incarcerated, and the Registrar-General having been unable to record either a marriage or a birth for some time past, resigned his office on the ground of an insufficiency of fees, being in addition deprived of the society of his wife and four daughters, all imprisoned as a result of disobedience to the decree. The population being thus in danger of extinction, a high feeling of patriotic dissatisfaction grew even amongst the men of the country, and eventually the decree was repealed so far as it affected women."

The scribe narrates at some length the great popular festivities that attended the repeal, but with these and with certain statistical observations I shall not trouble my readers. My purpose is rather to point out how firm and unvarying through the ages is the natural disposition of women, and how even in our own advanced horological civilisation our female element displays the same distaste for time and the instruments that mark its course as distinguished the revolutionary ladies of this ancient and forgotten kingdom.

Now it is, of course, true that with us nearly every woman has a watch, or at any rate something that passes by the name of a watch. It has a dial provided with tiny hands and inscribed with numerals so minute that a magnifying glass is necessary for their discernment. Its back is gorgeously enamelled in shining blue or green or ruby red, and encrusted with tasteful little wreaths of diamonds. It hangs, face inwards, from an enamelled and jewelled knot-brooch pinned to the gentle breast of its owner. No human being who wished to know the time would ever consult it, for either it never goes, never having been wound up, or, if in an occasional fit of temper or remembrance its wearer does wind it, it never by any chance condescends to tell the right time. I have heard a lady say, with a flush of pride, that to-day her watch is going, and I have seen her proceed at three P.M. to an appointment fixed for 1.30, while her watch, which happened at that moment to be dangling face outwards, pointed impudently to 10.15.

It appears, therefore, that the feminine watch is not a watch at all, but a fetish. Some high esoteric significance it must have, for as a time-keeper it is, as I have said, quite without value, and, as a mere ornament, it is easily surpassed by others which do not boast its scientific pretensions. Something there must be in the idea (probably mistaken) that it conceals machinery in its innermost recesses, and that on occasion it can be presumed to tick, which makes a woman feel that by possessing it she is brought into relation with the mighty unseen forces that cause the earth to spin on its axis and bring about the sunshine and the rain. But on this subject women are reticent, or, if you venture to ask one of them why she wears a watch, she will probably reply with perfect effrontery that men wear watches and that she doesn't see why women shouldn't wear them too.

TO CONSCIENCE.

O Conscience, Conscience, you that pry unbidden
In my dark soul, from morn till dewy eve,
Seeking those details I would fain keep hidden
E'en from myself, whose pitiless *qui vive*
Guile may not baffle, nor excuse deceive,
Who, deaf to all opinions of my own,
Compel my conduct to your own good leave,
Discarnate Grundy of my moral tone,
Confound you, Conscience, can't you let a man alone?

All that I seek of profit or of pleasure
You would preposterously bid me shun—
All that I do—dear gods! what words can measure
Those after-agonies? "O Naughty One!
Repent, I tell you! This was not well done!"
And, as I know of sad experience,
There is no rest for me when *that*'s begun—
You have no tact, no manners: ten years hence
You'll still be dragging out that crusted old offence.

Were you content from day to day to wake up
My waning zeal, but little need be said;
But why, oh, why deliberately rake up
The Late Lamented, why profane the dead
In their cold Past and chuck them at my head?
I ask you, is it decent, is it fair
To hoist these veterans from their wormy bed?
Better, far better, leave them as they were,
Than thrust them in a light they are not meant to bear.

And, oh my Conscience, wherefore be invidious?
These, as I knew them, were not wholly black;
They had their failings to the more fastidious,
But still, there *was* a pleasurable smack
About them somewhere—why not bring that back?
Also I know not why your choice should fall
On *me* to bear the brunt of your attack;
When some, whom it were flattery to call
Profligate, seem to have no consciences at all.

For one comparatively law-abiding
To see them, up to every merry trick,
Pleasing themselves, enjoyably backsliding
In calm indifference to the gaping Nick,
I say, it makes me positively sick.
No nagging Voice withholds them from their shame,
Nothing they reck of your compunctious prick;
I—I alone—must tremble at your Name:
No doubt it does me good; but dash it, play the game!

Dum-Dum.

Our Cosmopolitan Patriots.

The Tribune, objecting to the use of German uniforms by British sandwichmen, says: "Perhaps those responsible for the Act of 1891 thought that, if they protected the British uniform, respect for the uniforms of neighbouring Powers might safely be counted on to do the rest." There is a pathetic *naïveté* about this interpretation of the sentiments of the last Liberal Government.

CHARIVARIA.

We hear that a little volume containing Mr. Birrell's replies to deputations will be published shortly under the title *Snubiter Dicta.*

The Government's Education Bill is proving a Liberal Education in itself.

A Nonconformist minister, speaking on the subject of the Education Bill last week, referred to "The Madrali of Nonconformity wrestling with the Hackenschmidt of Clericalism." We like the picture of Dr. Clifford as a Terrible Turk and so does Abdul Hamid.

By the by, it is not, we believe, generally known that, had war broken out between Great Britain and Turkey, it would have been found that our Government had entered into a secret treaty with Hackenschmidt with a view to keeping Madrali in check.

It is denied that the Bill for founding a Court of Criminal Appeal is to be abandoned. The Government does not so lightly break the pledges it gave to its supporters at the Election.

It is reported from Natal that assegais made in Birmingham and Germany have been sold to the rebels. The Tariff Reform League asks indignantly, why were they not all made in Birmingham?

It has transpired at the War Stores Enquiry that the contractors always found it impossible to cheat the 7th Hussars. It is now rumoured that this regiment is to be re-named The King's Own Sharpshooters.

We are undoubtedly progressing. A number of British officers visited Metz last week to study some of the battlefields of 1870. A little while ago a trip to Agincourt would have been deemed sufficient.

The writer who asserted, in *The Daily Mail*, that most ladies' clubs were disgraced by the dishonesty of their members was made to look rather foolish by a lady who wrote to say that she once left a diamond ring in the dressing-room of her Club, *and it was not stolen.*

We shall soon know which are the worst pictures of the year. "Pictures of 1906" is asking the Public to record their votes for what they consider the best.

Meanwhile some artists are of the opinion in regard to a certain painting bearing the motto, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out," that the Hanging Committee should have persuaded the porters to make the attempt in the instance of this canvas.



Gigantic Burglar (to diminutive householder). "If yer don't let go this minute, blow me if I don't fall on yer!"

Interviewed by a representative of *The World*, a distinguished Royal Academician remarks, "Thank goodness, the Old Masters can't paint portraits to-day." Nor some of the Modern Masters, to judge by the present show at Burlington House. *The Tailor and Cutter* even goes so far as to hint that not even Mr. Sargent's portraits are up to the standard of the Tailors' showcards.

With reference to the accident to the Headmaster of Eton, who slipped while descending some steps, and sprained his ankle, we are in a position to deny the silly and malicious rumour that Mr. Lyttelton was sliding down the banisters at the time.

"Your Prime Minister is the uncrowned King of the country," said Dr. Reich. "He does what he likes." Sir Henry and Mr. Keir-Hardie smiled grimly on hearing this.

We are glad to hear from *The Birmingham Post* that a New Jersey gentleman has, after lengthy experiments, "succeeded in producing a brood of eleven chickens each having one leg longer than the other. The advantage claimed for them over other chickens is that they are, by reason of their deformity, compelled to walk in circles, and cannot, therefore, wander far afield."

We think the New Jersey gentleman has wasted his time rather. He could have got the same results, at far less inconvenience to himself, by producing a brood of chickens each having one leg *shorter* than the other.



OUR OPENING MATCH.

"I say, Bill, you've got that pad on the wrong leg."

"Yus, I know. I thought as I were goin' in t' other end!"

TRAVELLING FACILITIES.

["The Midland Railway has provided elaborate sets of chessmen and draughts, by means of which passengers may relieve the monotony of the long journey."]

We are glad to be able to announce the following facilities for amusement afforded by the other Companies.

Thanks to the enterprise of the Great Northern a very good game of hunt the slipper may now be enjoyed by passengers on the night expresses.

Each compartment of the suburban trains on the Great Eastern is to be fitted with a gramophone to facilitate the game of musical chairs.

By arrangement with the Editor of *The Spectator* excellent miniature rifle ranges are to be erected in the corridors of the London and North Western trains, and it is hoped that the general travelling public will be thus induced to take an interest in the matter of national efficiency.

The refreshment cars of the Great Central Railway will be thrown open for marbles between meals.

Pullman Cars (fitted with collapsible seats) are now available for hockey practice on all the Brighton expresses. Shirts and shorts may be obtained at the bookstalls at Victoria. Light racks provided for lady spectators at usual fares.

The Caledonian Railway Company begs to call the attention of golfers to the substantial railings now erected round the tops of its carriages, which render driving and approach shots, with a captive golf ball, a comparatively safe and enjoyable pastime. Special insurance tickets issued to 1st class passengers only.

The Great Western hopes before the winter comes to adapt its mail-bag nets for parlour football in the Post Office carriages.

The Management of the District Railway regrets that it does not see its way to offer further facilities for the entertainment of its clients.

The Cry of the Children: "Goodness crèche us!"

THE CULT OF THE TILT.

[There are many shapes in the Spring Millinery, but only one angle.—*Daily Paper.*]

Attend while I lilt
Of the impudent tilt
Achieved by the hat of the day;
From the back rising high
It eclipses one eye
In a manner audaciously gay.
Whether *toque*, *Louis Quinze* or *bergère*,
It isn't the *shape* that you wear;
But, for damsel or aunt,
It's a question of slant—
On a cluster of *ondulé* hair.

When the features are plain
Take some aerophane
And bunch it well under the brim;
If sufficiently thick
It will guarantee *chic*,
Which is likely to captivate *him*.
Then assume an expression of ease,
But remember it's fatal to sneeze,
For the least little lurch
Will unsettle the perch
Of a *chapeau* at forty degrees.



DEFIANCE NOT DEFENCE.

THE GRAND TURK (*to British Tar*). "TOUCH BUT A SINGLE HAIR OF MY HEAD— —AND I SUBMIT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 7.—Even the Whip will turn. To-night WHITELEY illustrated truth of ancient saw. Convolution chanced under foot of DON'T KEIR HARDIE. With that relentless tyranny that has, since history began, marked the action of extreme lovers of Liberty, those of the Labour Party who in the Parliamentary fight follow the oriflamme of DON'T KEIR HARDIE (it is glaring in colour and worn round the neck) insist upon having a Member of their little section on every Select Committee nominated by Ministerial Whip.

The fact that numerically, not to make more invidious distinction, they are the minority of the representatives of Labour in Parliament does not affect the case. The basis of Equality, Liberty and Fraternity is that you individually, or your sections, shall have what you want. Let the rest of the world look after itself.

Ministerial Whip, his room picketed, attempted compromise. Fully admitted that Labour Party had right to have a representative on Committees dealing with important public questions. But the Labour Party in its eagerness to further the cause of its constituency was rent in twain. Which section was to be held as most fully representative?

DON'T KEIR HARDIE cared less than ever. What he insisted on was that his little companionship should be recognised as separate, independent, important Parliamentary force by having a Member seated on every Committee. What happened to the rest was WHITELEY'S



THE RIGID JANITOR; OR, NOT A "UNIVERSAL PROVIDER."

Mr. Wh-t-l-y (Chief Whip). "Out of your turn, Mr. K-r H-rd-e! No good your trying your 'peaceful persuasion' methods on me!"



"WHO SAID NONCONFORMITY?!!"

(Lord R-b-rt C-c-l.)

look out. Wasn't he paid to do this work? Not at the full rate of the Right Hon. JOHN BURNS, it is true. JOHN BURNS . Ah! And DON'T KEIR HARDIE nervously hitched his blood-red necktie in direction of his left ear.

Thus assailed, the Whip, reflecting upon procedure adopted by his betters when in analogous position of difficulty, resolved to take a leaf out of their book. They did one of two things either they appointed a Royal Commission, or they suggested a compromise. In this particular case a Royal Commission was, of course, out of the question. It would, indeed, cause a difficulty to break out in a fresh place. For DON'T KEIR HARDIE would certainly insist upon one of his men being placed upon the Commission to exclusion of 'orny-'anded brethren who have taken up quarters in Ministerial camp. So Whip proposed a compromise.

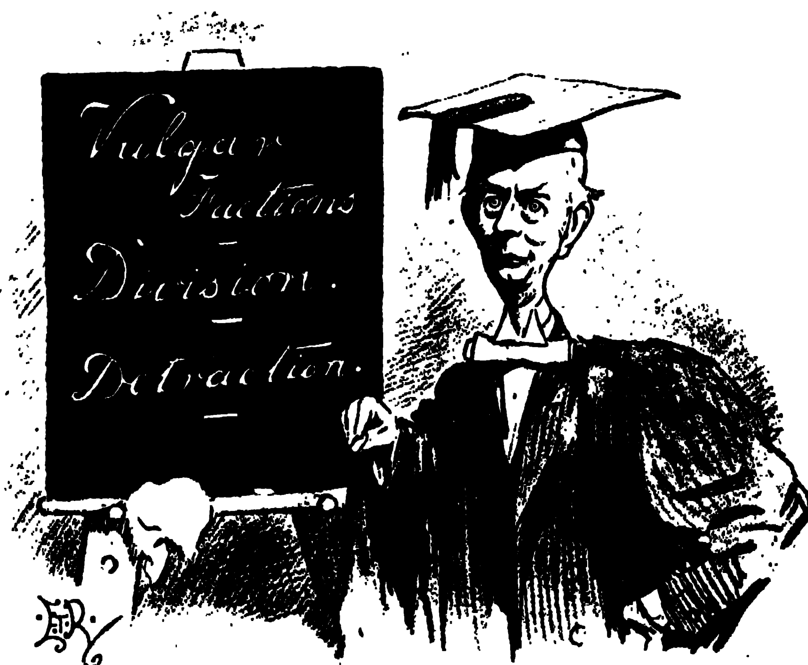
Whenever Select Committee was nominated a Labour Member should, he promised, be taken alternately from either section. When DON'T KEIR HARDIE benefited by earliest arrangement, which gave one of his men a seat on the Local Taxation Committee, he offered no objection. Now, when the other side were to have a turn, getting one of their men on the Housing Committee, the case is different. DON'T KEIR will have his man on this Committee also, or will waste a sitting set apart for debate on Education Bill.

Name of first Member on list submitted was opposed. Division followed. In spite of support from sympathetic Irish Members, defeated by overwhelming majority. But what of that? Committee consisted of eleven; might take division on each name. The first division occupied something over a quarter of an hour. Eleven divisions could easily be made to answer for three hours, and where would your Education Bill be then?

This too much for diplomatic usage, trained patience, of the Whip. To delight of Opposition, who watched with glee these early manifestations of rift in the lute of Ministerial Majority, WHITELEY told the Independent Labour Members to do their worst. Consenting to adjournment of debate, he defiantly bade them come and have it out at eleven P.M. to-morrow.

Business done. Debate on Second Reading of Education Bill begun.

Tuesday. No one looking in on House would imagine that battle has been opened on question understood to have shaken the country to its foundations. Second day of debate on Education Bill. ANSON on his legs denouncing it. Rare to find a man with such multiple, multiplex, claims to attentive



Sir W'm. Ans-n. "I'm afraid *this* is about all we're teaching the children just now!"

hearing. Was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education in last Government; was, under Providence and PRINCE ARTHUR, in charge of Education Bill of 1902. If any man knows the Educational Question *au fond* it is WILLIAM REYNELL ANSON, third Bart.

The mark of the blood-red hand a mere detail in his roll of honour. He inherited it; he won the several distinctions of Fellow of All Souls, Bencher of the Inner Temple, Fellow of Eton College, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and, finally scaling the topmost towers of Ilium, Alderman of the City of Oxford. And yet his voice, denouncing what he scathingly described as "this omnibus Bill," by way of distinguishing it from the private, episcopal brougham of 1902, was as of one crying in the wilderness. Members who, at three o'clock, had crowded in to fight, declined to remain to yawn.

Possibly the chilling disappointment of LLOYD-GEORGE'S speech had something to do with the collapse that followed on the rising of Alderman ANSON. It was the first appearance of PRESIDENT OF TRADE in the controversial field. The ground peculiarly his own. Naturally expected he would defend it with the brilliant arrogance that marked him in Opposition. House crowded in anticipation. Several Bishops in Peers' Gallery, come down with intent to learn what to avoid in the way of aggressive speech. They might more effectively have made study of each other's speech and manner when, in press or on platform, BIRRELL and his Bill are mentioned.

The spell of this dolorous debate, which yesterday enchained GEORGE WYNDHAM, leading to delivery of poorest speech ever made by him, fell upon the fiery Welshman. He cooed the Bishops gently as a sucking dove; was almost tearfully sympathetic with J. G. TALBOT, to whom in these direful days of renewed attack on the Church the grasshopper is a burden. Before he was through he became conscious of the long unwonted spectacle of sections of his audience making for the door.



WINSTON AT THE NETS (QUESTION TIME).
The more bowling he gets the better he likes it.

When in succession there appeared at the Table the portly presence of Alderman ANSON, subtly conscious of the rustle of civic gown, the glitter of Aldermanic chain, Members fled with one accord. Debate, hopelessly wet-blanketed, was not to be revived by the eloquence of FRANCIS POWELL, the almost turbulent indignation of JOHN KENNAWAY, or the assurance that to-morrow BRYCE would renew it.

Business done.—Further debate on Education Bill. Gloomier than ever.

Friday.—Wisdom, in the person of C.-B., has been justified of her children. Without exception the new men he brought into his Ministry have proved successes. Perhaps the boldest adventure was the induction of WINSTON to the Colonial Office. With the SECRETARY OF STATE in the Lords, the UNDER SECRETARY looms large in the House of Commons. Position, especially just now with the legacy of disturbed South Africa on the hands of Ministers, one of peculiar difficulty and delicacy. WINSTON has faced it with a courage and discretion that are the mark of statesmanship.

From time to time he has been called upon to set forth in lengthened speech the policy of the Government upon a current crisis. That, though a prominent part of his duty, is by no means its fulfilment. Every day there is directed upon the UNDER SECRETARY OF THE COLONIES a fusillade of questions. Prepared in the study, pointed with personal information, polished at leisure, they frequently present dilemmas.

Nor is this all or the worst. Notice having been given, the young Minister, with the assistance of the permanent staff, has opportunity of preparing guarded reply. That forthcoming, there is flashed upon him one or more supplementary questions that must be answered right off. This ordeal is met with self-possession, readiness, felicity of phrase, and occasional flash of scathing humour that delight a House by no means free from personal hostility towards a young man who, obedient to hereditary instinct, is not careful to conciliate or retain friendship.

Business done.—Discussion on Hours of Labour in Coal Mines. In the earliest hours of this new day Education Bill read a second time by 410 votes against 204. Majority more than two to one.

THE ACTIVITIES OF ROYALTY.—*The Bath Herald* makes the happy announcement that "Princess CHRISTIAN runs through Bath to-morrow at 12.38, on her way to open the Nautical School at Portishead."



Mabel. "Auntie, our School has just joined the 'Guild of Deportment.'"
Aunt. "Indeed. Then what is your arm doing on the table?"
Mabel. "Oh, but we don't start till Monday!"

ANY UNCLE TO ANY NIECE.

And so it's *you?* That paper there
(The self-same pink that many a lover
In recent fiction hastes to tear
From out its orange-tinted cover),
With half a faintly-pencilled line,
For "*girl both well*" is all that's in it,—
Has made me (without leave of mine)
A true-born uncle in a minute.

It *is* so sudden! I was taught,
In forming any new connection,
To give the matter solid thought,
And act with proper circumspection.
Not all-unconscious does one gain
The rank of husband, agent, trustee;
Must uncleships unasked-for rain
On bachelors mature and crusty?

Could one, by any chance, appeal,
And get exemption? Could one (maybe)
Declare but this is not, I feel,
The way to greet a new-born baby.
To *you* I turn; forgive, forgive,
And (when you're bigger) don't be hard on
A quite well-meaning relative,
Who very humbly begs your pardon.

You'll want a name, it's safe to bet.
I wonder what the modern fad is;
They tell me Joan is *chic*—and yet
My laundress calls her daughter Gladys.
Perchance, with luck (for who shall tell
The drift of parents' fond caprices?),
The witching name of Christabel
May deck the eldest of my nieces.

What still to add? Such counsels sage
As uncles lend for girlish guidance,—
Such compliments to youth from age
As make a beauteous maiden's eye dance,—
All this, for your unfolding mind,
Just now would ring a little hollow;
So take my blessing cordial-kind
(With silver spoon and fork to follow).

And if you some day think it queer
That I should grasp this early season,
Nor wait till many a ripening year
Has made us friends,—well, here's the reason!
I thought I'd take my chance in time,
Since it may hap (but Heaven forfend it!)
"That I shall be too old for" rhyme,
"When you begin to comprehend it."

HORS D'ŒUVRE.

The new one-act play by "M. E. Francis" (Mrs. Blundell) at the Haymarket has the fascinating title of *Olf and the Little Maid:* fascinating because it might be anything. Personally, says the Assistant Critic, I thought it was going to be the story of a Norroway shepherd who played golf. However, when I heard the Little Maid say, "You be turrble good to I," I knew at once that I was wrong; because that is Dorset dialect, and in Norway, of course, all the shepherds talk Norwegian. "Olf" was merely Alfred Joyce, a farm hand—delightfully played by Mr. Sydney Valentine. (May I call attention to my forthcoming play: "Olf:—a Drama of Carmelite House," the *motif* being "The little made, and how much it is.") It is a simple little love tale that Mrs. Blundell has written, and it prepares one pleasantly for the good things of *The Man from Blankley's*, which at its fiftieth performance is going as strongly as ever.

New Title for the Baker Street and Waterloo Tube.—The Zulu.

PLAYING AT BEING AMERICANS.

I wish to thank the anonymous gentleman who sent me *America Abroad—A Handbook for the American Traveller. Price Sixpence*, for his kind present; all the more because my birthday really comes in one of the cold winter months. We don't see many really classy books in our village, and the reading-room has just given me a vote of thanks for so generously handing on the immortal work. Of course, lots of our fellows will never get as far as the Carlton Hotel even, but they'll like reading about it.

It happened that Lillian and I were going up to London to get my hair cut. We have no hairdresser in the village, though there is a pretty decent tailor called Bright. (When he came, the postmaster announced in a voice of awe that he was a real London man from Sweeting's. He got it from the Vicar, who meant Poole's.) I once asked Bright why he didn't start a hair-cutting department, being practically there already with a pair of shears and any amount of tact, but he said there was no real opening for it; because half the population is over eighty, and at that age it's simply flying in the face of Providence to go to a barber's.

Lillian had mapped out our day pretty well, though there were times when she was in danger of forgetting the main object of our visit.

"If you want to do the Academy and a *matinée* in the same afternoon," I said, "I don't quite see when we're going to get my hair cut."

"It rather looks as though we should miss it somehow," agreed Lillian.

"My idea was to come out strong at the barber's while you bought hats and things."

"Oh no, I shall want you to help choose them. That's for the morning. 'Mr. "Dick" Meadowes and his charming *fiancée* were among the early callers at the well-known Bond Street milliner's.' Among, I may remark, the very early callers. The 8.10 train, and we must have the whole day arranged."

"Jove!" I said, suddenly, "I've got the very thing." And I brought out *America Abroad—A Handbook——*, &c. I can't give the whole title again.

"For one day only," I said, solemnly, "you and I, Lillian, will be Americans. Not a step will we move without consulting this *Handbook*. We will trust ourselves to the unerring wisdom of its editor."

Kindly observe us at ten o'clock next morning, outside Charing Cross. Lillian had done her hair very high on top for the occasion, and I flatter myself we rather looked the thing. She carried the book, I being occupied chiefly with one *Cecilia*, a fox terrier at the end of a leash. It was Lillian's idea bringing the beastly thing, and she did it on the paltry grounds that she wanted to get some things at the Army and Navy Stores, and that it would be a chance for *Cecilia* to mix a bit in society on the platform place outside. He was getting so provincial.

"Now let's start at the beginning," I said. "Page 1."

"Page 1 is the cover," said Lillian. "Nothing really happens till page 7, where the editor begs to thank us for much generous encouragement."



Vulgar Coster's Donkey (to decorated cart-horse). "Wot O, there! 'Oo stole the 'am frills?"

"We're encouraging him now like mad. Try a word of consolation with the index. That ought to help."

"'Useful Hints to Travellers,' page 18. Oh, listen to this, Dick: 'If you have your mind quite clear on arrival in a European city—' that's not very nice, is it? It looks as though he suspected something. Dick, unwind *Cecilia*, he's getting dizzy."

"Confound *Cecilia!*" I muttered.

"Hush!" said Lillian, "I've just discovered something. We are standing upon a 'Historic spot not elsewhere classified.'"

"Also ran—*Charing Cross.*"

"Yes. It is said to be named after one of the famous crosses erected by Edward the First in 1291—a long time ago, *Cecilia*, while you were still quite a little boy—in memory of his Queen Eleanor. The true site is now occupied by an equestrian statue of Charles the First, the Cross in the railway station yard in the Strand being private property."

"I thought *Cecilia* was getting anxious about something."

"'Charing Cross, as a street, commences at Northumberland Avenue, opposite Trafalgar Square, extends to Scotland Yard, where Whitehall begins, and reversing on the opposite side ends at Cockspur Street.' I am so glad it *can* reverse, though they do say it's bad form."

"Look here, we can't stand here all day, and I came up to town to get my hair cut. Can't you find a better page?"

"Certainly. Page 9. 'The art of travelling always has been and always will be an accomplishment only to be acquired by dint of great perseverance and great resolution, combined with a natural astuteness, which many find some difficulty in attaining.'"

That seemed to dish us rather, because, though I am naturally astute, I never was much in the persevering way, which is more *Cecilia's* line. Still we weren't going to despair just because of a little thing like that; so we got into a cab ("The hansom cab is a great institution for getting about rapidly when required"—page 21) and told the man to drive around for a bit while we considered the future.

Lillian was all for St. Paul's, as being "the most magnificent edifice in London." The editor seemed rather keen on edifices, having a special page for "Government Edifices," and another for "Public Edifices." He had also pointed out in a friendly way that London was "divided in twain by the Thames River," and altogether seemed quite the stylist. Then there was a pleasing reference to Sir John Soane's Museum, which I had never heard of before, and on page 19 an announcement that "Spanish and Papal silver is, however, below par, though often found—" which looks as though Par was a bit of a sportsman at "Hunt the Slipper."

We had lunch at the Carlton. The editor didn't absolutely insist upon it, but we got the impression that he would be pained if we didn't. By that time we had seen St. Paul's Cathedral, the Entomological Museum, the Church of St. Magnus (on the editorial assurance that it was "one of Wren's best efforts"), the Albert Memorial and Smithfield—none of which places I had wanted to see in the least. We had had trouble with *Cecilia* at every one of them, except

the Albert Memorial, and altogether I was pretty tired of being an American.

After lunch LILLIAN said, "What does the book recommend for a bad headache? Look under 'Public Edifices.'"

I turned instead to "Crossing the Atlantic."

"'Sea-sickness,'" I read, "'goes much harder with nervo-bilious people than others. A cool head and temporary abstemiousness will soon overcome it.' You catch the idea, don't you?"

"I know one thing, that I'm going to be temporarily abstemious in the open air this afternoon."

"Certainly. We have here a selection of 'Suburban Resorts' that may suit you. Woolwich, Putney, Gravesend, and so on."

"Tell me the area of Hyde Park," pleaded LILLIAN; "that may make me better."

"About 850 acres. By Jove, here we are. 'Regent's Park. A charming breathing spot in the north of London.' Let's go and breathe."

We took a hansom, the hansom-cab being a "great institution for getting about rapidly when required," as I pointed out to LILLIAN — explaining to her modestly that though the actual wording was not my own, the general idea had been with me for some years.

We spent the rest of the day breathing in Regent's Park, having a good many museums and edifices on our brains. I don't know why Americans should be supposed to want to know the heights of towers, and the cost of bridges, and the insides of Archæological Collections, but if the editor says so that's all right. I'm not complaining. Only LILLIAN and *Cecilia* and I hadn't realised what it was to be Americans. The inside of the village church once on Sundays, with *Cecilia* waiting for us in the porch, is about our limit.

"By the way," said LILLIAN as we were having tea in Baker Street, "*Cecilia* never went to the Stores after all."

"And I never got my hair cut."

"Oh that's all right, because you were being an American, but I'm bothered about *Cecilia*. He was so keen on getting into the best set."

"We shall have to bring him out next season instead. The train goes in twenty-five minutes."

"Help!" said LILLIAN, "we must fly."

The hansom-cab being a great institution for getting about rapidly when required, we took one.



THE AGE OF THE WHEEL.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

GAPON THE UBIQUITOUS.

Monday. — FATHER GAPON executed this morning.

Tuesday. — GAPON passed through Berlin this afternoon.

Wednesday. — GAPON, who had been closeted with the revolutionary committee in St. Petersburg for the past forty-eight hours, declines to be interviewed.

Friday. — GAPON again died to-day.

Saturday. — To-day GAPON spent quietly resting after exertions of yesterday.

Tuesday. — GAPON shot dead this morning as a traitor by member of revolutionary committee. Later in day attended conference of this body. Towards evening he was again shot, but this time not fatally.

Wednesday. — GAPON, who had passed the morning in Brazil, arrived at Capetown this afternoon and proceeded to Paris by the boat express. He was shot at three times, but escaped with one death.

Thursday. — GAPON, interviewed to-day in London, denied story of being bribed to betray leaders. GAPON left later for North Berwick to meet Mr. BALFOUR in the Spring Medal semi-final.

Friday. — GAPON, who arrived to-day at Behring Straits from Biarritz, confirmed report of his death.

Saturday. — GAPON, closely guarded, departed for Siberia, but returned to St. Petersburg in time to be murdered this evening by revolutionary leaders in the Nevski Prospekt.

Monday. — GAPON, who lunched with the Bishop of Bath and Wells at the Athenæum this morning, was executed in the presence of several thousand spectators at Moscow at about four P.M.

Tuesday. — GAPON, who succeeded in effecting his escape immediately after his execution, passed through the Sahara at seven o'clock this morning, *en route* to take the chair at a meeting to be addressed by the Mad Mullah in Khartoum.

Interviewed, GAPON stated further movements were uncertain, but expected to address meetings during week at Shanghai, Hamburg, and Adelaide. Asked as to his recent execution, GAPON said it was one of the most successful executions at which he had ever assisted.

Wednesday. — Report of GAPON's execution for to-day not yet to hand.

Proposed Amendment to the Education Bill.

SEC. 40, sub-sec. 3: "That this Act shall not extend to Scotland or Ireland."

"To move that the words 'England, Wales' be inserted after 'to.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MISTRESS ELIZABETH MONTAGU, born in 1720, lived to the age of eighty, numbering among friends and acquaintances many of the best-known folk of the 18th century. Her great great niece, EMILY CLIMENSON, coming into possession of her correspondence, has brought together in two handsome volumes, *Elizabeth Montagu* (JOHN MURRAY), the pick of letters passing during the earlier half of her life. The magnitude of the task will be understood when it is mentioned that the treasure trove was stored in sixty-eight boxes, each holding from 100 to 150 letters. To read them is to get vivid glimpses of life as it was lived a century and a half ago. The study is not calculated to make us envious of those who dwelt in the good old times. Though MRS. MONTAGU lived to be four score, her prime of life was constantly overshadowed either by actual illness or apprehension of it. Smallpox was rampant, only beginning to be restrained by vaccination. Inoculation the wise then called it, submitting to banishment for periods ranging from six weeks to two months whilst the beneficent charm worked. Tunbridge Wells was in the height of its fame, vying with Bath, where BEAU NASH still reigned, in drawing Society to its healing waters.

When anyone was ill, with whatsoever variety of indisposition, came the dread doctor with the abhorred lancet and bled the hapless patient. Whiles he blistered him or her. In her twentieth year MRS. MONTAGU, having a swelled lip, straightway had a blister applied to her back. "My lip is not entirely reduced," she writes, addressing her mother as Madam, "though I have been blistered twice, once blooded, and have five times taken physic." Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, suspected of gout, "has been blooded forty ounces within this week, and they say looks as florid as ever." Which must have been disappointing to the doctors. A country apothecary, who enjoyed the local reputation of having "let the life out of the veins of eleven people," bled MRS. MONTAGU for a headache.

Writing from Bulstrode, the Duke of PORTLAND'S country place, Mrs. MONTAGU mentions that "we breakfast at nine, dine at two, drink tea at eight, and sup at ten." The morning tub, not universally used, was in 1710 actually what it was named. It resembled a wheelbarrow without legs or wheels, having two handles at each end, whereby the struggling chambermaids emptied it. These are domestic matters, trivial in themselves, but full of human interest. The correspondence frequently takes loftier flight, revivifying the personality of men and women whose names live in graver histories of the time.

Mr. HOLT SCHOOLING, statistician, would
(If asked) inform you airily, "The chance is
Seven to one on getting something good
From any book by (Mrs.) M. E. FRANCIS."
And then with simple pride he'd add: "Of course it
Is thirty-nine to one the background's Dorset."
And it *is* Dorset. Enter, R. and L.,
A maiden and a lover come "a cwortin'."
Follows a sigh, a push, a kiss and well,
You'll find it all or something of the sort in
The pleasant tales that make up *Simple Annals*.
One gets it through the ordinary channels.
P.S. I quite forgot to let you know
The publishers are LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

In *Fenwick's Career* (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD makes a study of two diverse characters. The task is a hard one, but a master hand is at work. *John Fenwick* is a Westmorland man of plebeian birth, fully conscious of supreme artistic gifts. *Madame de Pastourelles*, the daughter of a Peer, is the uncomplaining though deeply suffering victim of an ill-assorted marriage. She recognises the genius that underlies the forbidding exterior of the Westmorland painter, and her natural kindness and alluring grace fan it into lambent flame. *Fenwick*, in whose career there are obvious reminiscences of ROMNEY, leaves his wife and child to struggle on in their chill Westmorland home whilst he goes to London and justifies *Madame de Pastourelles'* estimate by speedily rising to fame. Apart from the study of character, the story is full of dramatic incidents, notably the visit of the deserted wife to her husband's studio in London, and the interview with *Fenwick* in Paris, in which *Arthur Welby*, an undeclared lover of *Madame de Pastourelles*, denounces his duplicity in hiding his marriage with a view to entrapping *Lord Findon's* daughter into a bigamist union. But, after all, the skilfully contrasted character is the thing. On the one side the dainty woman, pure-souled, unselfish, highly cultured, aristocrat to her tapered finger tips; on the other the Westmorland boor, vain, querulous, mean, jealous, arrogant, untruthful, but withal a genius.

TITLED TRUISMS.

[There is an inborn love of sport in the Saxon which helps to keep him mentally and physically one of the health'est creatures in the world. But it is obvious that, if a man cannot indulge his ambition to excel in cricket, football, or any other form of sport without detriment to his success in the more important affairs of life, the lesser object should be sacrificed to attain the greater."—*Lord Monkswell in "The Tatler."*]

AFTER the above *dictum*, which bears traces of the influence of Lord AVEBURY, we may, any day, expect the following authoritative pronouncements from other Members of the Upper Chamber:—

The question of diet is one of evergrowing importance in this luxurious age, and it is probably not less true than it was when the saying was first coined that one man's meat is another man's poison. Generalisations are always dangerous, but at least we may assert with a reasonable measure of certitude that the man who suffers from chronic dyspepsia should abstain as far as possible from lavish indulgence in the pleasures of the table. *The Marquis of Ripon in "The Morning Leader."*

Crossing the Channel is an experience which no two people regard in exactly the same light. But amid the diversity of sentiments which are evoked by the transit, pacific or boisterous, we must never lose sight of the fundamental principle that the further we are off from England the nearer we are to France. This principle, be it further noted, is equally true in its inverted form.—*The Duke of Devonshire in "The Edensor Parish Magazine."*

If we cannot realize all our ambitions, let us at least cultivate that philosophical resignation which will enable us to be content with the attainment of a portion of them. I am not as young as I was last year and I am decidedly older than I was in 1890, but the longer I live the more completely am I convinced that not only is it impossible for us to have our cake and eat it, but that, where genuine hunger exists, half a loaf is better than no bread.—*Lord Rosslyn in "Great Thoughts."*

The habit of thrift cannot be inculcated too early in the minds of the youth of this great country. The more we save, the more we have to invest; and the more we invest, provided the security is absolutely sound, the larger will be our dividends. But even a hundred pounds, if lodged in a good bank, may prove a nest-egg for us to take our stand upon in a rainy day. *Lord Rothschild in "The Economist."*

"HOUSE to let; six rooms; good repair; garden with fruit and rose trees; would suit motor-car."—*Middlesex Times.*

We are afraid not. Even the lowest h.p. Buzzer is so particular nowadays that nothing less than a vinery and orchid-house is good enough for him.

CHARIVARIA.

It is interesting to notice the simple way in which our Royal Princes are being brought up. They have to undergo all the hardships of ordinary little boys. Last week, for instance, they were taken to the British Museum.

The Vicar of Thames Ditton announces that during the boating season special seats will be reserved in his church for persons who wish to attend in boating costume. It remains to be seen now whether a similar concession will be made to bathers.

It is denied that the Anti-Gambling Society intends to initiate proceedings against the actors and actresses taking part in *Raffles*.

An advertisement issued by the proprietors disposes once and for all of the rumour that the new daily paper *The Majority* is to be the peculiar organ of the Labour Party. The forthcoming journal, it is stated, "will be tolerant and courteous to those with whose opinions it does not agree."

The present Government evidently hopes to cover up its sins of omission by sins of Commission.

At a time when it is being suggested that all policemen are not free from guile, it seems only fair to draw attention to the fact that a constable told Mr. PLOWDEN at Marylebone Police Court on the 12th inst. that he did not think a cabman would make a charge that was not correct.

The Duchess of TECK opened, last week, an institution which has been neatly described as a Horsepital, Dogpital, and Catpital.

Nerve specialists, it is said, are now recommending a "Silence Cure" for ladies who suffer from nerves. The patients have to set apart a certain number of hours in which no word is spoken. A lady we know tried this treatment with a curious result. She herself came out in a rash, but her husband, who suffered from headaches, recovered.

The news, published in *The Daily Mail*, that Telegraph Boys are to be abolished will come as a surprise to many. "The War Office authorities," states our contemporary, "are encouraging by all the means in their power the practical instruction in shooting of the Post Office telegraph messenger boys." We shall miss the little fellows.



PROGRESS.

"I MAINTAIN THAT THE RACE HAS IMPROVED IN PHYSIQUE SINCE THOSE DAYS. NOW WE COULDN'T GET INTO THAT ARMOUR!"

While scratching his nose last week, with the end of a loaded revolver, a Parisian gentleman accidentally pulled the trigger and blew off the tip of his proboscis. This confirms the theory as to the danger of such a proceeding which has long been held by many thoughtful persons both in this country and in France.

During the cold snap last week a huge skate was caught in the Channel.

Sir W. B. RICHMOND has been complaining of the lack of great men in the country. Surely he is mistaken. So long as our photographic papers exist, and have to be filled every week, England will never want for great men.

Mount Detula, in Luzon, has sunk into the earth, and its place has been taken by a large lake. The local publicity *bureau*, with enterprise we cannot praise too highly, is now, we hear, advertising "A Constant Change of Scenery," with a view to attracting settlers.

There is no satisfying some people. Having barely escaped from San Francisco, Signor CARUSO has been bringing the house down at Covent Garden.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

THOSE great Twin Brethren, the GATTI Adelphi, must have smiled grimly last week over the ghost of Melodrama, visiting the very home of its ancient prime. Grimly, for Olympus has grown superior to its appeal; and though, in a few bright spasms of the old rapture, the gods applauded the once cherished conventions, they ultimately recognised the error of their attitude, and booed at the end like educated people, till the Safety Curtain was lowered.

Yet it did not seem that that talented writer, MRS. DE LA PASTURE, set out to make a melodrama. *The Lonely Millionaires* gave promise, at first, of being a light comedy, a gayer version of the idea in *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*. And then, just as a comic element is introduced for the relief of serious matter, so here it was melodrama that was brought in to stiffen the lighter stuff. A dangerous experiment; for the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is easy enough, but the opposite process is often fraught with excruciating difficulties. And scarcely a single actor achieved the ascent with any show of comfort, unless it was Mr. ASCHE, and his part was so simple as almost to play itself, with the help of a Lancashire brogue and a briar pipe. Not one of the other characters who were asked to shift about "from lively to severe" was happy in both styles. Miss LILY BRAYTON, as the millionaire's wilful daughter, was charming in the lighter scenes, but never very comfortable when heavy business was asked of her; and Mr. MATHESON LANG, one of those loose-limbed, restless young men who rush about and leave the scenery no peace, made up for an over-accentuation of his comedy part by a rather perfunctory performance in the "stronger" scenes, and finally resigned himself to the mere recitation of heroic platitudes.

On the other hand, Miss ANNIE SCHLETTER, who was not called upon to be anything but serious, gave a very fresh and varied impersonation of the jealous wife of the Italian drawing-master in a scene which her cleverness alone saved from banality; while Miss LOTTIE VENNE, whose lines were cast within the limits of pure and unrelieved comedy, played to admiration the part of a delectable widow.

It was a personal triumph, for she owed it far less to the things she had to say than to her captivating way of saying them. Indeed the author seldom seemed to press home her opportunities for the humour which she clearly possesses. She might, for instance, with advantage have given wider scope to the character of that importunate suitor, the fatuous *Lord Frederick*. We saw far too little of Mr. GAYER MACKAY, whose excellent fooling in a similar part contributed so much to the popularity of *Dr. Wake's Patient*.

Mr. CHARLES ROCK acted with a fine imperturbability as a butler with a habit of "hoverin'" which recalled one of TOOLE's characters; and Mr. BRYDONE gave a solid interpretation of the part of a pawky Scotch doctor. The stage movement in favour of pawky Scotch doctors will be recognised by those who saw *The Alabaster Staircase*, though it is only fair to MRS. DE LA PASTURE to say that she was first in the field with a previous amateur performance of the present play.

Finally, Mr. HERBERT GRIMWOOD as the drawing-master a sort of *Lucentio* to the *Bianca* of Miss LILY BRAYTON Italian in face and voice and gesture, but concealing, under passionate externals, the cool impudence of Semitic commercialism,



Smouldering Asches.

did some excellent things; but his appearance, which served him well enough in his more sordid passages, lent an extreme improbability to the fascination which he exercised over the guileless heart of his girl-pupil.

There was the same improbability about the relationship, somewhat tediously insisted upon, of the widow and the hero. It is no reflection on Miss LOTTIE VENNE's personal charm, unstaled as it is by custom, to say that nobody was prepared to accept the allegation that *Lady Medwin* was the junior of Mr. MATHESON LANG's *Sir Charles*, who declared himself to be thirty-eight, but looked and behaved like a boy of twenty-three.

In conclusion, the cast was more than good enough for the play. For I am afraid that the Lonely Millionaires (and I take the author's word for it that they were in the plural, though she never showed us more than one plutocrat that had any pretensions to solitude) are likely to justify their description; that, in fact, to borrow from the legend of a recent picture in *Punch*, they are destined from day to day to be left lonelier still. But the author, if her pluck is equal to her wit, will not allow herself to be discouraged; and I, for one, look forward to her swift triumph over certain faults which a fine intelligence should easily repair. To-morrow, then, to fresh woods and PASTURES new! O. S.

"M.P.RIAL EXCURSIONS;"

OR, EDUCATING LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

["If we send select parties of legislators to the Colonies during the recess and make parliamentary vagabonds of them instead of letting them devote their time to going about addressing public meetings, they will be much better fitted on their return for the discharge of their legislative duties. The real corrective of many of the evils of public life is the practice of scientific and enlightened vagabondage in the future. Let us all be not only social but Imperial vagabonds."—*Lord Curzon at the New Vagabonds' Dinner on May 15.*]

The Stay-at-home Politician protesteth:—

WHAT, bid us leave our Parish Pump,
Desert the local tub we thump,
Avoid our Bethel and our Borough,
Go Empire-trotting in a lump,
And give our tongues a rest that's thorough?!

Perish the thought! We do not care
To snuff the keen Colonial air,
Or, like "sundowners," hump our "billies;"
We of the Centre must forbear
To turn Imperial "Weary Willies!"

We're not the sort to go on tramp,
Or rough it in a back-wood camp
Our arm-chair life is much too busy!
To stretch our legs would give us cramp,
Imperial thinking makes us dizzy!

Let others learn who like to roam
What wisdom lies across the foam;
We won't to pet beliefs say Ta-ta!
'Tis easier far to stay at home
And earn the style of "Pro-BAMBAATA!"

No, like the folks down Sussex way,
Who view adventures with dismay
And of the teaching tribe are jealous;—
"'Tis what we knows, we knows," they say,
"And what we *don't* know, none need tell us!" ZIG-ZAG.

EXTRACT from testimonial in *The Keighley News*:—

"But I am thankful to say, after five weeks of your Indian treatment . . . . the girl can read and write with her right eye as well as with the left."

This makes the ordinary ambidextrous person look very silly.



TO SUIT ALL NEEDS.

John Bull (*in a hurry*). "OH, I JUST WANTED TO ASK——"

C.-B. (*shopwalker*). "QUITE SO, SIR. WE HAVE THE VERY ARTICLE YOU REQUIRE. ROYAL COMMISSION DEPARTMENT THIS WAY, SIR."



Maid. "THERE'S A MUCH BETTER TONE IN THIS HOUSE NOW, M'M, THAN THERE USED TO BE."
Lady (indignantly). "INDEED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, CHALMERS."
Maid. "OH, M'M, I MEAN DOWNSTAIRS, OF COURSE. NOT UPSTAIRS."

SPRING IN LONDON.

AN ODE.

Now in good sooth I know that Spring is here!
The gay, the jocund Spring
(Ring-ting-a-ling)!
For see, on every hand
The signs, the signs and portents re-appear,
And all is brave, and bountiful, and bland.

Now the commodious mansions of the Great
Disdain anew their wintry grime,
And in no time
The wanton one, the plumber,
Prepares them 'gainst the summer
In dress of glassy white;
Cool, doubtless, and remarkably ornate,
Though trying to the sight.

(Saving for those that wear no vernal dress,
For whom no paint was newly wet,
Who, darkly looming in the vivid row,
Hang out pathetic signals of distress—
To wit "TO LET!
Apply to So-and so.")

See now where at the meeting of the ways
Conflicting traffics press from every side
In Spring's delirious block;
And, like a rock,
ROBERT, the cynosure of every gaze,
Stands in mid-stream, and, pale but calm,
Uprears an undisputed palm,
And dams the roaring tide.

And lo! the Park! Oh happy scene!
Green are the trees, the grass is green,
So are the chairs!
Here would we sit, and, for a fleeting span,
Let the soft breezes fan
Our brows, and breathe the Babylonian airs:—
Save for yon minion, ever crying "Pence"—
Cursed be he, I say! Come, let us hence.

Mark now the sheep—the good old London sheep!
Some round of wool, and seeming-fat,
Black as your hat,
Contented of regard, or half asleep:
And others, shorn to half their former size,
Come forth, all coyly skinned,
To the untempered wind
In outraged nakedness, with downcast eyes.

Last of the vernal signs:
Lapped in the fretted umbrage of the trees,
Calmly oblivious of the city's hum,
See where reclines
Th' unwashen wastrel in his verminous ease!

* * *

For Spring, indeed, has come! DUM-DUM.

A CHARITY SEASON.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—This, let me inform you, is to be a Charity Season, and your BLANCHE is going to be worked half dead in the "sacred cause." When SHAKSPEARE said, "Charity suffereth long," he must have meant those who *work* for charity. I'm rather obsessed with SHAKSPEARE just now, for next week we give our amateur performance of *Hamlet* at the "Magnificent" in aid of the Seaside Home for Necessitous and Neuralgic Needlewomen. Our *Hamlet* is Lady CLARGES; and her reading of the part is that *Hamlet* was *very much* misunderstood, but *not* mad. She wants to put in one or two contralto songs, but I don't think we shall let her. She looks simply awfully sweet in her "suit of sables;" the "inky cloak" she dispenses with altogether. I do *Laertes*, and our fencing scene, I fully expect, will go with a bang. BABS wanted to double the parts of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, but it would be too much for one person, especially as they are often on at the same time. CROPPY VAVASSOR is the *Ghost*, and a very good one. He means to catch a little cold before the performance, to get his voice more sepulchral.

Then, the day after *Hamlet*, there is the Early British Bazaar, in aid of- I forget what, but something *very* deserving. We are none of us quite certain how Early Britons ought to dress. CROPPY said something about *woad*: what sort of material is that? and how ought it to be made, do you think? You were always good at history. The drink bar is to be a model of Stonehenge; but as to the correct kind of drinks we are all rather in a hole. Someone suggested pottles of sack, and someone else said mead, or metheglin; but CROPPY says No; the Early Britons drank stuff called *frumenty* I'd no idea he was so well informed. BABS and I are to lead a sort of religious dance of Druidesses. After the Bazaar's over, I shall hate to put in the Opera and three parties, so there won't be much left of your BLANCHE.

Some of us have a lovely idea for helping the Fund for the Orthodox Old. We want to get up living pictures, all from sacred subjects, and give the show in St. Paul's Cathedral. I'm *sure* we could coax the dear Bishop to say yes;—but then there's the Dean and Chapter too, isn't there? What sort of a thing *is* a Chapter? Is it coaxable?

The Concert at Clackmannan House in aid of Crippled Chauffeurs went off quite nicely. The Duchess played a Nocturne and Ballade of CHOPIN in her usual brilliant style. (That spiteful little Mrs. JIMMY SHARPE says the dear Duchess *always* plays CHOPIN, because he's so full of wrong notes that a few extra ones don't matter!) I did a coon-song and cake-walk; and BABS whistled "*Rule, Britannia*," with variations of her own (very much her own, my dear! Between ourselves, no one else would own them.) The BOSH TRESYLLYANS did a clog dance; and for a professional draw we had the Baby Flautist, little Presto Piccolo. He played a tremendous thing of BOROSHKI'S, and was fed with a bottle between the movements. Of course it fetched 'em; but you may take it from me, my dear, that the Wonder Child is just about played out (literally), and that the *swing of the pendulum* is going to make *extreme old age* the correct thing on the concert platform. I hear, on the *best* authority, that a violinist of ninety-five, and a pianist over a hundred, are to be *the rage* next season.

People are talking of a Lantern Fête to be given in the grounds of Ramsgate House for Lady RAMSGATE'S pet charity, The Hopeless Sufferers—masks to be worn till supper-time, and nursery games to be played.

À propos of the RAMSGATES, poor DICKIE SANDYS is really hard hit over the DOLLY DE LACY affair—(he deserted her, you know, on the very *brink* of an offer, and now he's engaged to her grandmother, POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE)—I don't mean that DICKIE is doing anything so *Early Victorian* as to pine or break her heart, but she vows she'll cut both her grandmother and DOLLY.

The question arises, whether one *can* cut a grandmother? Myself, I should think she would be too tough.

A Dios, carita (we must all try to speak Spanish now). Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A FEATURE of the next musical season due no doubt to the recent confident statement of Sir HERMAN WEBER as to the indefinite extension of the normal span of human life will be the number of farewell concerts to be given by retiring infant or semi-infantile prodigies. The reaction against the rule of "too old at thirteen," which has been so rigorously enforced of late years, is already in full blast, and it is believed that the present Government are preparing a Bill under the provisions of which no instrumentalist or vocalist who has not reached the age of twenty-one will be allowed to perform in public.

Foremost in the ranks of the "farewellers" is the wonderful Lithuanian violinist TAMOSZIUS PASHLINKSMINIMAMS, who is at present touring in the Solomon Islands. TAMOSZIUS, who comes of a noble Lett family, was born in 1890, and according to the accepted musical chronology of *Letts's Diaries*, is now just eight years old. He has only had one master, but that was no less polysyllabic a polyphonist than the redoubtable VALENTINAVYCZIA AUKSZCZIAUSIS, under whom he rapidly mastered the most transcendental technique of his instrument, while his mother is a relative of the great Bessarabian basso TUSKAR ODOLOVITCH. In the course of the last few years he has amassed a handsome fortune, and is now thinking of devoting himself to politics or poultry farming, re-emerging at intervals of ten or more years in the musical arena under different portions of his surname.

The nomenclature of artists is a matter which is beginning to attract the attention of serious publicists, the need of immediate intervention being emphasised by a painful episode which occurred last Saturday at the Queen's Hall. A recital was being given by a talented young Pole of the name of PETRUNKEVITCH-SVITNTCHITZKY, and during the interval a beautiful lady, well-known in London Society, suddenly burst into tears because she was utterly unable to pronounce the name of the recitalist. She was at once removed to her motor-car and is now in a nursing home recovering from a severe attack of metaphasia bombinans, in which the patient not only calls everything by its wrong name, but repeatedly emits a noise almost indistinguishable from the booming of a Burmese gong.

Several eminent musicians have been interviewed on the subject, and although their suggestions for coping with the evil differ, they are unanimous in the conviction that something must be done. Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON thinks that, as a poetic Nemesis, just as in the old days English artists had to adopt an Italian or foreign pseudonym to gain a hearing, so now all aliens, no matter how accomplished, should be forced to Anglicize their patronymics. The Lord Chief Justice, whose lovely tenor voice vibrates in the memory of all who have had the privilege of hearing him warble in the choir of S. Mary Abbot's, strongly supports the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the question. Professor PLUNKET GREENE suggests that there should be a Pole-tax on all Poles, that alien tenors should all pay an Ut-tax, and that a graduated income-tax should be levied on all foreigners without exception on the basis of the number of syllables in their surnames.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, on being consulted, replied with his usual *bonhomie*, "Let 'em all come. The more the merrier. It strengthens the larynx to have to pronounce such names as HORSSZOWSKI,

Leschetitzky, Sevcik, Pushkin and Pobiedonostzeff." On the other hand, Professor Churton Collins takes a grave view of the situation, and is, we understand, preparing an elaborate monograph entitled *The Plague of Polysyllables.* Professor Collins would deal drastically with the evil by a short statute providing that all foreign artists should only be licensed to perform in public on the condition of assuming a short monosyllabic alias – such as Jim, Tim, Kim or Pim – or of adopting a registered number. If they broke the law they should, in his opinion, be electrocided without trial.

Encouraging reports continue to come to hand of the new instrument recently invented by Professor Hiram O. Chirgwin, who occupies the chair of Experimental Acoustics in the University of Tipperusalem (Mo.). The instrument, which is made of porcelain with a bell resembling that of a French horn and a mouthpiece identical with that of the *oboe d'amore*, is fitted with a double reed, an inner combustion chamber and seventeen pedals. It thus combines the delicacy of the harp with the pastoral magic of the horn and the impetuous pulsation of the motor-car. Its size is rather a drawback, as not more than three can be got into an ordinary omnibus, but Professor Chirgwin hopes in time to perfect a smaller or boudoir model. For the moment he has not definitely fixed on a name for his invention, his choice wavering between the petroloon, the dudelhorn, and the Chirgoline.

The visit of the Chowbent Festival Choir to London has fully realised all expectations aroused by the reports of their phenomenal qualities. In point of precision, seismic sonority, and what is generally known as tympanoplectic attack they undoubtedly surpass any similar organisation, not even excepting the most famous brass bands of Lancashire and the Midlands. Tested by Professor Milne's brontograph, one Chowbent soprano produces more disturbance of the ether waves than five of her anæmic metropolitan sisters.

Richard Strauss, according to latest advices, has just completed a new symphonic poem entitled "Abracadabra," which is dedicated to his analysts and interpreters. The work is divided into five reciprocating sections, and several passages in the full score are happily devised so as to bear a visual resemblance to a barbed-wire entanglement. Prominence is given throughout to a group of four foghorns, which represent the composer's leading interpreters, and in the finale there is an extraordinarily impressive solo for the double-bass foghorn, or contra-fogotto.



THE MOTE AND THE BEAM:

Miss Anita. "Don't you think, Dear, it would be an improvement if the Men were made to leave their hats downstairs along with their umbrellas?"

A Maltese Cross, or Mongrel English.

(*From "The Daily Malta Chronicle."*)

"The dancing was kept up unflagging till far on in the night a night that robbed the day of a portion of spaces. Indeed but for the sumptuous sitting down supper, which all the same did not fail to gratify every one, the dancing floor would have sounded uninterruptedly with the musical shuffling and the rhythmical beating of the tingling feet of the glowing devotees of the science of harmonious human glad and gladdening motion."

The Journalistic Touch. "Members of the congregation rushed to the doors, and several families fainted."

Yorkshire Evening News.

At its "Sweated Industries Exhibition," at Queen's Hall, *The Daily News* announces:

19th Mr. L. G. C. Money, M.P.
"The Root of the Evil."

MORAL REFLECTIONS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

III.

NOT far from the tail-end of the Diplodocus are several imposing specimens of the Turtle and Tortoise tribes, which are, I should say, the Megatherium's and Mastodon's juniors by some hundreds of centuries. I speak without authority, being no scientist, but if the officials have purchased them as antiques, I am sadly afraid they have been taken in. The style may be that of an earlier period, but I am greatly mistaken if the execution is not comparatively recent. To my eye they look suspiciously fresh and modern.

However, what chiefly struck me about them was their wonderful humanity. These Turtles and Tortoises possess that "one touch of Nature" that "makes the whole world kin" to them. I detest employing a hackneyed quotation but they *do*. Each of them has his counterpart in this very London of ours. Examine the countenance of "The Leathery Turtle," and you cannot fail to find something strangely familiar in its features.

It was clearly a self-made Turtle, and the turtle would have to be very leathery indeed that could take *him* in. Note the shrewd twinkle in his slightly upcast eye, the humorous, but still secretive, curve of his thin lips. There lies the secret of his success. A Turtle to dine—but *not* to do business—with . . . Well, haven't you met that Turtle—differently dressed, of course—in City circles? I know him quite well. I could even mention his name, which is—but let me beware of becoming indiscreet. I doubt if he is a regular reader of *Punch*, but he *might* have an acquaintance who glances through it occasionally. And, for all I know, a City Magnate might consider it libellous were I to identify him as twin brother to a Leathery Turtle. All the same, if the jury were only given an opportunity of viewing the two together, there would be a verdict for the Defendant. Still, perhaps it is wiser not to risk it.

The "Abingdon Island Tortoise," too, I seem to have met somewhere in this metropolis, on the stage of one of the Music-halls, or in a Pantomime, I fancy. This Tortoise was evidently a popular Low Comedian, and is here preserved in the act of giving his celebrated impersonation of a Blondin Donkey. The moment chosen is that in which, on being requested to perform some trick by his trainer (a brother tortoise), he suddenly "turns nasty." But his finest effect was when, after very reluctantly kissing his exhibitor, he wiped off all traces of the caress with his fore flapper and an air of unaffected disgust which was frankly intended to be offensive. At the "Submarine Empire" several tortoises used to split their shells nightly during this particular "turn." But where be his gibes now? If some Abingdon islander of the present day could behold him in his preserved state, would he not wonder how any generation of tortoises could ever have considered him funny? That is the irony of his immortality.

There can be little doubt about what has been the "North Aldabra Tortoise's" particular walk of life. You may read it in his very attitude; in the somewhat pompous deference with which he supports himself on his curved fore-flappers; in the slightly inclined head, and the obsequious twist of his thick neck. I saw somebody the other day behind a counter who had just that manner as he murmured: "And the *next* article, Madam?"

This Tortoise is exhibited here as he appeared when engaged in pushing "a special line" of celluloid combs, and guaranteeing that they will be found "far superior to the genuine articles, which have now gone *quite* out of vogue." I should like to think he had no private interest in pushing these "specialities"—but you can never depend upon this species of Tortoise as strictly truthful . . . .

We will now leave the Reptiles and proceed to an adjoining gallery, which contains a series of strikingly realistic *tableaux* illustrating scenes from the Home Life of Representative British Birds. Concerning these exhibits my self-imposed duties as a Moral Reflector compel me to address a few words of earnest remonstrance to the Museum Authorities.

It is not my desire to be censorious or hypercritical; I willingly admit that the skill with which the various *dramatis personæ* have been stage-managed and provided with appropriate scenery and effects is little short of marvellous. But either the official conception of what constitutes feathered domesticity is permeated by a super-Shavian cynicism and flippancy, or else (as dramatic critics are fond of informing the author of an "up-to-date" Society Drama) they have been singularly unfortunate in the types that have come under their observation.

I do not intend to labour this point. I will merely give a few instances to prove that I am not writing at random. First, let me take a scene at "Oak Lodge, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Missel Thrush;" Mr. and Mrs. Thrush have just returned after having been out all day, on business. They are naturally anxious to find out how their offspring (who are three in number) have been conducting themselves during their parents' absence. So far, I agree, there is nothing here that the strictest moralist can object to. . . .

But observe the offspring. It is perfectly plain from their several expressions and general demeanour that they have been guilty of grave misconduct. *What*, I will not undertake to say—but *some* description of devilry.

Are they represented as overcome by shame and remorse? Are they sobbing out a confession of their peccadillos—to use the mildest term for them—on their parents' bosoms? Not they! The son and heir has jauntily stepped out on a branch to greet his parents, and is obviously lying for all—and more than—he is worth! And his juniors—what of *them*? They are sitting tight inside the nest, one attempting to avoid cross-examination by assuming an air of hopeless imbecility, while the other, with less confidence in his histrionic talent, is pretending to be fast asleep!

Their mother, I fancy, still believes in her children as a trio of half-fledged angels—but in the father's eye there is a light as of dawning suspicion.

Now *is* such a scene as this likely to impress the young as an example of filial obedience, of straightforwardness, and strict truthfulness? I would respectfully commend this question to the distinguished Director of a Museum to which such great responsibilities have been entrusted by the nation, and leave the answer to his own conscience.

Then what about another scene purporting to represent a typical Kingfisher interior? We are shown the wretched father and mother squabbling furiously in the foreground over a miserable fish, which may or may not be as fresh as one of them (I am not sure which) asserts it to be. Huddling timidly together in a corner, with their poor little bills thrust over each other's shoulders, are the Miss and Master Kingfishers, apparently squeaking in feeble chorus, "Oh, if dear Daddy and Mummy only got on a *little* better together, how *much* happier Home might be!"

There may be a Kingfisher family here and there in which such sordid scenes are not unknown. I am not sufficiently in touch with ornithological circles to say. But even so, why select the exceptions? Need our children's simple faith in the teachings of Dr. WATTS be undermined in this insidious manner?

One last example, and I have done: the *tableau* to which I must now, most reluctantly, refer, illustrates a painful crisis in the married life of another couple—Mr. and Mrs. "Jack" Daw. They are still apparently in an early stage of their matrimonial career, and, for Mrs. Daw at all events, the glamour has not yet begun to fade. We see her seated on a twig immediately outside the front door of the desirable



SCENE: *A London omnibus. Two ladies of somewhat mature age discussing their respective golf handicaps.*

First Lady. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

Second Lady. "THREE YEARS AGO I WAS FIFTEEN, NOW I'M EIGHTEEN."

First Lady. "OH, I'VE BEEN SEVENTEEN ALL ALONG!"

Elderly Party (*rather merry, who has been listening*). "HO, YUSS, AN' I'VE STUCK AT NINETEEN!"

tree-trunk which they have taken for the season, dreamily thinking what a fortunate bird she is to possess such a husband as dear Jack, so thoroughly domesticated, and so absolutely content to spend all his evenings quietly indoors!

And on the opposite side of the trunk, where he is secure from observation, we see "dear Jack" sneaking out of his back-door, with the evident object of making a night of it at his Club!

In a Museum in Paris, where the moral standard is of course entirely different, this might be accurate enough as a picture of life, but in this England of ours, and in an institution to which children of the tenderest years are admitted —no, I *cannot* think it an edifying spectacle for their innocent eyes!

It is my firm belief that the vast majority of our British Birds lead blameless and unimpeachably respectable lives, and to represent the comparatively few nests in which marriage has proved a failure as typical *ménages* amounts to a cruel and undeserved libel on the whole feathered community. *They* are powerless; they cannot even send a deputation to Downing Street. But perhaps some Member of Parliament who sees eye to eye with me on this subject will bring it before the notice of the Home Secretary, or the First Commissioner of Works, or the Minister for Education, and ask whether the Government is or is not prepared to take any steps in the matter.

It is with the faint hope that this protest may have the result of arousing the national conscience that I bring these Moral Reflections to a close. F. A.

THERE is a rumour of a possible recruit to the stage in the person of a well-known Society lady. "Psyche" in *The Gentlewoman* says: "Should the rumour prove true, one can predict large audiences at the playhouse where report says the *début* will take place if, that is, it comes off at all." Were it not for the absence of the word "alleged" before "*début*," "rumour" and "report," we should say that "Psyche" was fairly safe from any libel action.

AT a meeting of the Westbury District Council the Chairman made the important statement that "Dust raised by motor-cars killed the flies on the turnips." We hope this will encourage motorists to persevere.



MORE GRIEVANCES.

Chronic Grumbler. "NOW, THERE'S THE CHAPLAIN, 'E DON'T 'AVE ANY WORK TO DO ON THIS 'ERE SHIP; AN' THE CAPTAIN O' MARINES, 'E DON'T 'AVE ANYTHINK TO DO, AN' 'E 'AS TWO BLOOMIN' LOOTENANTS TO 'ELP 'IM DO IT!"

PROVINCIAL REFORMERS.

[Lowestoft Town Council has passed a resolution urging the necessity for rearranging the Parliamentary Session, so that it shall commence in November and end in June "in the interests of the public generally, and especially in the interests of the holiday-making public and of British holiday resorts."]

THIS is by no means all. News reaches us of other and similar examples of parochial protest. Thus at a Babbacombe mothers' meeting recently it was proposed, and more, seconded, that the prerogatives of the Throne be seriously curtailed. It was held by the speakers that HIS MAJESTY had liberties and privileges which were not within the compass of the ordinary British matron, and in the interests of communism a stand should be made.

At the annual meeting of the Hove branch of the Boys' Brigade it was unanimously decided that the constitution of the Royal Academy was in need of drastic reforms. The number of full Academicians, it was decided, should be reduced to twenty.

It has been resolved by the Town Council of Bungay that the salary of the First Lord of the Treasury is too high. Many men in Bungay are found to fill public offices without reward, and it is held that the Prime Minister should do so too.

An enthusiastic meeting was held at the Parish Room, Peperharow, on Wednesday last, to settle the Education Question. After a number of gentlemen had spoken, the purpose of the gathering was fulfilled by a resolution relegating the present measure to limbo.

THE SCAPEGOAT.

IZZET PASHA, you have to bear
The blame for Turkey's failure, ah!
Though such a fate is far from rare,
We quite agree it is not fair -
Is it? Pasha.

Clearing up a Joke.

A READER of *The Evening News* writes asking us to explain our new name "Zulu" for the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway. In reply we beg to inform him that this humorous piece of nomenclature is London's new catch-phrase, and can be heard in every bus, tram, or steamer. It is also going the round of the provincial Clubs. The idea arose as follows: The Zoo, or Zoological Gardens, is in close proximity to Regent's Park Station on the above line. Loo is the tail-end of Waterloo. Zoo-loo, without change of sound, may be facetiously written as "Zulu," which is the name of a tribe now in revolt in South Africa. The title thus happily combines a succinct aptness with extreme modernity, and is cordially recommended to our correspondent.

C. M. S. describing in *The Westminster Gazette* the habits of a kitten, says:

"When he is whiter than snow, after a grand toilet, the cook declares that '*the rascal*' always at once has a roll in the coal-hole, and certainly his mistress has more than once caught him red-handed in the deed."

The kitten seems to have a tolerable eye for colour.

A GENTLEMAN writing to the daily Press on Taximeters signs himself "A Cab-Rider of over Forty Years' Standing." But surely this is a case where a man might have taken it sitting down?

"Lost on Monday night, a little black Pug; puts her tongue out; answers to *Dora*.
Yorkshire Evening Post."

WHEN one considers the difficulty of answering, even monosyllabically, with the tongue out, one realises the great value of Dora.



A PROUD PARENT.

BRITISH LION (*to his Cub* NATAL). "GO IT, YOUNG 'UN. I LIKE TO SEE YOU FIGHTING YOUR OWN BATTLES. BUT, IF YOU *WANT* ME, I'M HERE."



Vicar's Daughter. "I HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING THE MUSIC, MRS. BOWLES?"
Old Woman. "DEARIE ME, MISS, THIS BRINGS ME BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN I USED TO SAW WOOD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, May 14.—Lord PORTSMOUTH is the soul of loyalty. Being also scrupulously veracious he would not deny, if challenged on his oath, that, had it pleased C.-B. to vary the current arrangement, place him at the head of the War Office and give him HALDANE as Under Secretary, the State would not have suffered. As it is, he accepts the situation, scrupulously performs the duties pertaining to it.

All the same he wishes either that HALDANE were in the Lords, or that WEMYSS were once more in the Commons. To one middle-aged as years count, but young in office, it is embarrassing to have this man of war hanging on his flank with inconvenient questions about Home Defence and Compulsory Service in the Militia. Something ominous to-night about movement of the Ensign General of the Royal Company of Archers. As a rule shoots his arrows from the cross bench behind that on which Royalty sits. It was here that, sometime within the last century, he with dramatic sweep of argumentative arm smote the hat of his present Gracious Majesty, then PRINCE OF WALES, seated in fancied security at the corner of the Front Bench. Had Royalty been present to-night, it might reasonably be suspected that reminiscence of that untoward incident induced the ROYAL ARCHER to change his point of attack. Howbeit he presented himself from the Front Bench above that on which ex-Ministers sit.

Early getting range of the UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR, he (of course in a Parliamentary sense) riddled him with many arrows. There was no surprise about the attack. On Friday last he put a plain question demanding straightforward answer.

"How long will it take to mobilise an army, and what would be its strength?"

The UNDER SECRETARY, having already learned the official habit of warding off inconvenient inquiry, declined to answer on the ground that it was contrary to public interest to supply the information.

"Pooh!" said the ROYAL ARCHER, deftly combing the UNDER SECRETARY'S hair with three arrows fired in swift succession, "there is not a military attaché in London who does not possess all the details. I can," he added, "supply them myself, and propose to do so on Monday."

This a pleasing variation on procedure of an Irish Member in penultimate session of last Parliament. "Arising out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given," he said, sternly regarding the hapless Minister, "I beg to ask ." Then came the supplementary question.

WEMYSS avowedly had at finger-ends the information he sought from representative of the War Office. As the UNDER SECRETARY would not give it he should receive it. So here was the ROYAL ARCHER brimming over with answer to his own question.

Incidentally he referred to an episode in his own career, for honourable mention of which overhaul NAPIER or any other wollum of history of the Peninsular War. It happened at a critical moment. WELLINGTON had met MASSENA at Fuentes de Onoro and badly beaten him. That was good. But SOULT, hitherto indomitable, lay in the path of BERESFORD. How would the British fare in the inevitable struggle? At this crisis WEMYSS—he was Lord ELCHO at the time—volunteered for active service. The effect was electrical, not only in this country, but with the tattered, ill-fed army under BERESFORD. They met the French at Albuera, and SOULT was shattered.



MR. H-LD-NE AS *Pooh Bah.*

"Speaking not as a soldier, but as a lawyer."

(Lord Robert Cecil said, "it appeared as if the Secretary of State for War had as many capacities as *Pooh Bah* in the comic opera.")

With characteristic modesty WEMYSS did not in his speech to-night directly indicate this affair. It was brought back to the mind of his hearers by the remark that some time later (it was in the first year of the present century), disgusted with the neglect of the Volunteer force by a tape-tied War Office, he finally sheathed the sword volunteered at this epoch of his country's history. Since 1900 the London Scottish have been bereft of the comradeship of their old Colonel.

Here he is to-night, apparently as young as ever, certainly as virile, demonstrating to his own perfect satisfaction that whilst Germany and France can mobilise their armies in three days, whilst little Switzerland can do it in two, the British Army exists only on paper, the Volunteers are a sham, the Militia a delusion.

After this the House proposed to get to business. On referring to the agenda there was found to be none. So noble Lords, careless of the dire straits of their country, went home to dress for dinner.

Business done.—In the Commons Plural Voting Bill read second time by 403 votes against 95.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—"The question is that 'knowingly' stand part of the clause."

Thus the Chairman of Committees to a House suddenly filled by a murmuring throng. Ten minutes ago the Chamber almost empty. Seamen's and Soldiers' False Characters Bill under discussion. HALDANE in charge; lightly at succeeding turns of debate alternately assumes *rôle* of lawyer or garb of soldier. In absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, DON JOSÉ, and GEORGE WYNDHAM, Commissioners for performing duties and functions of Leader of the Opposition, BALCARRES obliges.

His forces represented by some half-dozen men including ARTHUR STANLEY, who by much mouthing of the syllables, placing the emphasis on the final one, invests the familiar word "character" with unsuspected qualities. To spell it charac-*tah* is but feebly to indicate a peculiarity in pronunciation which by repetition cast a spell over the House. You would see men on both sides intently watching him, scenting approach to the polysyllable, unconsciously working their lips in imitation of his pronunciation, gasping the echo "ah!" when he thundered the "*tah.*"

But that is another story. BALCARRES, thirsting for blood, insisted on taking division on question whether the Bill should insist upon false characters being knowingly given. HALDANE, abandoning for moment characters of soldier and lawyer, dropping into that of raconteur, told pretty story illustrating the difficulty. A man was enlisted upon strength of written character from a householder who said he had known him for seven years, during which time his character had been blameless, his conduct exemplary. It turned out that these seven years had been spent in penal servitude. The writer of the letter was his brother-in-law, who, finding a bad lot once more on his hands, made fresh effort to lodge him out at the expense of the State.

Crowd at Bar missed this story. Summoned by clang of division bell they rushed in to vote. Many ignorant of name of Bill under discussion. Few, if any, knew what "knowingly" imported if inserted in the clause. The Whips would show them which way to vote, and they were there to do their duty.

"Those that are of that opinion say 'Aye,'" said the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, reciting the formula of putting the question.

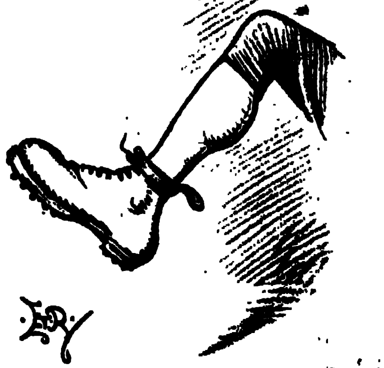
There was a cry of "Aye" from men following the flag of the bold BALCARRES.

"The contrary 'No.'"

A wave of conviction swayed the crowd at the Bar. They were mainly Ministerialists, flocking in like sheep at sound of wether bell. If the remnant behind Front Opposition Bench cried "Aye" they must needs shout "No"; which they did with a vigour, unanimity and consciousness of virtue that made superfluous the knowledge as to what they fought each other for. Then they went forth to division, and by a majority of 314 against 68 it was decided that the word "knowingly" should not be added to the clause.

Thus are we governed.

Business done.—Quite a lot. At 10.25 Orders of the Day had been cleared off, and so home to bed.



WAS *THIS* WHAT HE MEANT?

(Mr. Harcourt said he "could promise Mr. Chamberlain that if he 'came over to help them' there should be no tests for a repentant teacher. . . . Surely the husks of the out-voter could not be very satisfying diet. *The fatted calf of the fully-qualified resident was awaiting his return.*")

CHARLES DICKENS ON THE EDUCATION DISPUTE.

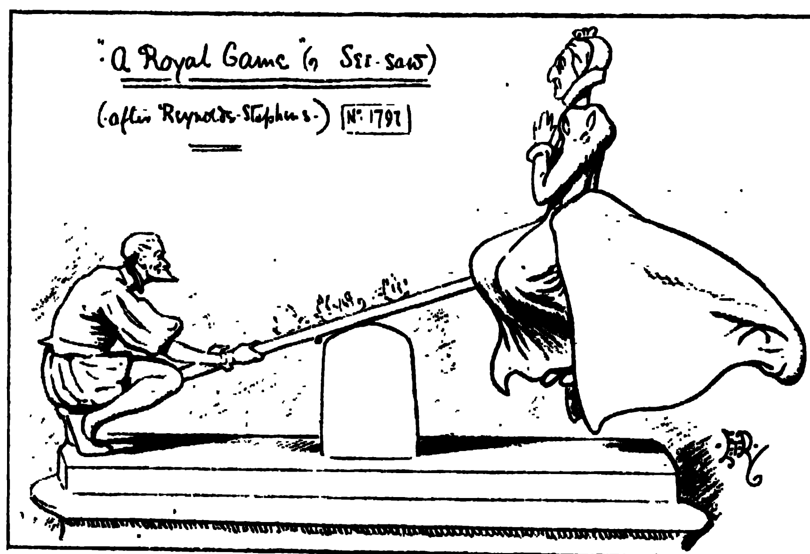
"BUT the Bigwig family broke out into violent family quarrels concerning what it was lawful to teach to this man's children. Some of the family insisted on such a thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and others of the family insisted on such another thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and the Bigwig family, rent into factions, wrote pamphlets, held convocations, delivered charges, orations, and all varieties of discourses . . . . threw dirt, exchanged pummelings and fell together by the ears in unintelligible animosity. Meanwhile this man, in his short evening snatches at his fireside, saw the demon Ignorance arise there and take his children to itself."—*Nobody's Story.*

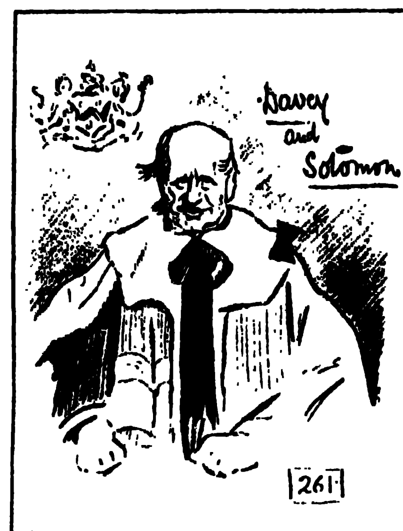
Professional Candour.

"HIGH-CLASS HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—Examination successes quite exceptional."—*Manchester Courier.*













ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES—RE-VARNISHED.

MIDDLE-WEIGHT OPERA.

THE atmosphere of Covent Garden is never a very good conductor of humour; and things are even worse when the after-effects of a *Ring*-Cycle have not yet been dissipated, and another is threatened. This may partly explain the somewhat temperate enthusiasm with which *Der Barbier von Bagdad* was received. But its story is dull and even stupid; and the noble music of CORNELIUS seemed wasted on so trivial a theme, unless we were meant to regard his opera as a deliberate parody of the Grand Style; and in that case I must conclude that the hearts of the audience, still labouring under the solemn emotions generated by a course of WAGNER, were in no mood for this kind of sacrilegious badinage.

Herr KNÜPFER, as the *Barber*, dominated the scene. Magnificently bearded in the Mosaic manner, he might have stepped into this Arabian Night straight off the Sinaitic peninsula, during its temporary occupation by the Turkish Government. The profundity of his resonant basso greatly assisted the lofty dignity of bearing from which he never allowed himself to be diverted by his own *jeux d'esprit*. These were perhaps too esoteric, too full of personal and family reminiscences to thrill a public by whom the humour of Mesopotamia had probably never been regarded as of vital moment. But now and then he made a wider appeal; as when, under the impression that his client of the morning had come to an untimely end, he uttered the superbly burlesque line,

> Morgens rasiert, und abends eine Leiche!

Perhaps I ought not to refer to one rather tactless passage, in which the *Barber* remarks

> "Ruchloser (profligate) Richter . . .
> Doch höh're Richter richten, Richter, dich!"

I pass over the Teutonic gravity of the humour; but I protest against this libel upon the private character of the most blameless of Conductors; and I will add that, if the Syndicate knows of any "loftier Richter" than Our Only HANS, I shall be glad to make his acquaintance.

The humour assigned to *Nureddin* (Herr JÖRN) was of the less conscious kind. In the opening scene he presented, at least to occidental eyes, a rather ludicrous figure as he lay love-sick and prostrate on his couch, while his attendants, armed with feathers lashed to the end of long poles, did their best to reduce his temperature. On the other hand, the fun of the shaving scene was designed; and even an oriental, to whom the customary shearing of the head would suggest no hint of humour (I am glad, by the way, that the Stage-Manager stuck to the original and did not accept the gloss of the British librettist who translates "*Kopf*" as "chin")—even an oriental must have enjoyed the abstractions of the *Barber*, where in the midst of his professional operations he deviates into the *Margiana* cadenza, to the ruin of his handiwork.

Unfortunately, in the next Act, when the lover, clad in a turban and rich apparel, enters to pay his vows to *Margiana*, the vision of his head as the barber left it, imperfectly bald, still remained on the retina of memory, and somewhat modified the effect of a passionate utterance in which Herr JÖRN for once allowed full play to his emotions.

Fräulein BURCHARDT was charming in appearance; and her voice, for sweetness, was a pure Turkish delight; but in her love scene she perhaps missed the ardour and abandonment that one expects from the daughter of a Bagdad Cadi. Herr NIETAN, as the Cadi in question, would have been an ornament to any golf-links in Araby.



"Hair getting rather thin on top, Sir."
Abul, the Barber . . Herr KNÜPFER.
Nureddin . . . . Herr JÖRN.

The chorus wrung what humour they could from their words; and their sonorous *finale* "*Salamaleikum*" (which I understand to be another kind of *rahat lakoum*) convinced me that all must be well which ended so tunefully.

In conclusion, I cannot fairly ignore a stupendous *tour de force* on the part of the Rev. MARMADUKE E. BROWNE, who is responsible for the local libretto. In his effort to do justice to that song of *Abul* in which the original author easily found nine perfect rhymes for *Lieben*, the Rev. MARMADUKE, greatly daring, adopts "Woman" for his burden, for which there happens to be no rhyme-word in the English language; so he pronounces it Woeman, and Wooman, and Wewman, and Wommon; and also rhymes it in the plural with "two men," and "abdomen." I like to think that, for a single stanza, this is a record feat.

Der Vagabund und die Prinzessin, the half-gay half-sad little trifle which preceded *Der Barbier*, had at least a more human appeal. But the frame was too heavy for the picture, and the punishment of the *Princess* was too heavy for her crime. This second difficulty might have been easily avoided if the *Princess* could only have remembered the *Prince's* face for a few minutes while he went and changed his clothes and made himself into a Vagabond. I cannot account for this omission in an actress of Fräulein BURCHARDT's intelligence. Of course she may have been looking the other way when the *Prince*, in the first scene, disguised as a minstrel, recited his own love poem. But I was not in time for that episode, and I hesitate to condemn the lady unheard. *A bientôt!*

Last Thursday, for an extra couple of florins, a man might hear both MELBA *and* CARUSO in *La Bohème*. A glorious conjunction. And I understand that the Syndicate had given them all fresh dresses a tactful concession, no doubt, to the feelings of Signor CARUSO, who had lost his wardrobe at San Francisco, and would have been embarrassed in his lonely spruceness. It resulted that our friends of the *Quartier* were much too smartly attired for men who had the habit of dining off bread and water on the following day.

The great tenor was in marvellous voice; and the "full-throated ease" with which he rendered "*Chi son?*" was rapturously acknowledged by a crowded and scintillating house. One might say, in the manner of the poet whose inspired couplets adorn the placards of a certain beef-extract:

> You ask me why the audience clapped and crew so?
> It is because they idolise CARUSO!

Madame MELBA was perhaps not at her absolute best; she may have caught a touch of *Mimi's* cold. I can't imagine, by the way, how *Rodolfo* could be so thoughtless in the Third Act as to let *Mimi* stay out there singing in the bitter cold with that shocking cough when she could easily have been taken indoors. And why, in the last Act, need they send for a muff to warm her poor cold hands, instead of getting her to put them under the clothes of the bed, which had obviously been put there (it doesn't figure in the same room in the First Act) on purpose that she might die comfortably.

The Bohemian fraternity (Signor SCOTTI and MM. JOURNET and GILIBERT) were in great form, but Mlle. PARKINA, to be frank, was not perfectly in the picture. The first two Acts went very briskly and naturally, and the artificiality of the rest of the opera was always redeemed by the excellence of the singing. O. S.

DIARIES OF OPERATIC HEROES.

I.—WOTAN.

FRICKA has really been very trying again to-day, and I am beginning to doubt whether she was worth the eye that I gave for her in a moment of temporary infatuation. It began at breakfast, when I told her a curious dream that I'd had about the Ring, and took the opportunity to outline the principal points of the Painful Story of my connection with that piece of jewellery. FRICKA was quite rude about it, and said that she never wished to hear the Painful Story again. She is really a most unreasonable woman, for it isn't a bad story, and I flatter myself that I tell it rather well. Besides, it's the only one I know.

Her temper was not improved when one of her rams cast a shoe, and she was obliged, in consequence, to walk up the hill to the rocky spot where I generally take my midday siesta. Of course, she was under no compulsion whatever to come, but it seems that some busybody has been telling about the conjugal difficulties of the HUNDINGS. I wish people would mind their own affairs and not go interfering with matters that don't concern them. However, the cat was out of the bag with a vengeance, and FRICKA, who is really becoming quite a Mrs. GRUNDY in her old age, was much upset about it. Of course, this little affair of SIEGMUND and SIEGLINDE is very deplorable, but HUNDING is such a boor and has treated his wife so shamefully that, to my mind, he deserved all he got. However, FRICKA's sympathies were all with the poor deserted husband, though I can't imagine what she sees in him; and she nagged at me about it for half an hour or more. The result was that I got so flustered that before I knew where I was I'd promised to fight against my own child (*her* step-son). Somehow I never seem to get my own way now, although I'm supposed to be the boss god up here. I really don't know what times are coming to.

As ill luck would have it, just as FRICKA was going, who should turn up but BRÜNNHILDE, and the usual words followed. It is a great pity that BRUNNY and her step-mother don't hit it off better. BRUNNY's a dear girl, and was always a good daughter to me. There isn't a better listener in the whole of my large family; so, just to let off steam, so to speak, I sat down and told her the whole of my Painful Story. BRUNNY knows a good story when she hears one, and she followed it with every appearance of interest, though, if she has heard it once, she must have heard it a hundred times. Intelligent girl, that.

To satisfy FRICKA I had to give BRUNNY directions about her conduct in the SIEGMUND-HUNDING duel, but either I didn't make myself quite clear or else she guessed what was passing at the back of her old father's mind. Anyway, when the crucial moment arrived, she started in on the wrong side, and if I hadn't chanced to be on the spot, goodness knows what would have happened. Certainly for several weeks life with FRICKA wouldn't have been worth living.

Of course I pretended to be simply furious, and, having managed to catch BRUNNY hiding on the top of some outlandish mountain, I promptly sentenced her to a term of solitary confinement, just to assert my authority. It seems rather stiff, but BRUNNY is a wonderful sleeper never down for breakfast unless I call her myself—and I've no doubt she'll doze away most of her sentence pretty comfortably. Anyway, there she is, and there she'll stay till Mr. Right turns up and releases her. I shall miss her terribly, however, for she was so handy about the house, and none of the others knew how to mix their old father's night-cap so well as she.

(For the next few hundred pages the diary consists almost entirely of a list of the persons to whom the writer had told his Painful Story. It is not, indeed, until twenty years later that an entry occurs with which we need concern ourselves.)

Dropped down to MIME's this afternoon to see how my grandson SIEGFRIED is getting on; from all accounts he must be a big boy now, and it is high time that he heard the Painful Story. Unfortunately, he was out. On returning to Walhalla in the evening I found FRICKA in her tantrums again, so, seeing that it was no place for me, I decided to take a turn in the woods. By good luck I remembered that a sporting match between SIEGFRIED and the Dragon was down for decision in the morning, and thought that I could not do better than go and see it. Punctually to time, SIEGFRIED put in an appearance, with a sword made out of some old scrap steel I remember breaking up some years ago. Then the fun began, such as it was, but I must confess that I found the match a little disappointing. Of course, I would put my money on SIEGFRIED any day, but I never expected it to be quite such a walk-over. FAFNER was evidently quite out of training, and gave a very poor display. That cave of his is wretchedly damp, and he has been a perfect martyr to rheumatism of late, so that SIEGFRIED had matters all his own way.

I met him in the wood a little later, and stopped him for a friendly talk about things in general. He seems to have been very badly brought up, and I don't think I like him much. He was positively rude to me several times, and ended up by smashing my walking-stick. I am really much annoyed about that stick as, covered as it was by notches or runes, each of which represented a separate and distinct occasion on which I have narrated my Painful Story, it was a most interesting memento. Its loss, combined with some disquieting news which I received from ERDA to-day, has quite upset me, and I am not feeling at all myself. Perhaps, however, it is only these late hours. I shall sleep it out to-morrow, and have told WALTRAUTE not to call me till ten.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Binks. "PUT ON YOUR HAT, JANE, OR YOU'LL CATCH COLD."

The Lady's World pays a compliment awkwardly, but none the less with real feeling. "It is difficult," we read, "to find a more many-sided woman than the Countess."

THE PASSING OF THE COW.

[The *Mail*, in the course of some remarks on vegetarianism, says that the cow, as a butter-producing animal, has now been entirely superseded by the following vegetable fats: Nutter, Nucoline, Nuttene, Albene, Cocolardo, Vejsu.]

There may be some devoted to Nuttene,
Others who, while admitting choice is hard, owe
Their health, or so they think, to Nicolene,
With now and then a touch of Cocolardo
Vejsu remains the vegetable fat
That *I* most wonder at.

"Vejsu!" regard it merely as an oath,
Conceive it, if you will, a foreign city;
Vejsu a game, a dramatist (or both),
Was ever in the world a word so pretty?
Vejsu some men would find a rhyme, but I
Simply refuse to try.

And what of her, calm-eyed and long of tail,
Now superseded by this kind of batter,
As truthfully narrated in the *Mail*,
Making our history a different matter?
I think of Mary, and Boy Blue, and Jack,
And do not wish her back.

That Mary who, regardless of the tide,
And urged by fears for the ensuing butter,
Called by the banks of Dee, and calling died
With not a transitory thought for Nutter;
Would she had known (though calling as desired)
The cattle *weren't* required!

That Jack, whose effort in the building trade
Was such that, in the end, a tattered waster,
Coming across the lonesome dairy maid,
Without so much as "By your leave," embraced her—
How innocent the story might have been,
"Bowdlerised" with Nuttene!

That Little Boy who waked to blow his horn,
Not lovingly as one whose soul is in it,
But lustily to conjure from the corn
The cow who drifted thither ev'ry minute—
Vejsu! His case is wild with all regret;
He might be sleeping yet!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, worthy man, is writing and illustrating a history of *English Costume*, in four sections (A. and C. Black). When I get to Section iv. I shall be anxiously wondering just what is meant by the slit up the back of my coat, speculating upon the difference (if any) between *foulard*, *furbelow*, and *feuilleton*. I look forward to an exciting hour with Sec. iv., but I feel bound to express here my regret that Sec. i. Early English ever came into my hands. In my vocabulary there are certain words which have hallowed associations, that depend for their romance upon no subtlety of derivation or definition; it is the word itself that creates the atmosphere, and once the word is explained the atmosphere goes. Take "wimple" as an example. "Wimple" has always been one of the really romantic words until Mr. Calthrop came along. He tears the veil of mystery away from it. A wimple, says this sacrilegious man, "is a piece of silk or white linen held to the hair in front by pins and allowed to flow over the head at the back." I suppose it is, Mr. Calthrop, if you say so; but, begging your pardon, it used to be something much better. "Wimple" was the long white road that led to the moated castle; "wimple" was the haughty baron that owned the castle; "wimple" was the fair Editha imprisoned there, it was the bold Sir Gilbert that rode up to the gate leading his lady's palfrey, it was the attack and the moon-lit escape. "Wimple" was three centuries of love and battle in six letters—and Mr. Calthrop tells us it is a piece of silk! (Sometimes not even silk!) Take again "surcoat," "jerkin," "gorget," "hauberk," all alive with the true spirit of romance. ("By my jerkin, but I will catch thee a right merry buffet in the surcoat!") This seven-and-sixpenny volume elbows its way into a cheerful picture of slaughter with an explanation as to how exactly a surcoat is cut! Shame! Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, and you with such a romantic name yourself!

For the *gnädige* Frau Baronin von Hutten
I care much more than a pin or a button.
I think I could pass a stiff exam
In her story of *What Became of Pam*.
This *Pam* was a girl who was very human,
A rare rich lovable loving woman.
Wherever she went she made a stir,
And if you'd know what became of her
You can buy the book on the usual plan
From Mr. William Heinemann.
It'll do as a cure for melancholy,
For it's light and lively and very jolly.

There is a pretty touch of fraternal piety in Mr. Harold Spender's selection of the name of *Alfred* for the hero of his parliamentary novel *The Arena*. And I should like to say what a pleasant glow of satisfaction came over me as I read this work. For three hours I fairly jostled against Prime Ministers and people. In the ordinary way one regards a Prime Minister as something abstract, like Galkrodger; but I realise now that perhaps even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has his doubts and troubles with the rest of us. The *motif* of the book is the struggle of the "rising young politician" between his duty to his constituency and his duty to his wife and parents. There is also a handsome Army cousin with a "gleaming smile," and there are moments when *Alfred's* wife is tempted to "follow the gleam"; but I find it difficult to believe in him, though knowing from various advertisements just what the smile was like. The book before the House is *The Arena*, by Harold Spender (published by Constable). Those in favour of it, "Aye." Contrary, "No." The "Ayes" have it.

Mr. Lucy, whose books are a pleasure to all,
And whose record is great, though his size may be small,
Has poured from his fresh inexhaustible founts
A new Parliamentary book of accounts.
Through the scenes of five years he invites you to stray,
And beguiles you with pictures by Reed and Phil May.
Now we ask any reader and friend where the deuce he
Can find a book brighter than this one by Lucy.
It's a volume of capital gossip and chat,
Where the style is as smart as the humour is pat.
From his perch where our Toby sits taking his notes
He listens to speeches and watches the votes,
And then he flies home, does this excellent bee,
And makes combs of honey for you and for me
The name of his last is—it's sure to have caught on—
The Balfourian Parliament (Hodder and Stoughton).

From an advertisement of a silversmith in Gracechurch Street:

"Fine Watches. Will go for thirty hours. Short wind."

This is a remarkable performance for a watch in admittedly bad training. After thirty hours, we suppose, it gets its second wind, and then goes on for another thirty without the least distress.



Bowler. "How 's that?"
Umpire. "Wasn't looking. But if 'e does it again, 'e 's out!"

HYMN ON TOMKINS' ACTION.

Come sing, my Muse, the Saturday supreme
  (Nor tarry for another's invitation),
When that Great Man, the Captain of our Team —
  Either to hurry up the declaration,
Or since he was a humorist at soul —
Put Tomkins on to bowl.

No breath of wind disturbs the balmy air.
  Our captain, calling "Woman" indiscreetly,
Padded and gloved leads out his side, and there
  Disposes of the first man rather neatly.
No other catches coming right to hand,
Follows a lengthy stand.

The batsman hits the bowler where he likes,
  To "off," to "on" until at last the Great One,
Not realising that indifferent spikes
  Alone defer the inevitable straight one,
Looks round the field, and sighs, and holloas "Hi!
Tomkins, *you* have a try."

Mark how his exultation, ill-concealed,
  Shines in his eyes as he removes his sweater,
And has "a few balls down" what time the field
  Arrange themselves where they can watch him better:
Five in the deep, and three square-leg, and one
Long stop, out of the sun.

Doubtfully, just at first, he trots around
  As circles, when disturbed, the anxious plover;
Soon with long strides he glides across the ground,
  Bending his head, as one who makes for cover;
Then, as we wonder if he 'll bowl at all,
Stops, and lets fly the ball.

Ah me! a ball too great for little men!
  Deceitfully delivered, full of "devil,"
It rose, and swerved a foot, and "hung," and then
  For reasons of its own resumed the level,
Bounced twice while there, and, turning in from leg,
Made for the middle peg.

As when at Bridge one gently murmurs "Yours" —
  Bored by a temporary slump in aces;
As when a Sultan tactfully restores
  Boundary pillars to their proper places;
So did the batsman, playing it too late,
Retire for ninety-eight.

Taking their Pleasures sadly at the Naval and Military Tournament.—"In former years we have had periodical, and very grand, tattoos, given by the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, and there was one such, unhappily enjoyed by a very inadequate assembly." *The Times.*

AN UP-TO-DATE INTERVIEW.

"I HAVE come," began the Interviewer, "to ascertain your views ."

"Views!" interrupted the Great Man; "and where can one obtain more charming views than amid the wonderful Swiss scenery? Yet for many years past Switzerland has been a closed book to thousands. Now, at last, thanks to the public-spirited and generous conduct of Messrs. A -, a simple fortnight's tour can be arranged at the nominal cost of a few pounds."

"Ah! quite so," said the Interviewer; "but what I really wanted to know— —."

"Knowledge," broke in the Great Man, "is power; and from where do we get our knowledge if not from books? Yet in the dark ages of last year many books were out of the reach of the working man. That library, which you see in the corner, the result of many years of thought cheerfully given for the public weal by Messrs. B - , is indeed ."

"Yes, yes," cried the Interviewer, "but I did not come about that. The world is on fire to know ."

"That reminds me," said the Great Man, "what a necessary thing to a busy man is a good cigar. After a hard day's thinking I find nothing more cheerful than to take up a cigar from Messrs. C 's famous factory, a book" here he consulted his cuff "by Mrs. D , and to warm my feet before one of Messrs. E --'s patent non-combustible gas stoves. As used in every home."

"One moment," said the Interviewer. "Will you just tell me, Yes or No, what you think of "

"Wait," said the Great Man; "have I mentioned the Tooth-wash yet?"

"Yes," lied the Interviewer; "you said it was most refreshing, and that until Messrs. F - had placed it within reach of the public many people had had to -"

"And the necessity once a week for recreation with G - 's golf clubs?"

"I think so," said the Interviewer.

"Just look round the room and see if there's anything I have missed."

"There's a bicycle in the corner," said the Interviewer. "Or did you buy that yourself?"

"My dear man, I buy nothing. The bicycle. Ah, yes. Ahem! The popularity of the bicycle and when I say the bicycle I refer more particularly ——"

"All right," said the Interviewer, "I've got all that down."

"Then I am at your service. You wished to ascertain my opinion on the political situation, or what?"

The Interviewer closed his notebook.

"No," he replied sadly, "I don't. But my time has not been wasted. I am going back to write an article on the way Great Men make themselves cheap."

On the doorstep he met an International Library and a new kind of motor-car coming in.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

(*By the Assistant Critic.*)

Gabriel Honoré de Beauséjour (may his tribe increase!) was a man of artistic temperament; so what more natural (or more delightful, seeing that Mr. HARRY FRAGSON was he) than that he should have a grand piano in his flat, and a sympathetic listener in his man *Jenkins*? *Violet Stanford*, just escaped from her convent, comes to see him; and by a great stroke of luck it turns out that she has a bit of a voice too. No false modesty about either of them; no apologies from the lady that she has left her music at home. Result: an enchanted audience. Now I should like to recommend this idea to other writers of comic opera. Have a ring-master on the stage all the time, and as each new character enters let the M.C. ask him if he sings at all. It may not come off every time, of course; but the ring-master must not let himself get downhearted. "Is there *anything* you do?" he should go on. "Well—er—I can play the triangle a bit, don't you know." "My dear Sir, what luck! We *have* a triangle here." And so on.



Beauséjour . . . MR. HARRY FRAGSON.
Violet . . . . . . MISS MAY DE SOUSA.

But the ring-master must be a man of discretion, too. I don't know whose idea it was that MISS MAY DE SOUSA should sing "*Well, how was I to know?*" in the Second Act, but I refuse to believe that she likes doing it. If its author were to give it before an audience of scene-shifters and firemen, one or two might condescend to applaud. When a young girl sings it before other young girls, the case is different. Some day this may occur to those responsible for it.

Mr. DAGNALL as *Señor Terraro* did not give the impression of a Spaniard. His "My dear Sir" (which came into every sentence he spoke) was a masterpiece of British vulgarity; possibly it is a difficult thing to say with any refinement. However, he was very amusing—both with Mr. JOHNNY DANVERS and with his three retainers. Miss MABEL NELSON sang well, and did all that one expects of a *La Chiquita*—flashing eyes, and waving arm bent at the elbow, and what not.

Altogether the piece is a curious mixture of light opera and suburban pantomime. I pride myself on having noticed Mr. COSMO HAMILTON in the dialogue. His "smart topical hits" pleased a gallery that laughs at the mere mention of *The Daily Mail*, and goes into ecstasies when something moderately up to date does not escape it. But everybody should go to Terry's Theatre to see Mr. FRAGSON and Miss DE SOUSA, and to hear some delightful songs.

NATIONAL PRIDE A NATIONAL DANGER.

THE issue by the Board of Education of a list of national songs has evoked strong protests in *The Daily Chronicle* on the score of the inadequacy of the selection. In particular Mr. J. SPENCER CURWEN, President of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, who advocates an eclectic view of the question, deplores the narrowing effect which must result from confining children to national songs, a policy which in his view "will perpetuate that tone of insular superiority which has done such harm in the past." This large-minded and truly patriotic attitude has commended itself to a number of correspondents, a selection from whose letters we print hereunder:—

DEAR SIR, I entirely agree with Mr. CURWEN that we are in danger of adopting a false policy in regard to the teaching of our children, and that to confine them to national songs will perpetuate that tone of insular superiority which has done such harm in the past.

For example, I note with pain that in the selected list put forward by the Board of Education "*The Roast Beef of Old England*" occupies a prominent position. Nothing, in my opinion, could be more mischievous than this exclusive insistence on the excellence of a local form of flesh food. We are largely dependent on our Colonies, and it is of paramount necessity that we should maintain and foster friendly relations with them as with all other parts of the world. I would suggest, therefore, that the revised version of this obsolete ballad should run, "*The Iced Sheep of New Zealand*," or "*The Canned Ox of Chicago*," and that, in view of the impending visit of



CERBERUS AND HIS SOP.

Mr. B-rr-ll. "I should quite like to give you a cake or two, but my friend here says we can get past without, *and he's sitting on the refreshments!*"



A DEAD CERT.

Expert from the Estate (*just arrived—the gardener being a distinct failure*). "Why, would you believe it, Sir, I thoroughly cleaned your stove yesterday just before you came—took it all to pieces—and" (*most cheerfully*) "I'll lay a sovereign I put some of it back wrong!"

the German Editors, there should be added an encore verse running, "*The Grilled Ham of Westphalia.*"

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
Hugo Slazenger.

Dear Sir, Why should the Board of Education go out of its way to affront that large and constantly increasing section of the community which has forsworn meat food by including that disgustingly carnivorous pæan "*The Roast Beef of Old England*" in its list? The tune, I admit, has its merits, but to my mind it sounds infinitely finer to the splendid words written by Mr. Eustace Miles, "*The Broad Beans of Old England,*" and "*Oh, the Old English Broad Beans.*" Yours obediently,
G. B. S.

Dear Sir,—I rejoice to see that the list of songs put out by the Board of Education is being subjected to drastic criticism. If ever there was a time when it was desirable to allay international jealousies, it is the present. Yet I note with grief that "*Rule, Britannia, Britannia Rules the Waves,*" is amongst the selected songs. Why this studied insult to the German Naval League? Could not the standing Committee of Arbitration at the Hague be asked to furnish a revised version of this inflammatory ballad on some such lines as these:

"Hail, Germania! Britannia humbly craves
That peace will ever ever ever rule the waves?"

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
Avebury.

Dear Sir, In this era of cosmopolitan humanitarianism our first and foremost duty is to substitute for our insolently insular national anthem a hymn which will adequately voice the spirit of international confraternity. I do not say that the lines which I send are incapable of improvement, but I feel that all but the most prejudiced critics will admit their immense superiority to the version still in vogue:

Long live the gallant Manx!
Prosper their triple shanks!
Erin-go-bragh!
Heaven guard the King of Spain!
Long may great Roosevelt reign!
May no distress or pain
Harass the Shah!

I am, Sir, Yours obediently, A. A.

Dear Sir, The unsoundness of the principles on which the songs in the Board of Education's list have been selected is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the compilers have not hesitated to include such trashy and trivial ditties as "*Tom Bowling*" and "*Dulce Domum.*" How far the deliberate boycotting of genuine folk-music has been carried may be gathered when I say that not a single item has been taken from my "Colorado Coon Songs" or the "Ballads of Lundy Island," collected by Mr. Balfour Blunt.

I am, Sir, yours indignantly,
L. Peddlington, Junr.

We understand that during the recent dispute with Turkey the general staff at Constantinople (looking to a possible reverse in Arabia) were studying the topography of the Sinaitic Peninsula in order to discover a shorter line of retreat than that adopted by Moses and the Israelites. The financial advisers of the Sultan, however, pointed out the advantages that would accrue if his army were to wander about for forty years in the wilderness without pay.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that, after all, the House of Lords is not to be abolished this Session.

By a majority of 112 the Oxford Union Society last week carried the motion that the present Government neither possesses nor deserves the confidence of the country. It will be interesting to see now what the Government will do.

Everyone, we fancy, will sympathise with M. Emile Cuny, a French anarchist, who finds himself placed suddenly in a most awkward position. After publicly denying the rights of property, he has been left a fortune.

At some field exercises near Metz, the Kaiser, it is said, threw himself down on his Imperial waistcoat and crawled about behind the firing-lines in order to see whether the men were aiming correctly. The incident, we hear, is to be immortalised by a Court Painter in a picture to be entitled "*The Kaiser as Caterpillar.*"

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is to cross the Atlantic. This will be the most important experiment yet made as to the effect of oil on troubled waters.

The report cabled from New York to the effect that an ex-Senator who had become a teetotaler had emptied the priceless contents of his cellars down a drain does not find credence in this country among the more earnest students of human nature.

An objectionable feature of many motor omnibuses is the smoke. We are therefore pleased to hear that an attempt is to be made anyhow to confine it within bounds. A feature of a new vehicle about to be placed on the road by the Vanguard Company will, it is announced, be a special compartment labelled "Smoking."

It is interesting to see Fashion moving with the times. At a recent Society function a lady appeared with an electric-blue train.

The number of aeronauts is constantly increasing. Last week two ladies made balloon ascents from Wandsworth, and Mr. Lloyd-George paid a flying visit to Liverpool.

The business of the Worship Street Police Court has been transferred to more commodious premises in Old Street, Shoreditch, where patrons may rely on receiving every attention as before.

A bill to allow women to sit on local bodies has been drafted, and not a moment too soon. Many local bodies badly want sitting on.

A contemporary complains of the monotony of the average Englishman's breakfast fare. We consider the charge unjust. Think how often the breakfast egg contains a surprise.

The May Meetings are practically over, and once more we have pleasure in bearing testimony to the admirable behaviour of the clergy, of whom so many were to be seen in the Strand. There is little doubt that the clergy form one of the best conducted sections of our population.

"A waggon containing 300 quarts of milk," says a contemporary, "was upset in a street in Paris, and the milk flowed down the street like a river." A very apt simile.

A propos of a publication which is now appearing, entitled *Familiar Trees*, a correspondent writes to say that it is possible for a tree to be *too* familiar. Recently he was riding in Richmond Park, and a branch caught him round the neck.

ANY PREMIER TO ANY SUFFRAGETTE.

Dear lady, while your aims
Have my sincere approval,
And while I own your grievance claims
Immediate removal;

Yet, since your cause and you
The frivolous make nought of,
And that might risk a vote or two
It isn't to be thought of!

So, lady, it is plain
While at your claim one man shies,
Until you have a vote 'tis vain
To ask us for the franchise.

Robbery under Clubs.

At golf the issue oft confuses,
And makes a rather strange recital;
To-day, we hear that Lingen loses,
Yet Robb's the winner of the title.

A man called Ballet has been doing great things in *Tit Bits*. "Mounting his horse, he rode off to the spot, where he found the five claim-jumpers barricaded in a rude wooden hut. With a revolver in each hand he demanded admittance, and when the door was opened he entered the cabin, holding one revolver at the rascals' heads and another pointed at their hearts."

"IN A YEAR."

["It is when the trousseau wears out that the trouble begins."—*Truth.*]

When first we were married, my Mabel
Had everything dainty and neat:
She'd black dresses, white dresses,
Blue dresses, nightdresses—
Simply adorably sweet.
She'd wonders of sealskin and sable,
She'd rows upon rows of wee shoes,
And ravishing bootsies
To wear on her tootsies—
The daintiest, fairy-like "twos."

She'd frillies superb and expensive;
She'd hats of unspeakable grace;
She'd blouses for Sundays,
And marvellous "undies"
Concocted of ribbons and lace.
Her wardrobe was vast and extensive,
And as for the milliner's bill—
The thing I had dreaded
Before we were wedded
At first it appeared to be *nil*.

For a twelvemonth or so I was happy:
I gazed with delight on my May,
And my joy in her neatness
Increased with the sweetness
Of feeling I'd nothing to pay.
I wondered why others grew snappy
And raved (as I thought) to excess
When they talked to their Maggies
And Adas and Aggies
About their extravagant dress.

But after a year of illusion
My bliss was torn up by the roots:
I came to discover
That May had a glover
And wanted new blouses and boots.
Accounts in abundant profusion
Began now to whiten my hair;
And the more May invested
The more she protested
She hadn't a garment to wear.

Now breakfast consists of a wrangle
Which threatens to curdle the milk.
We're spoiling our morals
With pitiful quarrels
O'er prices of satin and silk.
Through luncheon and dinner we jangle
Of bodices, handkerchiefs, hose;
And it doesn't mend matters
That Mabel's in tatters,
And looks like a thing to scare crows.

Would you pass through a peaceful existence,
With love and content for your share,
You'll be able to do so
As long as the trousseau
Remains in a state of repair.
So, would you keep care at a distance
And never grow cross like a beast,
The obvious course is
A tale of divorces,
And annual weddings at least.

A NOVELIST'S DAY.

[A writer in *The Globe* has recently pointed out that the man who curdles blood must first curdle his own. The life of any one who turns out three sensational novels a year must be a perfect misery to him. He can never feel safe.]

Monday.—A strenuous day. Finished Chapter Eleven of *The Blood that Dripped on the Doormat.* Rather big scene where hero is lured into cellar and bitten by trained gazeka (poisonous) belonging to villain. (Mem.: Is this too much like the cobra incident in LE QUEUX'S latest?) Writing this took it out of me very much Went for stroll along the Strand. Sinister incident opposite Exeter Hall. Man (perfect stranger) endeavoured to thrust paper into my hand. I leaped back, and, dodging under wheels of motor-bus, escaped to other side of street, where I cocked my revolver and waited. Nothing further happened. My prompt action probably threw villains off scent. Escaped that danger, however, only to run into another. As I stood there, sinister foreigner accosted me. Dark man, probably Anarchist. Asked me to direct him to "Leicester Skvare." Kept my head, fortunately. Pointed towards Charing Cross, and, while his attention was distracted, dashed across street again. (Mem.: New hat. How much?) Ghastly incident now took place. Scarcely had I arrived on opposite pavement when man again attempted to force paper on me. Took to my heels, dodging from right to left to avoid bullets. This must have baffled him, for I heard no shots. Small boy said, "Chase me!" and called me BAMBAATA. Almost certainly some Anarchist code. To throw gang off scent once more took cab. Drove to Essex Street by way of Sloane Square Putney, and Mortlake. Gave man shilling. He said, "What the blank!" Recognised instantly that he was in the pay of these scoundrels, and sprang into four-wheeler. Told man to drive to Southampton Street *viâ* the "Angel" at Islington. Looked out of window. Sinister hansom close behind. Man with whiskers in it. (Mem.: Hon. Secretary of Anarchists?) Rapidly disguised myself with blue spectacles and a yellow toupee. Hansom drove past and disappeared. Clever, but a little obvious. Block in traffic opposite the Oval. Seized with sudden inspiration (Mem.: Genius?), opened door quietly. Was slipping out when cabman happened to look round. Unpleasantness. Gave him shilling. Man said, "What the blank!" Another of the gang! Was I never to shake off these blood-hounds? I asked myself what *Smartleigh Trackenham* (detective in *The Gore that Distilled from the Crack in the China Vase*) would have done. Took Tube. Lift-man sinister. Covered him with revolver from inside pocket. He must have noticed this, for he made no move. Got into train. Alone in carriage. On the alert for sudden attack from conductor (a sinister man). Emerged cautiously at Bank. Changed my disguise in secluded corner of subway. Took off spectacles and put on brown beard. Policeman at Mansion House crossing, I *think*, Anarchist. Hid behind pillar-box, and watched Anarchists, disguised as clerks, search for me. Man asked me time. Controlled my voice and told him. My disguise so perfect that he suspected nothing. At five o'clock changed my disguise again (false nose, coloured at end, and black moustache), and sprang on to bus. Reached home, five-thirty, worn out. Went to bed after searching room and locking door. Nightmares.

* * * * *

From "Literary Notes" in the *Weekly Logroller*:—"An interesting departure from his wonted manner will be noted in Mr. WILLIAM LE CURDLER'S forthcoming volume. Though from the pen of the author of *The Black Cap, The Scream in the Lonely Wood*, and numerous other sensational novels familiar to our readers, *Little Willy's Governess*, which Messrs. PAPP, BOTTLEBY, AND BIBBINS promise for the early autumn, is a simple story of child-life, simply told. We have reason to believe that Mr. LE CURDLER, who is at present undergoing a rest-cure in the Engadine, intends for the future to write nothing but this type of story."



Little Girl (in great alarm). "RUN, TOOTS! RUN, FLOSS! DON'T DECEIVE ME!"

IN "Charivaria" last week there was quoted a passage from *The Daily Mail* to the effect that the War Office authorities were encouraging the instruction in shooting of Messenger Boys. A Volunteer writes to protest strongly against the comment there made: that "we shall *miss* the little fellows."

FROM A SABINE FARM.

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet!"

PEOPLE who live in rural districts say
They
View with astonishment and even pity
City
Men who can thrive in London's central hum.
Some
Opine that everyone who does not share
Their
Feeling would live quite happily in — .
Well,
I own, like them, I find the roar of Fleet
Street,
Its motor-buses, lorries, waggons, drays,
Plays
Old Harry with my nerves, till I would fain
Gain
Some country spot with space and light and air
Where
Nothing should mar the silence of the green
Scene.

Alas! I hitherto have failed to hit
It.
Soon as Aurora's blushes tinge the sky
I
Wake to the call of some vociferous hen.
Then
A dozen cocks shout cock-a-doodle-doo.
(Who
Can tell me why one's poultry always crow
So?)
The pig who wants one of his numerous meals
Squeals.
A duck, responsive, sends a ringing quack
Back.
And then a lowing comes from where the cows
Browse,
—The least offensive rustic sound I've met
Yet.
THOMAS, who's in the meadow spudding thistles,
Whistles
Gaily and out of tune like some absurd
Bird,
Thus waking up the dog who with his yelps
Helps
(Thank Heaven!) to drown that idiotic boy's
Noise.

Banished by cocks, pigs, boys and baa'ing sheep
Sleep
Deserts me finally by half-past five.
I've
Tried every means I know to keep the rout
Out
But hitherto without the least success.
Yes,
The pleasant country homes of England are
Far
More noisy than the noisier end of Pall
Mall.

* * * * * *

Reader, I think I hear you murmur, "What
Rot!"
But have you ever come across a neater
Metre?

"GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN."

(By a Caddie.)

GOLFERS I divides in me own mind into three clarses; them as 'its the ball, them as skratches it, and them as neither 'its nor skratches the blooming ball but turns rarnd and wants to 'it or skratch anyone as is small and 'andy. The first clars is very rare, the second is dreadfull plentifull, and the third, thank 'evins, can jenerally be kep clear of by them as knows the ropes. Sich as meself.

Any himprovement in golfers, as a clars, is doo to the 'uge morril hinfluence of us caddies, 'oom some pretends to look down on. Much can be done, even wif the most 'ardened (and some of them golfers is dreadfull 'ardened), by firmness and hexample. "Show 'em from the fust as you 'll stand no nonsense," is allus my words when the yunger caddies gathers ararnd me fer hadvice. Me being older than me years, as the sying is, and much looked up to. If, as I often 'ears say, there's less of langwidge and more of golf upon these 'ere links, it's doo in no small part to 'im 'oo pens these lines. 'Oo's 'onnered nime is 'ENERY WILKS.

I seldom demmeans meself to speak to the kulprits, for severil reasons which I shall not go into, but I 'ave other meffods. There's sniffing, fer instance. Much can be done by jerdishous sniffing, which can be chinged to soot all cases. Or there's a short, 'ard, dryish larf, but that ain't allus sife. As a blooming rule, I rellies upon me sniff, me smile and me eye. There's few of them as can meet the last when I chuses to turn it on. Not as I objecs very strongly to a little 'onnest cussing; it's hinjustice and false haccusashun as I will not stand.

Sich are me meffods to them as needs 'em, but don't think, becos at times I'm cold like and 'ard and stern, that I cannot be jentle wif them as call fer jentleness. No blooming error! 'ENERY WILKS is the lad to 'oom old gents in need of keerfull nussing should be hintrusted by their wives and keepers. I'm not allooding now to old tigers 'oos stiple food is red pepper in 'uge quantitties, 'oo turn upon yer like blooming manniacks if yer blows yer nose quite inercent, and 'oo report yer before yer know if you're standing on yer 'ead or yer 'eels. No, I'm not allooding to old gentlemen like them! 'ENERY WILKS 'as very little use fer sich unguvverned cree-tures. In 'is erpinyun they should not be let abrord without a chine. But I am allooding to them 'oos pashuns age 'as tamed, insted of blooming well hincreesed, to jentle 'armless old fellers, 'oo will almost eat out of yer 'and, as the sying is, an sich a one is Mister PERCEVAL GIGGINGTON.

Over sixty 'e is, and allus kind and civvil and respeckfull, but 'e 'as no more haptitood fer golf than a jeerarf. Some-times I thinks, musing kindly like, as 'ow the old cove 'ud be yunger if 'e took the gime less seerius. But 'ENERY WILKS 'as little to reproche 'imself about; 'e, at least, 'as done what 'e could to 'elp old GIGGS. 'Is wife came down to the Club 'Ouse wif 'im larst Toosday, jest as nice an old lidy as 'e's a gent. She drew me on one side and spoke konfidenshul like, while the old man was fussing and bleeting about 'is clubs. It seems as she'd 'eard of me, and 'eard nuthing but good. Which is only right.

"'ENERY," she ses, "me 'usband 'as set 'is 'art, as you well know, on going rarnd the course in under an 'undred and thirty strokes. It's beginning to tell on 'is 'ealth, the strine and diserpointment, and I wants it stopped. 'E's going rarnd allone wif you now, as the course is clear, and I wants," she ses, "*I wants you to see as 'e does it!*" she ses.

Well, nobody, excep one ignerrant, gellous, preggerdiced skoolmaster, 'as ever dared to call 'ENERY WILKS a fool. I took 'er meaning in a moment, and I touched me cap, quiet and konfident like. "Mike yer mind easy, Mum," I ses in my korteous way. "It shall be done, this very day, if 'ENERY WILKS is spared," I ses.



CHOICE OF ENVIRONMENT.

Lady (at railway refreshment counter). "Will you please give me a Bath Bun?"

Waitress. "Will you eat it here or in a bag?"

She nods and smiles and slips a bob into me 'and, and then old Gigas finishes wurrying abart 'is clubs and we makes a start. The old 'un 'ands 'is card to me to keep, and I speaks to 'im, kind like but firm.

"I'll keep the score, Sir," I ses. "Don't yer wurry abart yer strokes at all. What you've got to do is to koncentrite yer mind upon yer gime. For we're a-goin to do it to-day," I ses. 'E 'ears me wif a little sorrerful smile, and I lived up to them remarks. 'E'd arsk me at the end of an 'ole, that 'e'd fairly bitten along, 'ow many 'e'd taken, but I would never tell 'im. I jest kep 'im upon 'is legs wif kindly, jerdishous praise. Even after that 'ole where 'e'd strook me wif 'is ball from the drive, although standing well be'ind 'im, and been in each bunker twice or more, I give 'im a word of 'ope. It was niblick play and 'ope all rarnd the blooming course. And at the end, when I added up 'is card, strike me pink if 'is score weren't an 'undred and twenty-nine! And I sent 'im 'ome to 'is wife, as pleased as any child. There's some, I dessay, as would 'ave made 'is score an 'undred and nineteen or even less, but 'Exery Wilks 'as allus known the virtew of modderation.

Non-Alcoholic Stimulants.

[In *The Daily Express* Mr. Eustace Miles recently stated that tea, tobacco, meat, and sauces are as much stimulants as alcohol.]

Society ladies are said to be drugging themselves secretly to an alarming extent with mutton cutlets.

A Temperance Association has been started, of which the members pledge themselves to abstain from anchovy sauce as a beverage, and to use their influence to induce their friends to do the same.

A Division of Labour.

Aberdeen. For executing the carpenter, slater, plasterer, plumber, painter and glazier, blacksmith:

Carpenters ... H & K - -		
Slaters ...... M & S -		
Plasterers ... S - & Co.		£14,329 16s.
Plumber ...... J. J - . . .		
Blacksmith ... G. T - . . .		

So runs a heart-rending notice in *The Builder*.

"House full of useful furniture; leaving Bath. Suit marrying couples."—*Bath Herald.*

It is more usual to leave the fixtures behind than the advertiser seems to think.

We must not think that ours is the only press. In Swaziland they have a paper called *The Times*. *Reuter* sent them a telegram to say that France had demanded from China an indemnity of "sixty thousand taels." This was too much for the sub-editor, and in his next number there appeared:

"*London, Wednesday.*—As an indemnity for the attacks of the Chinese rioters, France has demanded sixty thousand pig-tails."



FACING THE MUSIC.

["It is proposed, with a view to economy, that military bandsmen in future shall become combatants." *Daily Paper.*]

FROM A STODGER'S WINDOW.

(*By a Novice in the New Literature of Reflection.*)

This morning brought me a letter from my old friend A——. The letter was trifling enough in itself; it was in fact a postcard; but it served to set me thinking. Most things, it is true, do that. In the course of a fairly long and very serious life I have noticed that thought is common to all, but some of course think more to the point than others. Herbert Spencer, I imagine, thought more or less on organised lines; whereas any one who has had the care of boys must have observed that their thoughts are touch and go, if I may be pardoned so conversational an expression. This postcard, to return to my own matutinal reflections, was brought by the postman, a humble public servant, to whom, it always seems to me, not half the gratitude which he deserves is given. For to him falls the pleasant duty of bringing day after day, sometimes three times a day, and in London, I believe, oftener, kindly missives from absent friends; newspapers; proofs of one's work—and these are to me the best of all, for I hold that no man is so happy as he who is writing, writing, writing books all day and most of the night, three at once, all the same but all having different titles. Were I asked to name the perfect life I should choose that.

And what do we do for the postman? Do we say "Thank you" to him? Never. But once a year, when the duty is forced upon us, we try to remember to leave half-a-crown with the parlourmaid to give him when he calls next, and, very likely forget it altogether. This is very sad, this ease with which the more voluntary obligations can be forgotten. It distresses me exceedingly. There is a reference to it in one of Tupper's best poems, when he writes, with what always seems to me to have been inspiration:

> The duty that 's against the grain,
> How easily forgot!
> But any *pleasure* merely name,
> And we are on the spot.

Talking of poetry reminds me that —— came in the other evening with a new book by ——, and we spent a merry half-hour over it. How odd a thing is mirth! At one moment it is, and the next it isn't. One notices this so often in class. The boys will be quite orderly and diligent one moment, and some unfortunate mispronunciation or false quantity will send them into a giggle which nothing can conquer. I remember this happening one day, I think in 1891, the ringleader being young B——, the son of a great legal luminary who has since died, poor fellow, as all men must. Not that all die as young as he, —he was only fifty-five or six, fifty five I think, to be accurate; yes, fifty-five, for he was born in the year of the Great Exhibition.

But Death comes to all, soon or late, I have observed, and it behoves us to prepare for his approach. The untimeliness of his descent upon some of us I cannot sufficiently brood on. Keats, for example. What poetry Keats had up his sleeve (as we say of cards) no one will of course ever know, and it may be that his poetic output was already exhausted; but if not, we owe Death a grudge that will not easily be paid. I always feel that a boy's parents are to some extent like untimely death in that they snatch away their sons just as the schoolmaster—that is, the world, to complete the image—is beginning to get something out of them. Every clever boy who leaves school for college is a kind of Keats—so far as the schoolmaster is concerned. It behoves us, therefore, to read all the good books we can in order to gain philosophy.

[*And so on.*]



FELICIDADES!

(After the well-known picture by Velasquez in the Museo del Prado, Madrid. With Mr. Punch's respectfu congratulations to their Majesties of Spain.—May 31, 1906.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 21.—House just got into Committee on the Education Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR sits forlorn on Front Bench meditating on the truth of old saw about misfortunes never coming singly. The dawning of the new year saw him hopelessly defeated at the poll. On Saturday he was beaten in the Parliamentary golf handicap at Littlestone. I am told that almost when victory was within his grasp he "foozled his tee." Don't quite know what that means; but it sounds disastrous. However it be, it has cast a gloom over a customary radiant countenance.

On the top of accumulated misfortune comes the habit recently developed by Members opposite of recalling passages from old speeches or episodes in his long leadership of the House, with pointed reference to current events. Only the other day his attention was called to appearance on Order Book of a motion which, innocent enough on the face of it, was obviously designed to block action in the matter of the D'ANGELY case, preventing an inquiring Opposition from discussing it on the motion for adjournment. Took early opportunity of calling C.-B.'s attention to the manœuvre, and sternly inquired what steps he proposed to take to restore freedom of debate in the House.

"I will look up precedents in the matter," said C.-B. in blandest tones, a sly twinkle in his eye as it regarded the champion of unrestrained freedom of debate.



THE VIRTUE OF A SHORT MEMORY.

Arth-r B-lf-r. "My dear H-l: surely *we* never sanctioned such things as 'blocking-motions' in our time?!"

Acl-nd-H d. "Eh! oh! well - h'm - no! oh no! of course not! That 's, you see, well " (*explodes with laughter*).



EV-NS BEFORE THE FALL.

Mr. S-m Ev-ns is here shown quoting references to backbones being put in the fore-front, and thereby confounding the ex-Prime Minister. Two minutes later a searching query from Sir Edw-rd C-rs-n extinguished him for the evening.

The House, remembering how blocking motions was an organised portion of daily procedure under PRINCE ARTHUR's leadership, greeted this quiet sally with uproarious laughter. Now here is SAM EVANS, instead of being mute in gratitude for recent escape from the talons of the Furies, indulging in further inconvenient reminiscence. Question before Committee is that Clause 1 be postponed. PRINCE ARTHUR supports motion in convincing speech. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL so perturbed that in reply he mixes up his gleanings of knowledge in the school of anatomy.

"This clause," he said, "is the very spinal cord of the Bill, and the Government would be departing from fair dealing, lacking in common-sense, if they had not placed it in the forefront."

Whilst Members marvelled how they would feel if their spinal cord were, even temporarily, moved into the neighbourhood of their chest, enter SAM EVANS with copy of *Hansard* under his arm. After furtively glancing at Ladies' Gallery, apprehensive of a projecting flag, he turned back to Report of debate on first night in Committee on Unionist Education Bill of 1902. By odd coincidence, shewing how meagre are the resources of mankind, and how, consequently, history is apt to repeat itself, it appeared that on that closely paralleled occasion proposal was made to postpone Clause 1 and was uncompromisingly resisted by PRINCE ARTHUR, in charge of the Bill. Nor was that all. He, with slight variation, lacking something of the picturesqueness of Golden-mouthed ST. AUGUSTINE's phrase, used the same illustration in support of his argument.

"Clause 1," he said four years ago, standing by the box now thumped by a Liberal Education Minister, "is the backbone of the Bill and must come to the front."

This sort of thing embarrassing to one who still preserves some of the ingenuousness of comparative youth. All very well for an old stager like



BETSEY PRIG AND SAIREY GAMP "HAVE WORDS."

DON JOSÉ to be suddenly confronted by ghost of a speech made in former years, destructive of the position assumed in the circumstances of the current hour. He at least has the satisfaction of recognizing the fact that nothing could be better said in the way of controverting his later attitude on a particular question. During debates on Fiscal Question in last Parliament I have heard the MEMBER FOR SARK complaining of waste of time and lack of force in speeches assailing DON JOSÉ'S new departure.

"It would be much more effective," he said, "if for all reply one read aloud a speech made by DON JOSÉ on the topic during his campaign of 1885, say the one delivered at the Cobden Club Dinner on June 13 in that year. The cleverest among you can't beat that for its rapier thrusts, its sledge-hammer demolition of Protection heresies."

Different with PRINCE ARTHUR. Experience still new to him. Worst of all to find that he preceded ST. AUGUSTINE in the fantastic desire to have the backbone in the front.

Business done. In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday night. There is nothing obtrusively angelic about DON JOSÉ. Nevertheless, he has a way of occasionally stepping down to the marge of placid pools and ruffling them with sudden storm. Thus it happened to-day.

Committee settled down with prospect of seven hours' hard, dull labour on Education Bill. Benches half empty. DON JOSÉ, intervening, opened speech in studiously quiet manner. Presently divagated to administer lecture on deportment addressed by old Parliamentary Hand to new Members. This not received with that docility that would have been proper mate of the benevolence of the mentor's intention.

"You can't bully us," growled a new Member.

"No," said DON JOSÉ with ominously serene smile, "nor, on the other hand, can you bully me."

Proceeding with argument, alluded to MACNAMARA, who, he said, rested his case on sub section 2 of Clause 10. MACNAMARA interrupted with correction. Insisted that he had put in the forefront of his case what PRINCE ARTHUR and ST. AUGUSTINE would call its backbone, namely, sub-section 6 of Clause 9.

"Oh, yes," said DON JOSÉ, "the hon. gentleman now brings to his assistance sub-section 6 of Clause 9."

MACNAMARA repeating that he had alluded to the section in the speech DON JOSÉ was dealing with, was met by emphasised repetition that he "*now* cited it."

All this Greek to stranger in the Gallery. Might have been left in obscurity of that language but for C.-B.'s interposition.

"Does the right hon. gentleman mean to imply," he sternly asked across the Table, "that my hon. friend is stating what is not true?"

Oh, very well. DON JOSÉ is a man of peace; nothing he dislikes more than even approach to a shindy. But if C.-B., of all men in the world, wanted to fight, let him come on.

Off went his coat in a twinkling. Danced round C.-B. with fearsome energy. C.-B., his back also up, insisted that DON JOSÉ should so modify his language as to make it clear he did not impute unveracity to MACNAMARA.

"Do you know who you are talking to, Ma'am?" *Mrs. Prig* asked towards end of memorable scene that closed a long-cherished acquaintance.

"Aperiently," said *Mrs. Gamp*, surveying her with scorn from head to foot, "to *Betsey Prig*. Aperiently so. *I* know her. No one better. Go along with you."

DON JOSÉ did not quote from this classic. He chose his own language, introducing with admirable effect a rare verb. "I am," he said, "not going to be lessoned by the right hon. gentleman, whose interference I regard as entirely impertinent." As he slowly spoke in bitter tone, he unconsciously regarded C.-B. with the look that added eloquence to *Mrs. Gamp's* valedictory remark.

Opposition Benches crowded now. From them boomed roar of "Withdraw, withdraw!" For full minute the storm of cries rose and fell, DON JOSÉ making use of the interval to study his notes. Mr. MYER, his voice shaking with emotion, appealed to CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS to say whether it was within the range of Parliamentary language to accuse the PRIME MINISTER of being impertinent. The ripe scholar in the Chair, knowing that the word challenged originally had, and retains, a meaning that does not attach to its more common usage, declined to rule it out of order. After this nothing remained but for DON JOSÉ to continue his speech without further interruption.

Later in sitting TIM HEALY, envious of mere Saxon having a monopoly of a row, tilted at JOHN DILLON, who, he said, had been making a sidelong attack upon him. "Let me assure the hon. Member," he remarked, studiously refraining from glancing at his compatriot seated by his side, "that I do not pay the smallest attention to anything he may say either in the House or out of it."

That pretty promising in its way. But in this field, as in others when he takes them, DON JOSÉ is unrivalled.

Business done. – Debating Clause 1 of Education Bill.

Our Recompense.

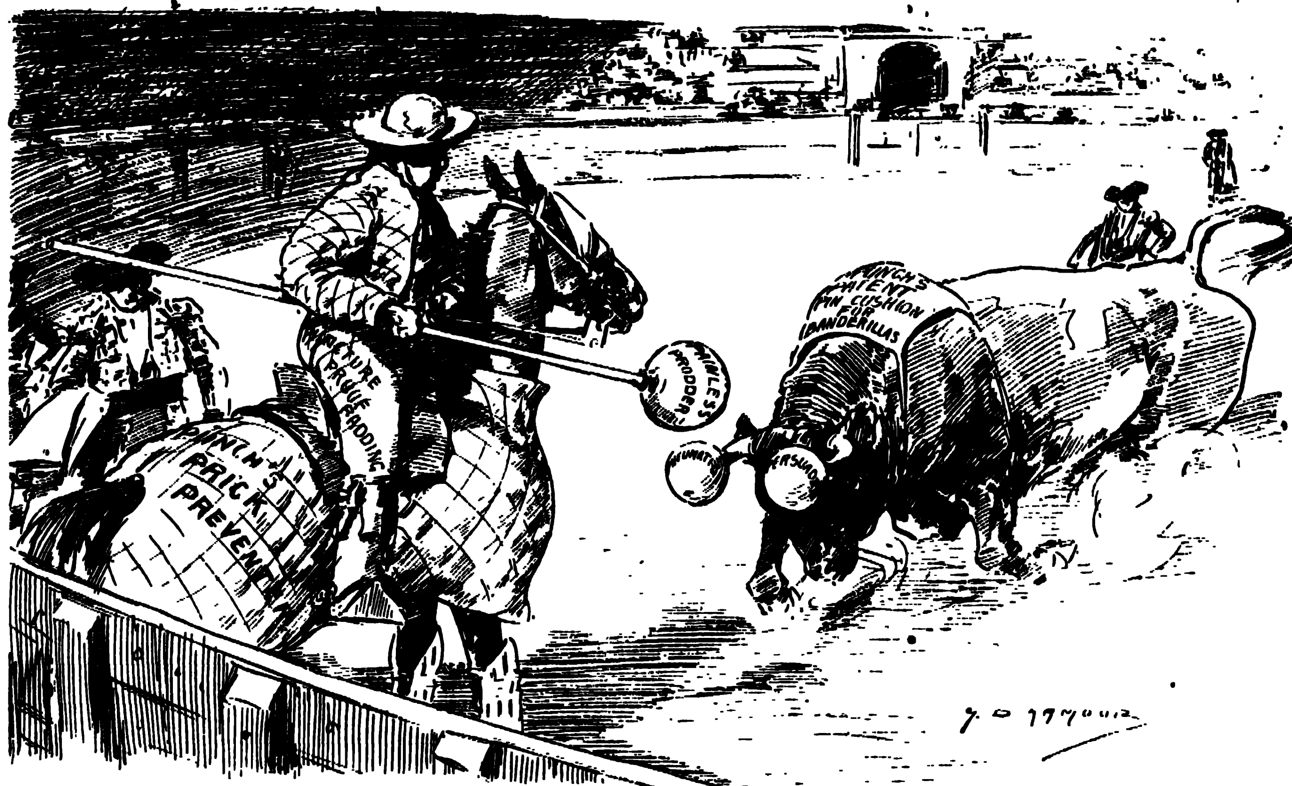
[At the banquet to Lord MILNER, on Empire Day, ladies were allowed in the gallery.]

'Tis false to say they mock our need,
  And our ambitions baulk.
They let us watch them while they feed,
  And listen while they talk.

Commercial Candour.

FROM a card in the window of an "artist in footwear:"

WE HOPE TO CATCH
YOUR EYE WITH
OUR NEW BOOT.



PUNCH'S PATENT PICADOR ALLEVIATOR.

In consideration of the recent remarks in Parliament, relative to the Bull fight to be held during the coming Wedding celebrations in Spain, Mr. Punch, ever active in the cause of humanity, begs to suggest to those in authority the above design, practical application of which he considers would greatly add to the entertainment of the spectators, and the comfort of all concerned, including the bull.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

["The Oxford or Cambridge man whose 'Blue' is almost within reach has now to think twice before he fritters away on books the time that, wisely used, might open out to him a useful and honourable career." *Daily Paper.*]

The Oxford bells are chiming ten,
And at their silver call
In cap and gown a stream of men,
With note book and with fountain-pen,
Are making for the hall.
Across the garden quad they pass,
Thrice happy mortals, into class,
I watch with wistful eye until
They vanish and the quad is still.

Fain would I follow, for within
My secret soul there lurks
A passion—call it not a sin—
For Plato and his kith and kin,
And Aristotle's works;
I revel too—ah, tell it not
In Gath nor any heathen spot—
In Latin prose, and, even worse,
I crave to write iambic verse.

But, would I join the scholars, "Stay!"
Says Prudence. "Turn again!
Fool, put your Teubner texts away,
And do not waste the golden day
In follies that are vain!
Look not with envious eyes on these,
Nor seek their life of lettered ease!
They all will be life's failures—you
May even yet become a Blue.

"And if, my son, you once achieve
This greatness, there you are!
All, so to speak, is up your sleeve,
And you are made before you leave
The willows of the Cher.
The Bench, the Bar, the Church, the Press—
In each you may command success,
While Fate will mark you out to rule
The youthful Upper Ten at school."

I hear her voice, and hearing know
It is the voice of Truth.
The tempting texts away I throw,
And off with cricket-bag I go
To join the strenuous youth.
With them, until the sun has set,
I practise grimly at the net,
And stop my ears when Fancy sings
Of sweet, unprofitable things.

And abstinence from study may
Nay, must bring its reward.
When double-firsts are growing grey
In writing snippets day by day
Snippets they once abhorred—
I at a pound a line shall tell
How Fry before my bowling fell,
How Hayward slogged us Oxford men—
The bat is mightier than the pen!

A BAR'S REST.

[A Paris restaurant advertises "dinners without music." The cuisine is refined, the wines excellent, but it bases its claim to popularity on the absence of music.]

Oho! let us fly to the Continong,
For we've heard a report from Paree
They've forbidden the band in a restorong
To kick up its charivari!

We suffered a deal when dining out,
In fact, we may say we grew sick
When forced our very small talk to shout
By makers of prandial music.

We had to converse at last by signs,
With dumbshow for "Pass the mustard!"
We mixed our ideas, we mixed our wines,
By the orchestra's fury flustered!

The feast of reason and flow of soul
Are vanished with *Breitmann's* "barty,"
When the fiddles and horns no more control
Their fortissimos extra hearty.

So those that can open an easeful inn
Of our custom shall be the winners;
And where there's a truce at length to din,
We'll banquet without the din-ners!

Zig-Zag.

DIARIES OF OPERATIC HEROES.

II.—HUNDING.

Monday. Have really had an extremely trying day. In the first place, I went round my preserves in the afternoon and found that the drought had killed off nearly all the young dragons, and that the hunting prospects for next month are very bad. Especially annoying, as I had already arranged a house party and was hoping to get WOTAN down for a long week-end. He's a fearful old bore with his interminable yarns, and doesn't let a fellow get a word in edgeways; but one ought to keep on the right side of him, I suppose.

This was trying enough, but there was worse to come, for when I got home again I found a stranger sitting in my favourite chair, and SIEGIE looking after him. Queer customer, I thought him; no luggage with him not even a tooth-brush and looked as if he had been running. I didn't like it at all, but, of course, being so far from an inn, I couldn't well turn him out, so offered him some supper and a shake-down.

SIEGIE is really most annoying. I've always told her that she must keep something in the house in case anyone should turn up, and yet to-night there was nothing but a little cold bear left over from yesterday. Stranger was very nice about it, I must say, and didn't make any remarks, but I watched him carefully, and saw that he didn't touch a mouthful. So upset about it that I couldn't eat myself. Supper party not one of SIEGIE's successes. Shall have to speak seriously about it to-morrow.

Though he didn't use his mouth for eating, he certainly used it for talking, and old WOTAN himself could not have got rid of more arrant nonsense in half an hour than he did. He is one of those irritating conversationalists who never will come to the point, and when I asked him what he called himself, he kept telling me what he didn't call himself, as if that helped matters at all. I gathered, however, from a look in his eye, which is just like SIEGIE's when she gets her back up, and from some remarks he let fall, that he must be one of her relations, possibly that long-lost brother whom she is always running down my throat. Bad lot, those WOLSUNGS, and if I've told SIEGIE once that I won't have anything to do with them I've told her a hundred times. I gave her distinctly to understand that when I married her I wasn't marrying her family, and I'll show her I'm a man of my word. I suppose his creditors are after him again, and that that's why he seemed in such a hurry. If he thinks he can sponge on me merely because I'm his brother-in-law, he's mistaken.

The fellow got so on my nerves with his rigmarole that I ended up by being rather touchy, and told him that he could sleep where he was and we'd have it out in the morning. If I remember aright, he said that he had left his sword at the cutler's to have it done up, and, though I'm not much of a duellist, I ought with my spear to be a match for a pair of bare fists any day. But what about that old sword in the tree trunk? I noticed the other day that the cement was getting a bit loose. I ought to have had it put right. I was a fool not to take it down long ago, but it is the only ornament in the house, and SIEGIE has such a lot of pretty fancies about it that, though I've no patience with such things myself, I let it stay.

SIEGIE has just given me my night-cap. Somehow it doesn't taste quite the same as usual, but I suppose it's all right. It's certainly very good, but rather more heady than the old brew. I'll have another peg; perhaps it will buck me up for that duel to-morrow. It's really a bit too powerful, and makes me feel quite drowsy. I think I'll take off my helmet and turn in.

Tuesday.—SIEGIE's bolted with the lodger!!! Such a thing has never happened before in our family, and I shall be the laughing stock of all my friends. It came out like this. I overslept myself this morning, and woke up late with a splitting head. Of course, I sang out to SIEGIE to bring me something wet and cooling. No answer. I yelled louder. Same result. Though feeling fearfully cheap, I managed to tumble out of bed and crawl to the door of the parlour. No fire lit no breakfast laid - no stranger no SIEGIE no nothing. At first I thought that she must be showing him round the stables or the preserves, just to keep him amused till I was down, so I questioned my game-keeper, but he hadn't seen anything of them. Then I went into the woods and blew my horn for all I was worth. No answer. After an hour of this sort of thing I came to the conclusion that they must have done a bunk, as ALBERICH vulgarly puts it, so I suppose that there is nothing for me to do but to follow them.

It's a beastly nuisance, because I had a lot of other things to do, and besides, truth to tell, I don't feel quite so upset about SIEGIE as I ought. She was a nice little thing, of course, but rather too full of fancies for a household like mine, and I've often felt that our marriage has not been a real success. Moreover, I'm sorry to see that the stranger has got hold of that sword, and I look forward to our next merry meeting with rather mixed feelings. However, I suppose the conventions must be satisfied, so I'll just get a snack of something cold, and so to battle.

(This is the last entrée in poor HUNDING's diary.)



THE MILESTONE OF THE FUTURE.

A Little Learning.

"THE anti-luncheon crowd to-morrow may see some memorable cricket."—*Bath Herald.*

Filial piety in the very young.

"THE wife of J. N. H.—of a loving little daughter."—*South African Paper.*

THE NEW TELEPHONE PLAY.—Brigadier 12468 Gerrard.



"PRIMA FACIE."

Magistrate. "THE EVIDENCE SHOWS THAT YOU THREW A STONE AT THIS MAN."

Mrs. O'Hooligan. "FAITH, THEN, THE LOOKS O' THE BASTE SHOWS BETTER 'N THAT, YER HONOUR. THEY SHOWS I 'IT 'IM!"

THE SONGFISH.

OH! have you heard the Songfish
 In mellow, moonlit hours?
He 's really quite the wrong fish
 To chaff about his pow'rs.
He calls the moon "Astarte,"
 And beg to intimate
That she 's the only party
 He doesn't scorn and hate.

And thus laments the Songfish,
 Rocked in a sapphire sea:
"Would I were such a long fish
 That I might reach to thee,
With music for our mansion
 In a world of rhythmic time,
The waves in perfect scansion,
 The ripples all in rhyme."

Oh! have you seen the Songfish
 In iridescent state?
In scent and hue a strong fish
 He pleases not the great.
He shocks the Peer and Bishop,
 But, gaily, in the slums
His patrons as they dish-up,
 Exclaim, "O how he hums!"

Oh! would you catch the Songfish,
 Deep artifice employ;
Never without a gong fish,
 It acts as a decoy.
Down where the dogwatch dangles
 Your beating will be heard,
As through those dusky tangles
 He warbles like a bird.

Oh! reverence the Songfish,
 Consult his lightest whim,
From Harrow to Hong-Kong fish
 For nothing else but him.
And if, through moral blindness,
 He use an evil word,
(He 'll well repay the kindness)
 Pretend you have not heard.

"TICKETS, PLEASE!"

IN this age of feverish competition *Mr. Punch* feels that he cannot afford to lag behind. He has devised an entirely new scheme which may be summed up in the four words

"KEEP YOUR TRAIN TICKETS!"

Hitherto people have been in the habit of thoughtlessly giving up their train tickets to men who collected them at the barriers, thinking that they were of little value. To-day it is different.

THERE IS MONEY IN THEM

(and Time as well). In future, to every one who refuses to give up his railway ticket, *Mr. Punch* can promise in nearly every case not less than

FORTY SHILLINGS OR ONE MONTH.

Think of it! Two pounds, or four weeks free from all care or anxiety, clothed, lodged and fed,—*that* is what the short sentence above means, there is no getting away from it!

We do not ask you to remember the numbers of the tickets, or where the train was going to, or coming from. Even if you are found to be travelling without a ticket at all you are still eligible, and stand as good a chance of the "free month" as anybody else!

Do not be misled by the polite requests of

SO-CALLED "TICKET-COLLECTORS"

(everyone is *that* nowadays), but insist on keeping your ticket even if you have to use force. Thousands of City men travelling on the Underground every day give up the little bits of pasteboard (for that is practically what they are) at their journey's end as a matter of course. By breaking themselves of this habit they are certain to reap one or other of the advantages of our scheme. Think what it means to the Tired Typist or the Careworn Clerk!

FORTY SHILLINGS OR A MONTH!

The month will be spent at St. Quintin's Park which is admirably suited to its purpose, or at some other place appointed by the Judges.

To be perfectly certain of pulling off one or other of the prizes, give your real name and address when asked, and at all costs

KEEP YOUR TRAIN TICKET!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Ring in the New (HUTCHINSON) is classed as a novel. It possesses some of the formulæ of that literary effort. There are, among other persons moving through the scene, a man and a woman who love each other, and in the end, after chilly avowal and pleased acceptance, they agree upon marriage. But *George Leonard* is a shadowy individuality, and *Prue*, the object of his acid devotion, is least attractive in her domestic relations with him. Wherein the book is of supreme value is its sympathetic study of the life of the honest hard-working poor of the East End of London. Mr. WHITEING knows them and their surroundings intimately, and writes of them with tender touch. The "new" he rings in is the reign of Socialism, whose advent he discerns with the creation of the Labour Party in the new Parliament. The chapters are a succession of vivid scenes in the life of the London veiled from the eyes of denizens of the West End by the space that separates them from the neighbourhood of Shoreditch. More interesting than hero or heroine is the charwoman, who touches the outskirts of both their daily lives. *Sarah*, as in a moment of inspiration Mr. WHITEING names her, takes turns of work in various more or less mean households, out of her earnings creates for herself "a 'appy 'ome" where she receives visitors with almost luxurious hospitality, habitually scorns men, and finally succumbs to the attractions of one who, unknown to her, is already encumbered with wife and child. Another grim tragedy of life in the East End is the career of "The Bloke," which the newspaper reader will recognise as a close paraphrase of a criminal record of recent date. These incidents are fragmentary. Beneath them steadily runs the purpose of showing what the Submerged Tenth think, and how they live.

DEAR MR. SNAITH, After the flattering diagnosis which I made of your genius when it produced *Broke of Covendon* I confess that this new book of yours that Messrs. CONSTABLE have just published has, for the moment, shaken my beautiful faith in you. In *Henry Northcote* I understand that you designed to give us a study in Individualism, and you were, of course, at liberty to assist yourself to that end by making your hero a madman. But would not his perversity have been thrown into happier relief if you had allowed a few of the other characters to be human? I can scarcely find more than one (not your solicitor certainly, nor your foreman of the jury, nor your young barristers in court) that belongs to any recognisable type. And oh! the interminable dialogue, which overflows into a cab drive all the way from Charing Cross to Norbiton, and then is not satiated. And when something actually does happen that gives one a thrill I am thinking of the death in the garret it results from an action which is a defiance of human experience. The kind of woman that you describe may be of the very gutter, but she will at least retain enough honour if only professional honour not to give her man away as this woman does.

I dare say that some critics will call your book "strong." But there is a strength of raw spirits, violent and tyrannous; and I prefer the mellow kind. Do please give us another *Broke* family and no more *Henry Northcotes*. By the way, why *Northcote*, of all names? What link is here with the memory of the blameless Sir STAFFORD?

I am, dear Mr. SNAITH
(or was once, and hope to be again very soon),
YOUR HUMBLE ADMIRER.

Mr. F. M. HUEFFER is the latest recruit to the literary pluralists, for a new book from his pen seems to be appearing almost weekly. I had only just settled down after delivering my verdict on *The Fifth Queen* when, behold, *The Heart of the Country* (ALSTON RIVERS) emerges from nothingness with red covers and closely packed type. If all Mr. HUEFFER's books are as suggestive and intelligent as this, I shall not mind how rapid he is in their production. He has studied the countryman with diligence and understanding, and maps out the case for the rural districts with much eloquence. But he cannot deceive me into believing him to be a countryman himself. I detect ink in his veins. The Heart may be of the Country; but the Head is of London.

To own a Wisley or a Kew
May be too much for me or you;
But everyone can dig and hoe
And rake and weed and prune and sow
(Especially on Saturday)
A little plot, an acre say.
Now every small *jardinière*
Should straight to Mr. CURTIS fare
For his *Small Garden Beautiful*,
A volume indispensable
(At SMITH AND ELDER'S, seven and-six),
To set more peas a-climbing sticks,
To fill more beds with mignonette,
To make sweet England sweeter yet.

There can be few things that are not now known about cricketers, amateur and professional; and the publication of *The Cricketer's Autograph Birthday Book* (WALTER SCOTT & Co.), compiled industriously and piously by T. BROADBENT TROWSDALE, seems to put the coping-stone on the edifice of public interest in these brawny fellows. Unless, of course, some one brings out a *Cricketer's Confession Album*, in which TUNNICLIFFE can record his favourite French author, HAYWARD his favourite flower, HIRST the picture which has influenced him most deeply, and SAMMY WOODS his favourite hymn. This probably will follow. Meanwhile the pages of Mr. TROWSDALE's volume enable one to learn that the flanneled philosophers (as Mr. KIPLING never called them) whose birthdays we are to keep to-day, May 30, are BLYTHE of Kent, MOLD of Lancashire, SELLARS of Yorkshire, and KELLY of Australia. Well, may they all receive presents from some one!

THE MENACE OF THE GULF STREAM.

DEAR SIR, I am no alarmist, but it has become a matter of vital importance that steps should be taken to draw the attention of the Government to the danger that menaces these shores from the deviation of the current of the Gulf Stream. According to a rough calculation I have made, the people of this country may expect to be frozen alive on or about the 27th of February, 1913, and in the name of our homes and dear ones, of whatever shade of political opinion, I demand that a Royal Commission be convened to inquire into the matter.

Pending such inquiry I would respectfully suggest that the Under-Secretary for the Colonies be immediately despatched to the scene of the disturbance endowed with plenary powers as Governor of the Gulf Stream and instructed to deal with the difficulty with all the trenchancy at his command; the nation, meanwhile, being prepared to support the cost of his absence for an indefinite period.

May I add, without incurring the stigma of partisanship, that it is only another example of the slovenly methods of the present Government that matters have reached this crisis. At least I have no hesitation in asserting the trouble would never have arisen with a Conservative Government in power.

Yours truly, CHRONIC CATARRH.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES,

Or, Who was Who?

WILLIAM HARVEY (1578—1657).

IT is astonishing what luck some people have.

COLUMBUS discovered America by merely sailing for some time in the right direction. America takes up some room, and could hardly be avoided by anybody going that way. But nobody happened to have been before, so COLUMBUS gets the glory.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON lay under a tree for a doze, and an apple fell on his head. What he said has not been recorded, though it may be imagined. What he did was to give out that he had discovered the Law of Gravitation. The name caught on, and Sir ISAAC NEWTON got into Parliament on the strength of it, was made Master of the Mint, knighted, and finally buried in Westminster Abbey. Pretty good that, for one small apple.

The third instance is that of WILLIAM HARVEY, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the subject of our biography.

WILLIAM HARVEY was born at Folkestone, the seaside resort, in 1578, and educated at Canterbury and Cambridge. His favourite recreation is not mentioned in the works of reference, but was very likely rounders, and this may have given him the hint of which he afterwards made such good use. He took his degree at the early age of nineteen, for he was a bright lad. At the age of twenty-four he had taken two M.D.'s, and settled as a physician in London, probably in Harley Street. Some people would call this enterprise, others impudence. He went on pocketing fees for the next twenty years, and then his chance came. People's blood had been circulating ever since the time of ADAM, but it first occurred to WILLIAM HARVEY to make a fuss about it. And the fuss told. That was WILLIAM HARVEY'S luck.

He nearly spoilt his chances by the title he gave to the book in which he announced his discovery. What was wanted was a short, snappy title that would arouse interest and curiosity. WILLIAM HARVEY was far too clever for that. He called his book *Exercitatio Anatomica de motu Cordis et Sanguinis*. One would have said that a book with that on its cover wouldn't have a dog's chance. And it wouldn't now. It would have to be called *On its Rounds;* or *When it was Red*, if it was to sell on the bookstalls. No bishop could be expected to preach about a book called *Exercitatio Anatomica*, and the rest of it.

But WILLIAM HARVEY'S luck held, in spite of this mistake. The next we hear of him is as physician to CHARLES THE FIRST, and so intoxicated by his success that nothing would do for him but to be sent on an embassy to Nuremberg accompanied by the Earl of ARUNDEL, and publicly demonstrate his theory before the EMPEROR. It was his artfulness to call it his theory. He knew very well by this time that the blood circulated. It was a fact, not a theory. The Earl of ARUNDEL knew it, too. He had heard quite enough about it on the way over. How WILLIAM HARVEY demonstrated his theory is not recorded. Perhaps he pricked his finger. Perhaps he pricked the Earl of ARUNDEL'S. It is not probable that he pricked the EMPEROR'S.

Having once induced people to listen to him when he mounted his hobby, WILLIAM HARVEY stuck to them. He stuck to CHARLES THE FIRST, and was in attendance on him at the Battle of Edgehill. CHARLES THE FIRST was too polite to say he had had all he could do with of the circulation of the blood; and he lost the battle.

WILLIAM HARVEY accompanied the KING to Oxford, still prosing on about the circulation of the blood. This was a little too much. CHARLES THE FIRST got rid of him in the most graceful way. He had him elected Warden of Merton, and took good care not to accept invitations to dine at the high table of that college as long as he remained in Oxford.

The Fellows of Merton put up with WILLIAM HARVEY for four years, and then CROMWELL turned them all out. They didn't like going, but they felt there were compensations. Most of them had become vegetarians in self-defence, and could now return to a meat diet.

WILLIAM HARVEY went back to London, and "during the remainder of his life was usually the guest of one or other of his brothers." They were always a united family, the HARVEYS, and WILLIAM'S brothers said that if all the other houses in London were closed to him theirs should remain open. Blood was thicker than water. "Yes," said WILLIAM, "and it circulates. I don't know whether I ever told you two fellows that when I went over to Nuremberg with my old friend ARUNDEL . . . ." And so on. They stood that for eleven years.

In 1651 WILLIAM HARVEY tried to repeat his early success with a book called *Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium*. But it was a frost. Nobody was going to let him start off again if they knew it. The book was reviewed in the medical papers, but had no sale at the libraries.

Six years later he died, and was buried at Hempstead, near Saffron Walden. And that was the end of WILLIAM HARVEY.



BEFORE THE RECEPTION.

Lady of the House (instructing new Page). "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN AT A PARTY BEFORE, RIGGLES?"

Riggles. "HONLY AS A *GUEST*, MUM."

Episcopal Repairs.

Mr. Punch has much pleasure in putting the two following extracts where they can see each other:

"The Bishop of MANCHESTER yesterday dedicated St. Leonard's Church, after undergoing restoration at the cost of £10,000."—*Daily Mail.*

"Reliable Man wanted for alterations and repairs."—*Camberley News.*

Why not the Bishop, after the above costly experience in his own person?

A CHECK AT THE WAR-GAME.

[The Reichstag at Berlin has rejected, practically in their entirety, the supplementary estimates for South-west Africa. Violent protests were provoked by a tactless speech delivered by Colonel von DEIMLING, who is about to assume the chief command at the front. It is understood that the EMPEROR was informed by telegraph of what had taken place.—*The Times.*]

AMONG the changes wrought in taste and feeling
By Time that modifies our social views,
I gladly mark our happier mode of dealing
With persons who convey unpleasant news;
Already out of breath,
It was the rule to have them put to death.

To-day, though evil tidings fly yet faster
Through electricity's most artful aid,
The youthful messengers of grave disaster
Prove by their bearing they are unafraid;
They go, as they arrive,
Without reward or thanks —but still alive.

Yet would I not have lightly undertaken
That bearer's task who stood, abashed and mute,
Fronting his KAISER, all his marrow shaken
In perilous reach of yon Imperial boot,
And heard his War-Lord snort
Over the Reichstag's very rude report;—

A horrid tale of how his Emissary
(First in Command against the naughty blacks)
Spoke in his Monarch's name, and made an airy
Request for fighting bullion, sacks and sacks;
And how the rabble rout
Told him that he would have to go without.

A blow, I fear, to shatter that machinery
Which moves responsive to the Master's hand,
Since armies cannot mess on tropic scenery,
Nor a superb World-Empire well expand
If reft of beef and rum
Wherewith to fortify its mailèd tum.

Yet, WILLIAM, I detect a happy omen
(Explained below) in this obnoxious gale;
Thanks to the void inside your troops' abdomen
The British Lion may relax his tail,
And stop his muffled growls,
And treat more cousinly the King of Fowls.

For I have often noticed, when a rival,
Heavy with beans, incurs a nasty fall,
One lifts an urgent prayer for his revival,
Saying "A dear, good fellow after all!"
Just so your present check
Tempts us to weep a little round your neck.

As fellow-sufferers, too, this bitter pillule
Should make our new *entente* more cordial-kind;
For, though at first it looks unlikely, still you'll
Gather my meaning when I say I find
Small difference in our lots -
Pro-Zulus here, and there pro-Hottentots! O. S.

Painting the Lily.

"WE have now a charming assortment of the latest costumes, blouses, millinery, etc., all straight from Paris, with a touch of Australian smartness added." *Melbourne Argus.*

"HADDO has always been the courtesy style of the hair of the Earldom of Aberdeen." *Dublin Evening Mail.*
With some people it is Tatcho.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

["And she [the woman] is always on the war-path, looking out for insults.... She sulks for a week, and you suffer agonies of apprehension.... You lie awake at night worrying about her—and then you will find that one day, in your haste, you had forgotten to say good morning to her."—*Madame Sarah Grand.*]

MILDRED and I have been married no longer than six months.

I find I do not know her properly yet.

I only found this out recently.

I was reading *The Daily Chronicle*, and skimming the articles came across that of Madame GRAND. I read it through, and confess that I permitted a slight chuckle to escape. MILDRED asked what was causing me amusement, and I read to her the abstract which I have quoted above.

When I had finished reading I waited for her smile of approbation. Instead whereof I saw that she was frowning.

"Do you see anything funny in it?" she remarked.

"Well," said I, "it's certainly not without its humour."

"I think it's absurd," she said. "I'm surprised that you see anything to smile at in it. I suppose you believe that it's true?" This with an air of challenge.

"It may be true of some women," I remarked, diplomatically, "but it certainly is not of one that I know."

"That's right," she said, coldly; "try and shirk the consequences of your own convictions."

"I didn't say they were my convictions," I pointed out.

"Then why did you laugh at the article?" she inquired.

"One can appreciate a thing and still not agree with it," I suggested.

"Nonsense!" she said. "If you didn't think it was true you wouldn't have read it to me."

"I read it because you asked me to do so."

"I asked you to read it because you laughed, and you laughed because you thought it was true. Am *I* like that? Do *I* look for insults in whatever you say?"

"Well, even if you do look for them, I hope you never find them," I said, somewhat foolishly.

"Oh," she cried, angrily, "then they are there?"

"What are where?" I inquired carelessly.

"You know what you said. You implied that you hoped I never recognised the insults that you hurled at me."

"I did nothing of the sort," I protested. "What I said was——"

"I know perfectly well what you said," she retorted, "and I also know what you meant."

"I'm sorry *I* don't," I said, a trifle annoyed.

"No, of course you wouldn't, now that you understand that I see through you."

"That's rather absurd," I said. "I can't quite gather what it is you object to, but I'm sure you are entirely under a misapprehension."

"I consider it a deliberate insult," she said, in an injured tone.

"Rubbish!" I replied.

"It may be rubbish to you, but I—I—*know* now what your true feelings are." She was on the point of tears.

"I've known for some time," I said, banteringly.

"I wish I'd found out before I ever married you," she said.

"Well, I told you often enough, didn't I, darling?" I said.

"Don't be a hypocrite!" she remarked. "You know very well that——"

"That I love you!" I interjected.

"*Love* me!" she repeated scornfully; "and yet you go out of your way to insult me? I—I—only wish—I'd found you out before!"

It was then that I got quite annoyed.

"What rot!" I said.



THE BOGEY OF FREEDOM.

C.-B. (*throwing open door of Compound*). "MY POOR DOWN-TRODDEN BROTHER, YOU ARE NO LONGER A SLAVE—YOU ARE FREE TO GO HOME!"

THE DOWN-TRODDEN BROTHER. "OH PLEASE, SIR, ANYTHING BUT THAT! I *WILL* BE GOOD, IF YOU WILL ONLY LET ME STOP!"



PRECEDENCE AT BATTERSEA.

"GARN! THE TREASURER GOES IN BEFORE THE BLOOMIN' SECKERTARY!"

"Don't pretend," she sneered. "I can quite see through your miserable designs now."

I didn't answer her. I was too exasperated.

"Yes," she went on angrily, "add contemptuous silence to your other insults."

I muttered something under my breath, which she must have heard. "There is no need to swear as well," she said.

"I'll do as I please," I retorted.

"Of course I knew you wouldn't do as *I* pleased," she said. "I only said it to test you, and now I find you absolutely don't care."

She took out her handkerchief and began to sob.

I refused to capitulate to tears, but it was trying in the extreme. At last I lost patience. "Would you mind going into the conservatory to cry?" I said. "It'd do the plants good."

The words dammed her tears. Immediately she grew calm.

"Is that meant to be clever?" she said, "because I'm sorry I fail to see the humour of it."

"My remark," I replied coldly, "was intended to remind you that tears are wasted on me."

"I quite believe it," she said; "I've heard that a woman's tears would melt a heart of stone, but —"

"Perhaps my heart is made of more adaptable material," I interrupted sentimentally.

"I *don't* think," she murmured reflectively.

"Don't talk slang," I said. "Use common-serse if you want to say anything. It's much better."

"I could have told you that," she replied calmly, "only I wanted to keep to subjects with which I thought you were acquainted."

That was a nasty one, I admit, but I tried to put the best face I possibly could on it. "Don't put yourself out on my account," I implored with mock politeness. "It's rather a pity to waste so much brilliance on me, isn't it?"

"It doesn't matter who I wasted it on now, since I've already wasted myself."

"I was a fool ever to have married at all," I said, angrily, striding up and down the room.

"Marriage made no difference in that respect," she said. "Only even if you were a fool I have to pay the price of your folly."

"Oh!" I sneered, "then if you want to pay in full, you'll find yourself in the Bankruptcy Court."

"Go on," she shouted; "pile up the insults as much as you can!"

I could stand no more of it, and as she once more burst into tears, I strode from the room and slammed the door. . . . I wonder if Madame GRAND ever knew my wife.

I wonder, too, what MILDRED was insulted about. . . . Can I possibly have forgotten to pass her the toast? . . . I wonder . . . one never knows . . . perhaps . . . men are all brutes. I think I'll go back!

THE BOOK AND THE PLAY.

When I heard that Mr. Michael Morton was making a play out of *The Newcomes*, and that Mr. Tree proposed to act the part of the *Colonel*, I felt much as I should feel if I had heard that Mr. Michael Morton was making a play out of my own domestic life (which, like *The Newcomes*, is fortunately quite undramatic), and that Mr. Tree proposed to act the part of my favourite uncle. For to me, as to Mr. Andrew Lang, Thackeray seems like a big elder brother, and *The Newcomes*, though by no means his most coherently artistic work, is perhaps of all his books the most intimately and affectionately remembered. I felt embarrassed, therefore, and to confess it frankly resentful, though I did not write to the papers to say so. On the other hand, I am in the habit of wishing success to Mr. Tree. I admire the sporting spirit in which he runs his theatre, his courage and activity, the many proofs he has given of a worthy ambition in his art, and the many feats of acting he has accomplished. So I waited for the rising of the curtain with feelings even more mixed than they usually are in this complicated world.

Well, my good wishes for Mr. Tree were gratified. The play had a splendid reception, and is likely to be a great success. Also Mr. Tree himself gave us an extremely clever and at times a beautiful performance. His acting, and that of some of the others, as studies of Thackeray's characters, formed the real interest of the evening. But one must say an analytical word or so of the play.

Englishmen are not dramatically inventive, and have generally had to annex the plots for their plays. But there really is a limit. We seem to have ended by supposing that we can dramatise everything. But everything cannot be dramatised. Even Mr. Michael Morton would hardly propose to dramatise a sonnet of Rossetti and invite Mr. Tree to act the part of the first eight lines. There are reasons, at his service but too long to set forth here, why the dramatisation of *The Newcomes* was not an artistic undertaking.

However, it is to be said that he was conscientiously anxious to give us as much of Thackeray as he could. I imagine that, when he read *The Newcomes* for his purpose for the first time, he must have read it rather hastily, with an eye and a pencil for effective sentences. If they belonged to characters he had no room for in his scheme he gave them to the *Colonel*. Thus both George Warrington's "Don't you recognise the beast?" and Lord Highgate's "Is that the cane you beat your wife with?" are given to the *Colonel* in the same speech. I do not complain of the shifting of scenes—as for example of *Lady Kew's* and *Ethel's* conversation at Baden (*à propos* of *Lord Kew*) taking place in London (*à propos* of *Lord Farintosh*)—that was necessary if there was to be a play at all; but it *is* a shock to find *Clive's* wine-glass-throwing exploit post-dated several years, quite incongruously, and aimed at *Farintosh* instead of *Barnes*; and *Farintosh* himself made into a brawling ruffian. If Thackeray had lived to see



An Upright Gentleman.
Mr. Beerbohm Tree as *Colonel Newcome*.

Mr. Morton's *Little Stranger* and had turned it into a novel, Mr. Morton would not have enjoyed such liberties. And if one is told to regard the play apart from the book, I reply that the request is absurd. If we should not think of the book, why should the book have been dragged in? It was not a good story, and the only reason can have been to appeal to our memories. As a play, it is simply a succession of sympathetic attitudes for the *Colonel*; the *Colonel* meeting his lost love, comforting his son, denouncing *Barnes's* villainy, paralysed by the Campaigner's taunts, playing with the little Gown-boy, and finally saying "*Adsum*." And as such, it is, on the whole, sufficient.

Regarded as "illustrations" of the book, the women in a general way were better than the men. They were more accurately dressed. Mr. Tree wisely went to Dicky Doyle's famous illustrations for his own "make-up"—and a wonderfully good "make-up" it was, remarkable in a long list of such successes—and it is a pity he did not go to the same source for the other men. They seemed to show an earlier period; and especially *Barnes* and *Farintosh* in the First Act were wrongly attired for the occasion. I think, too, that more attention should have been given to Thackeray's own descriptions: *Clive* should have been fair, and so should *Pen* have been though, to be sure, for the latter accuracy the *Pendennis* volume would have had to be consulted, which perhaps was too much to expect.

Miss Marion Terry, as *Madame de Florac*, who has a son of forty in the book, did not look forty herself and could not have been the *Colonel's* contemporary. That apart, she played as I should have expected; that is to say, not only as an accomplished artist in details, but with that sense of the theatre, and that perfect congruity with the picture which are always her rare distinctions. Mrs. Tree was a vivacious Campaigner, playing both her cajoling and nagging scenes admirably. Miss Braithwaite looked her part of *Ethel* well, but did not give us *Ethel's* waywardness and petulance and essential girlishness in her manner: she was too much like a merely well-intentioned and earnest young woman. Mrs. Crowe suggested the old witch in *Lady Kew* with much effect, and it was not her fault that she had to jeer at the *Colonel* in a manner quite impossible to a gentlewoman—for which I fear Thackeray would not have forgiven Mr. Morton. There is little to say of any other man but the *Colonel*. Mr. Lyn Harding had the best stage chance, because *F. B.* is a grotesque, and Mr. Norman Forbes made something of *Barnes* plus a touch of melodrama. As for Mr. Tree, in his later scenes, when the *Colonel* is pathetically feeble and broken, his playing was beautiful, finely conceived and delicately done. In the earlier scenes he lacked a little, only a little, something of dignity and simplicity, and when the cares and anxieties of a first night are off his mind I know no reason why that little should not be added. In fact, he may try his hand at my favourite uncle, but I do not wish Mr. Michael Morton to write the play.

Rus.

MORE ABOUT THE NEW GAMBLING.

KEEP YOUR TUBE TICKETS!
(IF YOU CAN.)
KEEP YOUR TUBE TICKETS!
(IF THE MAN WILL LET YOU.)
KEEP YOUR TUBE TICKETS!
The Daily Error offers
£1,000
to the owner of the right Tube ticket.
WHICH IS THE RIGHT ONE?
AH!

MONEY TO BURN!
KEEP YOUR THEATRE PROGRAMMES.
THERE IS A GOLD MINE IN EVERY ONE.
DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY.
KEEP YOUR THEATRE PROGRAMMES.
The Daily Expense will publish the lucky numbers
On JUNE 31.
WHO WILL BE THE WINNER?

KEEP YOUR *DAILY ERRORS.*
KEEP YOUR *DAILY EXPENSES.*
KEEP YOUR *HAPPY DISPATCHES.*

There is no knowing what they may be worth some day.

They may be useless now; but *Wait.*

KEEP THEM ALL.

Never mind how they collect dust and fill the house:

KEEP THEM!

Particulars of their value may one day be published.

Buy all you can. Wait for other people to drop them. Look under the seats of railway carriages.

GET ALL YOU CAN.
KEEP THEM.
GO ON KEEPING THEM.

There may be money in it.

KEEP EVERYTHING.
MEN, KEEP YOUR SHAVING PAPER!
LADIES, KEEP YOUR CURL PAPERS!

Some day they may be useful in getting people to buy a paper which otherwise they would not.

MR. PUNCH'S OFFER.
SILENCE IS GOLDEN.
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.
THERE WILL THEN BE GOLD IN IT.



QUI S'EXCUSE S'ACCUSE.

The Major (after lunching with the Squire, famed for his liqueurs). "THANKS, VERY MUCH. IT'S REALLY AWFULLY KIND OF YOU." *(Suddenly inspired)* "YOU KNOW THESE BEASTLY MOTOR-BUS DRIVERS ARE SO CARELESS. THINK THE WHOLE STREET BELONGS TO THEM!"

IT is mentioned in the Press as a matter of congratulation that, owing to a new process discovered by an Englishman, a big trade is now being done in tin soldiers. We could have wished that these new warriors might have been of the same mettle as the Iron Duke: but at the same time we welcome any developments that are likely to increase the popularity of the service.

AN Irish paper in reporting the invention of a new hat for men describes it as being a straw hat made of felt.

EXTRACT from advertisement of a Brussels hotel:

"There is a serious guide, belonging to the Hotel, at the entire disposition of the visitors."

Those who like to be entertained with airy badinage about the height of a cathedral, or a whimsical description of the Mayor's benefactions, must go elsewhere.

"CIGARETTE MAKER (girl) requires work; flat or round."—*Evening News.*

There is about this an almost pathetic willingness to please.

THE LATE MR. ALFRED CHUDDER.

Judged by the ordinary standards of greatness Alfred Chudder, who died a few weeks ago at the age of eighty-one, cannot be regarded as an instance of the rule that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. His was not, in the ordinary sense at least, a useful life. He did not invent or discover anything. He had no profession or trade. He was in no respect a prophet, had no message for his generation, seeming in truth to regard passing events and the problems of contemporary life with an equanimity which almost amounted to indifference. He was not, again, the representative of an ancient family or a leader of fashion, nor were his means more than a modest competence. Except when he was born and when he died (he was never married) it is probable that his name never appeared in the newspapers. The world at large, therefore, may be excused if it knew nothing of him. Yet he was a truly remarkable man, and I, who was privileged to see something of him in his later years, am unwilling that he should pass into the great silence altogether without record.

Alfred Chudder was remarkable in this, that although he was not an eminent man, he was one of the few men living who looked and spoke like one. He realized thoroughly and completely one's idea of how an eminent man should look and speak. More particularly did he strike one's eye and ear as a man aristocratically eminent. He was one of Nature's Dukes — the only one in my experience — fulfilling the golden dreams one had in childhood of what a Duke should be.

His appearance was familiar to me some years before I met him, since we lived in neighbouring streets, and I saw him frequently in my walks abroad. I never had any doubt but that he was one of the most eminent men in the country. He was tall, broad-shouldered, of a full bodily habit, and a very upright carriage. His face was large, of a reddish colour, strong-featured, clean-shaven. The second time I saw him he took off his hat to a lady, and disclosed a broad forehead and a magnificent sweep of silky white hair. He walked slowly, looking about him, conscious, as it seemed to me, that passers-by must be whispering his famous name to one another. He dressed fashionably, but always with a distinctive note — a hat broader-brimmed than the common, or the like, and affected the fresh and gay white waistcoats and light-coloured gloves. After a time I thought he recognised me as a person he often saw (I discovered afterwards that this was the case) and that there was a slight interest in his regard, encouraging me to go on living, as it were. This pleased me greatly, and I wondered all the more who he might be.

One day I was lunching with a friend at a Club, and the great unknown came into the room. Eagerly I put my question. The answer astonished me by the indifference with which it was given. "I always forget his name," said my friend. "Wait: yes, Chudder, that's it — old Chudder." I had never heard the name before, and my disappointment was keen. I consoled myself by accusing my own ignorance, however; doubtless with men of his own calling or pursuit Chudder was a household word.

Constant and searching inquiries assured me that it was not so. Mr. Chudder was known to a small circle of acquaintances only, and the world knew nothing of him. I put together the facts of his career as I gradually learned them.

Mr. Chudder was the only son of a north-country solicitor, a rich man, who sent him to Harrow and Oxford. He was hardly remarkable as a young man, was mildly proficient in games, and took a pass degree. Having a large allowance, however, he was a member of a very good set, and was noted for the care with which he dressed. On leaving Oxford he was elected into a good London Club. Shortly afterwards his father died, and it was found that unlucky speculations had dissipated his fortune. Mr. Chudder had barely seven hundred a year. He seems then to have decided on a scheme of life which, negative as it may appear, had a simple rhythm in it one finds soothing to contemplate.

He took two rooms in St. James's Street, and lived almost entirely in London. An occasional country visit to friends tended to be replaced in his later life by a few weeks once a year at a seaside hotel. He lived a great deal at his Club, reading the magazines and sometimes a novel, playing cards and billiards for moderate stakes, and lunching and dining temperately but with a certain exigence of the best. Sometimes he went to a theatre. That is all. He never married, and no romance is recorded of him. Comfort, regularity, and avoidance of all strain seem to have been the exclusive objects of his life. Except on questions of food and wine he seldom disclosed a conviction, or even an opinion. His services to the community cannot be reckoned high. But for my part I find something attractive in a life so like a tree's. He had been living it for fifty years, since his leaving Oxford, when I first met him.

The reader may begin to wonder, however, how it was that Mr. Chudder acquired his extraordinary air of greatness. I can only guess. The beginnings of it may have been at Oxford, where his membership of a very good set may have given him a sense of superiority to other undergraduates. Living afterwards, too, a life without dependence on any man's favour, obliged to do nothing he did not wish to do, attended all day with the thoughtful deference of a good Club's servants, a feeling of mastery over life may have grown in him. I prefer to think that sheer artistic instinct made manner and the inner man conform to appearance. He must have felt that only a great man should look as he looked — that in some profound sense, apart from the accidents of life, great he really was.

Certainly the air was irresistible. A manner of easy politeness, with a slight suggestion of preoccupation, as of a man responsible in high affairs, and touched, only just touched, with a note of condescension, marked him continually. His address to cabmen, policemen, waiters, and the like, was a lesson in deportment. His "Good night, constable," kindly, cheerful, yet a little weary in tone, to the policemen in his street as he went home, was admirable, always answered with reverence and gratitude. When he crossed the road the traffic was stopped for him immediately. Personally I treated him by instinct, as soon as I made his acquaintance, with much more than the deference one shows to ordinary old men. "Working hard?" he would say to me when we met, and I, who ordinarily detest that question, always felt flattered that this great man should think my humble toil of any interest. He had never done a stroke of work in his life, but I felt somehow that he held up to me an example of noble and beneficent labour.

When he spoke of common things there was a suggestion of something ironical and almost comic in their connection with his greatness. We were walking together once when it began to rain. He looked for a moment at the rain as though amused by its impertinence, and then, "I suppose," said he, "our only resource is a humble hansom," and I, who should have taken the humbler bus, felt that for him a hansom was indeed a vehicle absurdly humble. I remember, also, that once when he lunched with me at a Club, and the only hot thing ready was roast beef, he remarked, "And an excellent thing, too," making me feel, but quite pleasantly, how great were his kindness and indulgence in eating it. His manner of mentioning eminent people was cordial, and, as it were, intimate; he did not know them, but somehow one seemed to know them through him. "That poor Duke!" he said once as we passed Devonshire House — it was in the early days of the Fiscal question — and I seemed to be behind the political

scenes at once. He had a habit of comparing their ages with his own, which somehow gave one the idea that they had been boys together.

But no anecdote or description can reproduce the greatness of Mr. CHUDDER'S appearance and manner. Appearance and manner, and nothing else, unless it were the inner conviction at which I have guessed. He was not great in some eccentric field of action, like CHARLES LAMB'S great borrower; his actions were lunching and dining, reading the papers and sauntering about Piccadilly. Yet to doubt his greatness, before you knew who he was, was impossible if you had any imagination or sense of fitness in things about you. And often, when I have met one of your disappointing great men, have I said within me—"Why, why can't you look and speak like ALFRED CHUDDER?"

TO BRIGHTEN CRICKET.

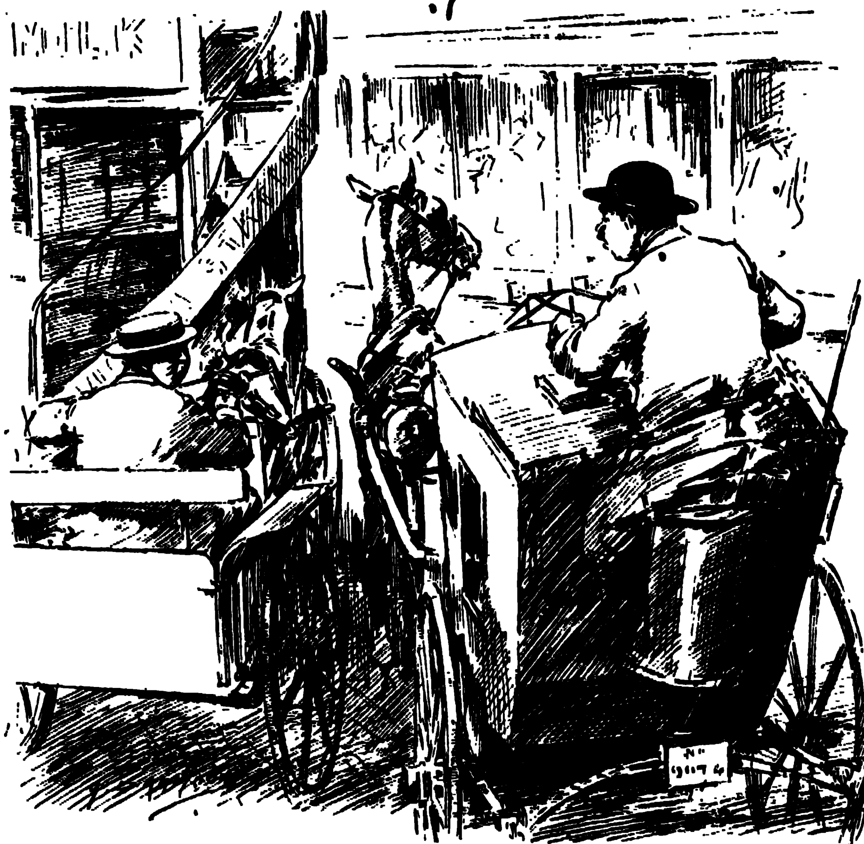
THE mere rivalry of bat and ball, which was good enough for every one till the last year or so, having failed any longer to command attention, the most ingenious cricketers and brainiest journalists of the day are busy devising additional attractions. *Mr. Punch*, although he has never himself found the game, when played with energy and skill, lacking in interest, has thrown open his columns to the innovators. A selection of letters follows:—

SIR,—Having lately returned from Spain, where I was much thrilled and exhilarated by a number of bull-fights, I beg to suggest that some of the shining merits of the bull-ring be introduced to Lord's and the Oval. In every match let one or more cricketers be baited and if possible killed. I would suggest that the *toreadors* be cricket-journalists, each armed with a sharp steel pen, their victim to be the first batsman who is bowled before he has hit a ball out of the ground. This would brighten cricket and do much to restore that effete pastime to favour again. I am,

Yours, &c.,
EDGAR WALLACE.

SIR,—The silence of the players is, in my opinion, the chief cause of the dulness of the game. Could it not be arranged that at the fall of each wicket, or when the field is crossing over, the players might join in a brief chorus, or folk song? The umpires, again, might signal wides, no balls and byes by special calls on a bugle. Mr. W. GLEE GRACE, who has now given up active cricket, or M. DE PACHMANN might be engaged as chief musical conductor.

Faithfully yours,
ALGERNON ASHTON.



RACY OF THE TURF.

Cabby (to Youth from the country, who has lost his head in the traffic, and is dodging from side to side). "NOW THEN, SPEARMINT! GIVE THE FIELD A CHANCE!"

SIR,—Cricket has become monotonous because we are too familiar with the style, and even the features of our leading cricketers. If they wore wigs or fancy dress, and W. G. were obliged to shave his beard, the apathy of the crowd might be at least partially dispelled.

Faithfully yours,
HENSLEY HENSON.

SIR,—I have often wondered that the excellent example of the Oval poet has never been followed. Why not have bards attached to all the County grounds to improvise lyrics and recite them during the luncheon or tea interval? We have already JAMES PHILLIPS at Lord's; why should we not secure STEPHEN PHILLIPS as well? I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,
LEWIS MORRIS.

SIR,—I have a very good idea. Why not give up cricket altogether and play football all the year round? No one can complain that football is not bright, and anything it lacks itself can be supplied by the gambling spirit.

Yours, &c., L. J. MAXSE.

SIR,—Why not have fireworks? If the umpires were empowered to send up rockets every time a man was out, the effect would be distinctly bright and pleasing. Or every player might be forced to wear an electric scarf pin.

Yours, &c.,
ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

SIR,—My panacea is this. Since no one cares for bowling any more, let every batsman have half an hour in which to hit as hard as he can, irrespective of catches and other accidents; any bowler neglecting to bowl as many as five half-volleys an over to be heavily fined by his committee, or, if necessary, lynched by the public-spirited crowd. Yours, &c.,

JOHN LONG HOPPS.

SIR,—How to brighten cricket? Forbid Mr. WARNER to wear a cap.

Yours etc., M. C. C.

SIR,—There is nothing wrong with cricket. It is the crowd that is at fault. My plan is to leave cricket where it is, but to supply the crowd with free champagne. Yours &c.,

WILFRID LAWSON.

SIR,—There is one very simple way: play all the matches at Brighton.

Yours faithfully,
BRIGHTON HOTEL SYNDICATE.



OUR AUXILIARIES.

Sergeant. "WELL, WHAT IS IT?"

Newly-enlisted Yeoman (whose mount is a bit off his oats). "PLEASE, SERGEANT, MY 'ORSE WON'T PICK UP HIS SEED!"

ENGLAND, SLEEP ON!

["A sub-committee of the Devon Education Board have recommended that where a child shows unmistakable signs of drowsiness it should be allowed to go to sleep."—"*Daily Chronicle,*" *May* 29, 1906.]

ANXIOUS, as ever, to ascertain and diffuse expert opinion, *Mr. Punch* has been at pains to consult a number of leading authorities on this subject with the following highly interesting results.

Mr. HENRY NEWBOLT, the famous singer of the West Country and author, amongst other lyrics, of "*Devon, O Devon in wind and rain,*" at once replied to our representative in the following spirited impromptu:

"Six hours for a man;
For a woman, seven;
And eight for a fool—
Was considered the rule
When I went to school.
But in drowsy Devon
The minimum 's seven;
And the higher you sail
In the social scale,
The larger the numbers
Allotted to slumbers.

For myself I 'm content with a modest nine,
But our Duke, so his intimates say,
Repeatedly breakfasts at 5 o'clock tea,'
And dozes the rest of the day."

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said that the value of sleep as an incentive to literary effort and a means to longevity was unquestionable. EPIMENIDES, the Cretan poet, who went to sleep for 57 years, attained an age, according to different authorities, of 154, 157, 229, or 289 years. SHAKSPEARE'S frequent references to sleep indicated (1) a high opinion of its curative value, (2) the probability which the play of *Macbeth* converted to something like a certainty that SHAKSPEARE himself was troubled by insomnia. Asked whether he connected the Sleepers of Ephesus with the Baghdad Railway, Mr. SIDNEY LEE maintained an attitude of polite scepticism. He thought, however, that the requirements of Devonshire school children ought not to be made the standard or norm, as the proximity of the Gulf Stream undoubtedly tended to promote a susceptibility to soporific influences from which dwellers in Norfolk were immune.

Professor CHURTON COLLINS, on being interviewed by our representative, said that the example of the great NAPOLEON, who cultivated the habit of sleeping at all times and in all environments hence the word "nap"—fully justified the decision of the Devonshire educational authorities. But in view of the numerous desperate characters who were now abroad he was strongly of opinion that the new Education Act should contain a mandatory clause enjoining on all teachers to instruct children in the art of sleeping with at least one eye open. He added that he deeply regretted to notice that, in the list of national songs compiled by the Board of Education, "*Pop goes the Weasel*" was conspicuous by its absence.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN cordially approved of the action of the Devonshire authorities, which he thought admitted of indefinite extension. In his opinion sleeping cars ought to be attached to all workmen's trains. At the same time it behoved us as a nation to be watchful and vigilant. Lord ROSEBERY, the great prophet of efficiency, was a notoriously light sleeper. On the whole he was indisposed to make it a party question, and would leave it to the sense of the House as a whole to determine whether legislation on the subject was necessary.



PERIL!

Liberty (*to the* Czar). "GIVE HIM HIS HEAD. IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE AND MINE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, A.M., *May* 29.—Half-past one o'clock and a fine morning. Members, over 500 strong, just streamed out after carrying through Committee 1st Clause of Education Bill. Of crucial importance, as we have testified by giving up to it full Parliamentary week. At this moment it sinks into insignificance by comparison with the question, "Is there any chance of getting a cab?"

The excitement which seethes in Palace Yard in strong contrast with the dreariness of the long sitting. What had to be said on principle underlying 1st Clause delivered in first two sittings. What followed was necessarily of the kind of discussion genially described by CARLYLE as thrice-boiled colewort. The wearily out-talked debate lacked even the final touch of interest that sometimes hangs about a division. Everyone knew that not only was the Clause safe in its integrity; there was not any expectation of appreciable diminution of overwhelming Ministerial Majority.

Just a flicker of interest played over the massive dome that serves as brain pan for TOMMY LOUGH. Last time House was in Committee on the Bill he suddenly interposed and delivered a speech that fluttered the dovecotes below the Gangway on both sides. Suffice it to say he threw over the principle of simple Bible teaching in State-provided Elementary Schools upon which the Bill is mainly built. Deliverance hailed with rapture from Opposition Benches. GEORGE WYNDHAM rose up and called him blessed. The Nonconformist Conscience was seared as by red-hot iron. DON'T KEIR HARDIE'S very neck-tie paled. Such a declaration from a Minister—Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board to boot—must surely mean that the Government, having studied drift of debate, deemed it expedient to retire from a main position early assumed.

Momentous utterance delivered at too late an hour for elucidation. Time only for WYNDHAM'S pæan of delight, his recognition, tardy it is true, that in TOMMY LOUGH His Majesty's Ministers, by sole exception, possess a statesman of the first rank. The Parliamentary Secretary's announcement involved far-reaching possibilities. Was he the spokesman of united opinion on the part of the Cabinet? or did it mean fresh and final rupture on a vital point? If so, BIRRELL must go. WYNDHAM and CARSON, hobnobbing on the Front Opposition Bench, agreed in the *obiter dictum* that in such case TOMMY would succeed him at the Cabinet Board, at the Education Office, and in charge of the Bill.



"'GIVEN AWAY' WITH A POUND OF TEA!"
(Mr. T-mmy L-gh.)

This happened last Wednesday night. The newspapers duly recognised serious character of the new movement; but no authoritative, unmistakable, sign of Cabinet feeling had been manifested. True, LLOYD-GEORGE, speaking at Liverpool, scornfully referred to the chatter of irresponsible persons. But, as Colonel CARLILE inconsequently remarked last night and the remark is here quoted with added inconsequence "no one would trust LLOYD-GEORGE with the moral training of a litter of puppies." It was in the House of Commons, from the Treasury Bench, the declaration had been made, and from the Treasury Bench at this, the earliest opportunity, it must be approved or denounced.

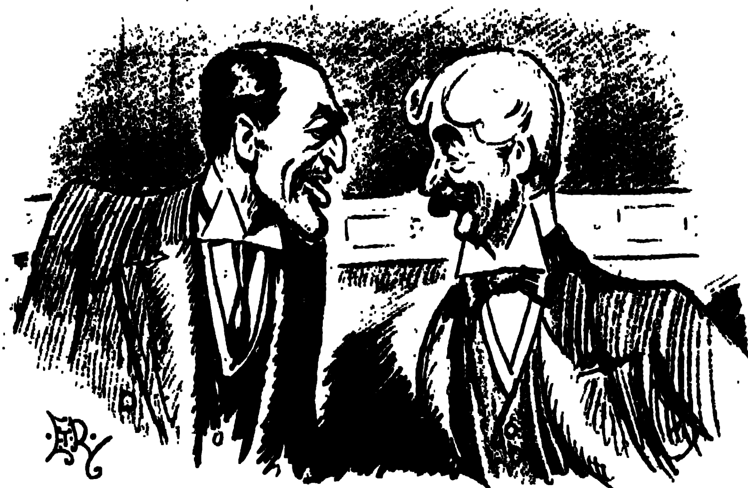
All through the summer night TOMMY,

> Silent as on a peak in Darien,

was the object of absorbed attention. It was noted that he sat in close, protecting, contiguity to his chief, the Education Minister. That seemed to imply that all was well. Not only was his announcement authorised, but his interposition at the critical moment was approved by his colleague in charge of the Bill.

When ST. AUGUSTINE rose early in the debate a crowded House gathered in hushed expectancy. Now all would be known. Strange to say ST. AUGUSTINE ignored existence of TOMMY LOUGH. He alluded to THOMAS À KEMPIS; looked in for a moment on BAXTER'S *Saint's Rest*, lightly scanned *The Whole Duty of Man;* but of the subject that lay closest to the heart of the listening throng he spoke never a word.

Later, when TOMMY himself took a turn with design of crumpling up Alderman ANSON, there was recurrence of the surging wave of breathless interest. But the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education



"WYNDHAM AND CARSON HOBNOBBING ON THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH."

had nothing to say on the question of "simple Bible teaching," and resumed his seat leaving the Committee more than ever perplexed.

Business done.—Clause 1 of Education Bill carried without amendment by majority of 203 in a house of 527 Members.

Wednesday.—House adjourned for Whitsun holidays. Members reluctantly go away with the Mystery of TOMMY LOUGH unsolved?

"*Edwin Drood* not in it with TOMMY," said the MEMBER FOR SARK wistfully regarding the thought-paled countenance of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board.

CHARIVARIA.

Das Reich draws attention to the fact that the conclusion of an Anglo-Russian agreement would result in the complete isolation of Germany. We feel sure that this has only to be pointed out to each Power and the negotiations will be dropped at once.

Señor CASTRO has issued a proclamation in which he announces his decision permanently to retire into private life. The Venezuelan public is astounded at the announcement, and already rumours are current that there will be a popular demonstration in favour of Señor CASTRO's return to power. And, if there be no such demonstration, then Señor CASTRO may return without it.

Lord SELBORNE has visited some of the compounds, and the coolies assured him they were very happy. Such ignorance is deplorable.

All our time-honoured sports seem doomed. Within the past fortnight agitations have been started against otter-hunting and bus-racing.

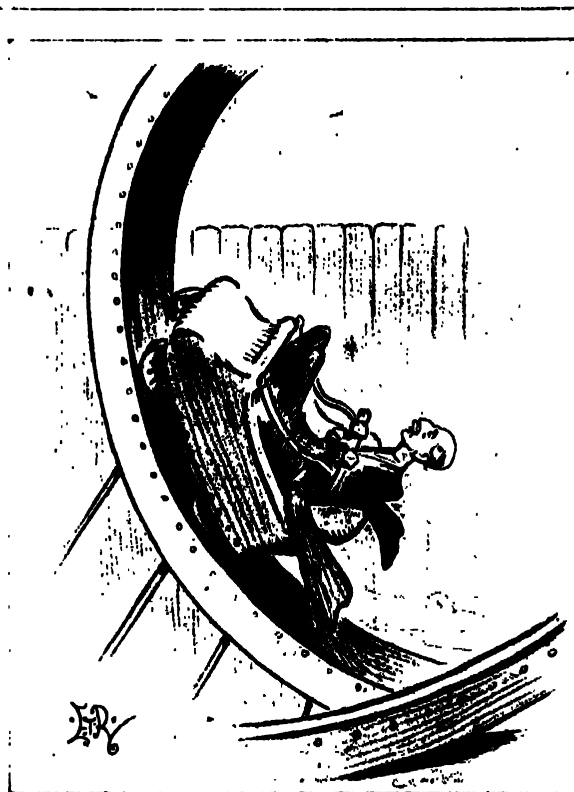
A Passive Resister has been complaining of the discomforts of Wandsworth Gaol. But surely the greater the discomforts, the greater the Martyr?

It is stated that a woman who will not speak has been discovered at Chichester. We shall require more convincing proof than a mere newspaper report before we believe this.

"If one is a genius," says Mr. C. K. SHORTER, "one can do without hobbies." We hope this does not mean that Mr. SHORTER is giving up the practice of Literary Criticism.

Hips, it has been decreed, are to be unfashionable this year, and those ladies who cannot get rid of them are crowding into nunneries until the fashion changes.

An epidemic of dog-stealing has broken out. The most aggravated instance is reported from the suburbs, where some burglars, not content with a quantity of silver and jewellery, took with the swag the valuable watch-dog as well.



LOOLOOPING THE LOOLOOP.

Mr. "Lulu" H-rc-rt devotes the Recess to perfecting his scheme for getting round the Division Lobbies in the quickest possible time.

It is satisfactory to know that there are still law-abiding persons among us. A baby who started to howl on Tuesday last in a well-known London Square ceased at once upon its nurse drawing its attention to the notice: "Organs and street cries prohibited."

A lady who recently bought a dinner service consisting of 54 pieces for £1 3*s.* 0*d.* was informed by her housemaid the next day that the bargain had become still more wonderful, for it now consisted of 1125 pieces.

The following books have been struck out of the list of school prizes by the London County Council: *Hypatia* and *Cheap and Easy Cooking.*

OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

THE BAYSWATER PIRATE.

WITH every prospect of more rain in the near future, the afternoon is not of the kind one would choose for a stroll; and I realise on glancing up and down the road that I am the only loiterer in sight. The children have been rung back to school; the afternoon delivery of milk has not yet begun; and Notting Hill is given over to the somewhat drowsy quiet which follows upon the bustle of the suburban luncheon-hour.

My destination lies eastward, and I am debating whether to travel by Tube, when an omnibus drawn by a pair of the most emaciated horses I have ever seen emerges from a side street. It is evident that the conductor and driver have just dined; and while I am speculating upon the remoteness of the horses' latest meal, the driver catches my eye and marks me down as his prey.

"'Ere y'are," he exclaims exuberantly: "'Obun, Benk, Loople-strit; Loople-strit, 'Obun, Benk."

Before I can dissemble my plans, the vehicle has stopped; the conductor, with the peremptory blandishments peculiar to "pirate" busmen, has extended an inviting arm, and I am inveigled on board.

We have travelled barely two hundred yards, when a sharp downpour of rain drives several pedestrians into the bus. Reinforcements are picked up at frequent intervals, until, long before we reach the Marble Arch, the "insides" number a dozen. Six stolidly face six with a reciprocal attempt—as customary as it is futile—to avoid staring at each other. The windows are steamy, and the atmosphere grows heavy with the odour of damp waterproofs.

At the corner of the Edgware Road, where we drop two passengers, four new arrivals are allowed to enter. Whether from commiseration or from lack of moral courage, the seated passengers make no protest against the consequent overcrowding; nor does the conductor choose to sacrifice extra fares which help to compensate for the dearth of outside passengers. Prominent among the new-comers is a burly bricklayer, on whose clothes an inordinate amount of dust has been converted by the rain into a composition not unlike gritty starch. So, at all events, I judge from the sample he leaves on my trousers in passing. That he, too, has recently dined, and



DARTMOOR WAY.

Tourist (in background). "I say! Percy! We'd better be going now - unless you can see anything striking from where you are!"

from a *menu* consisting chiefly of very inferior whiskey, is an inference that few people will be inclined to dispute.

Beside him stands a middle-aged woman, sallow and waspish, who carries a large bundle wrapped in rusty black cloth. The bricklayer, after hazily contemplating this bundle, administers a few tentative pokes, each of which leaves a fingermark surrounded by a small indentation.

"'Ere, when you 've *quite* done!" remonstrates the woman fiercely.

The bricklayer receives this protest with the utmost unconcern.

"Put it darn, Missis," he remarks thickly; "put it darn an' sit on it. I can make room for yer."

"An' what d' you s'pose it would be good for afterwards, what with you proddin' it an' all? Why can't you keep your dirty 'ands to yerself?" she replies.

A shade of resentment crosses the bricklayer's face.

"Yer know, if she was *my* missis," he remarks to the other passengers, "if she was *my* missis, an' was ter jore ter me like that . . ."

"Ah," interrupts the sallow woman, "it's easy ter talk; if you was my 'usband, p'raps you'd know 'ow to be'ave!"

There is a vague feeling among the passengers that this domestic amenity would be due rather to her happy choice of a husband than to any refining influence in her example.

"After me offerin' to do 'er a kindness . . ." continues her antagonist.

"Kindness, indeed!" snorts the sallow woman.

"After me offerin' to do 'er a kindness . . ." he repeats doggedly.

"Another time you can keep it till it 's asked for," exclaims the sallow woman.

"She 'll 'ave ter wait a bloomin' long time afore *I* offer to 'elp 'er agin!" continues the bricklayer, still confiding in the passengers.

The sallow woman plainly regards this indirect mode of address as an ingenious variety of insult, and I regret to observe that a weedy little person presenting the appearance of a broken-down *chauffeur* encourages the bricklayer to unburden himself further.

"Gratitood don't cost much, matey, but it 's uncommon scarce, ain't it?" he unchivalrously remarks.

"Ar!" responds the bricklayer.

"Decent consideration fer wimmin don't cost much either," retorts the sallow woman, "but it 's scarcer than anything *I* know of."

Her glance rests upon a young man who has hitherto kept silence, and who now rises awkwardly and offers his seat.

"No, thanks, young man," she replies severely; "I can be independent, I 'm glad ter say. You sit darn."

"I'm getting out shortly," remarks the young man, rather crestfallen. But the sallow woman is not disposed to forego the pleasures of martyrdom.

"You sit darn, then," she repeats; "I 'll stand, same as I 've 'ad ter do many a time afore!"

While the young man lingers irresolutely, there is a smothered laugh from the *chauffeur*, and I glance up to find that the bricklayer has slipped into the vacant seat, and is grinning complacently at his sympathiser.

The young man turns a deep red colour. "Here, I didn't get up for *you*," he remarks aggressively.

"That 's or right, cockey; you 're gettin' out direckly," retorts the bricklayer, winking at the delighted *chauffeur*.

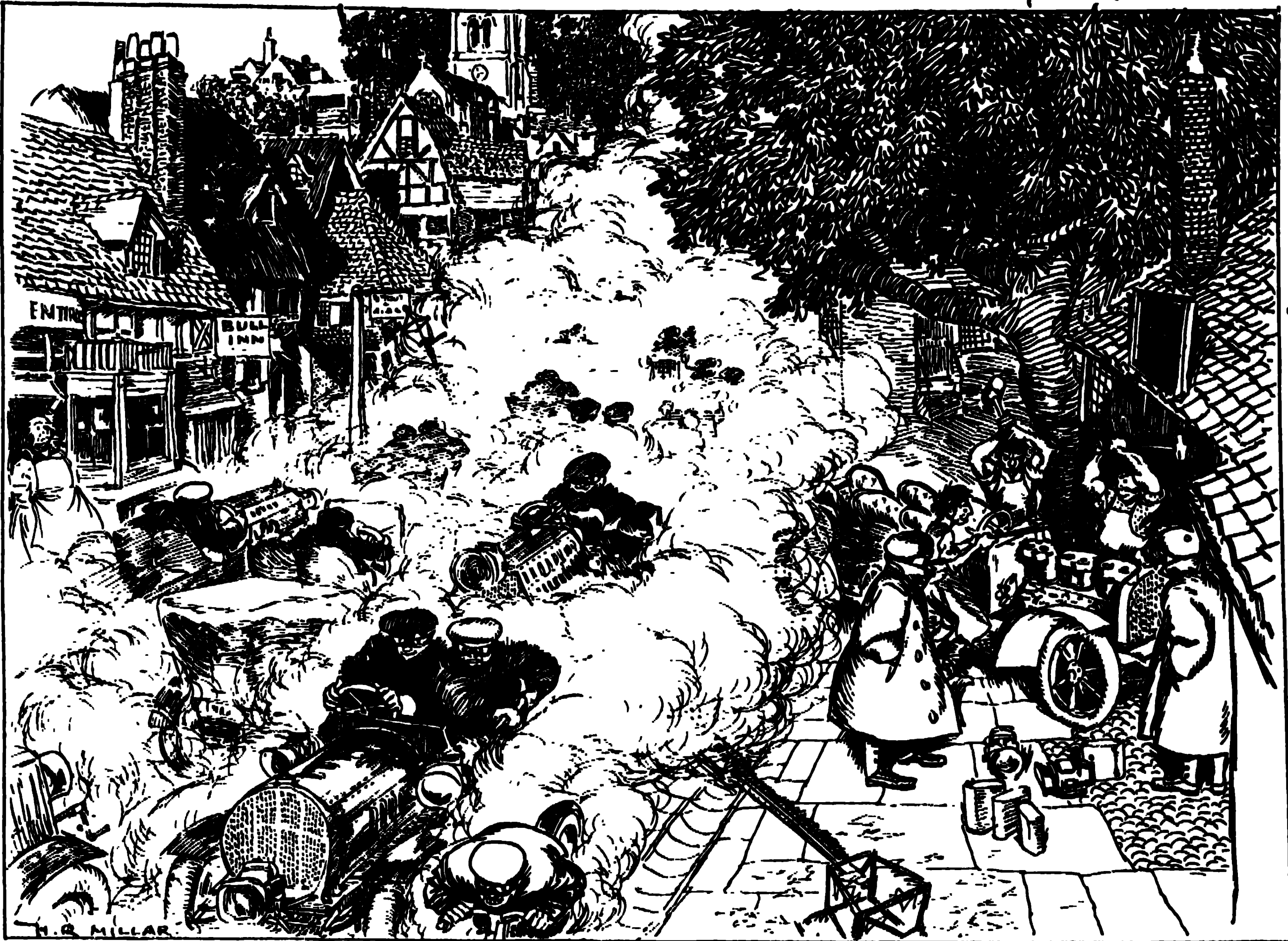
"That don't matter," pursues the young man; "I offered the seat to this lady - "

"And she don't want it. I'm ter keep my kindness till it 's arst for, so I 'll just keep this 'ere seat warm for a bit. If she likes to arsk civil for it, p'raps I 'll see fit ter give it up to 'er. You can 'urry on out, Bertie, or they 'll be waitin' tea for yer."

The bricklayer's scheme of retribution fits into its place with so triumphant a "click," as it were, that the young man is reduced to something like exasperated impotence.

"You call yourself a man?" he asks with infinite scorn.

"I call myself a man," replies the other. "I call myself a man, and I'd like ter see the blackleg as sez I ain't. George Pawker 's my name," he adds



A QUIET SUNDAY IN OUR VILLAGE.

irrelevantly; "George Pawker; and I want ter see the feller as says I ain't a man. P'raps *you* think I ain't?"

"I don't think anything one way or the other," replies the young man cautiously; "I only ask you what *you* call *yourself*."

"Well, I've told yer, 'aven't I?" demands the bricklayer. "An' I want you ter show me the man as says I ain't a man!" he repeats.

"I can show yer the woman as says you ain't," interposes the sallow lady.

"That ain't no answer ter my question," says the bricklayer sulkily. "I don't argue with wimmin. I'm talkin' to *'im*. I want 'im ter show me the man as says I ain't a man."

"As I don't know any of your mates, I can't oblige you," rejoins the young man loftily. "You'd better apply to somebody who is intimate with you."

"Ah, *I'm* sure!" remarks the sallow woman.

Feeling as I do that the honours so far are with the last two speakers, I am disappointed to find that the bricklayer's impending retort is interrupted by our arrival at Bond Street.

"'Ere y' are; Bond Strit," exclaims the conductor, raising a beckoning finger to the young man. The latter, followed by the *chauffeur* and another passenger, moves with dignity to the door, and the bricklayer is left without allies.

The sallow woman takes one of the empty seats, and nurses her bundle on her knees. The bricklayer fixes it once more with a hazy stare, but refrains from further investigation; and a sullen peace, fraught with possibilities of renewed warfare, gradually descends upon us as our bony steeds plod wearily towards Oxford Circus.

Irish Heads! Irish Heads!!

Finest Irish Heads in one-cwt. Bags. - Edmund Burke's Bacon Factory.
The Nationalist.

Now we know where the heads of good Nationalists go, when they lose them.

The Globe of Derby Day says: "Humorous by-play in the crowd was created by the starter cantering down upon a sheeted thoroughbred wearing a tall white hat, certainly a suggestion of Rotten Row."

How quick an English crowd is to catch these humorous effects!

"A Chiel's amang ye takin' Notes."

According to *The Daily Mail*, its special train "leaves London at 3.10 a.m. and puts *The Daily Mail* on the breakfast table at Plymouth." This may appear extraordinary to some, but we think we can explain it. A correspondence is now taking place upon the monotony of English breakfast-dishes. *The Mail*, with its usual enterprise, sends its special train down to hang about the West of England breakfast tables and take notes - on the shallow pretence of delivering papers.

Men About Town.

I. The Cabman.

The Cabman's portion is to share
The traffic's driving strife,
Yet since his only aim is fare
He lives the hire life.

II. -The Sandwich-Man.

The Sandwich-Man instructs mankind
By means they can't ignore,
For what they learn if they're behind
They haven't learned before.

OUR MOTOR PARTY.

[It was once suggested by "Ambrosia" in *The World* that a number of friends might, joining forces, take a touring holiday in a cavalcade of motor-omnibuses. One omnibus could be fitted up, she said, for theatrical performances; another might be arranged with Bridge tables and a pianola; others would contain sleeping accommodation. Besides the pleasure derived by those taking part in the trip, remote villages would be enlivened, and charitable performances might be given.]

It seemed a delightful idea; so *quaint* and *new*. I was frightfully enthusiastic about it, and I urged GEORGE (my husband) to help me whip up a party for Whitsuntide. GEORGE said the notion was wild and might be dangerous to our healths, our pockets, and our social status. GEORGE *is* so slow; but fortunately he is open to argument. I took him through his objections one by one. What, I said, could possibly be more beneficial to our healths than gliding between the scented fields, rushing through the glorious air? How could our pockets suffer when we should be sharing expenses with a dozen others and *should be paying no food bills at home?* What could more firmly plant me in the social position which should be mine *if only* GEORGE *would play his part*, than to be the originator and successful conductor of so novel a scheme? I spoke with such spirit for nearly three hours that GEORGE could hardly get in a word of reply.

When I had stopped he said: "Well, don't blame me if anything goes wrong." As a matter of fact things did go wrong, and I do blame him very severely. If only GEORGE had . . . [*Thirty-eight lines omitted.*—ED.].

I simply *slaved*. I invited fourteen others to join, including Mrs. TOOMUCH, because I detest her and wished to show her how well *I* could run a thing; Miss HEM, who lives next door, because she would not lend her pianola unless she was invited; Lady BAROUCHE, with whom I am most anxious to get on intimate terms, and Mr. BATTLEBY (without payment) because he is GEORGE's employer, and I thought this would be an excellent way of pushing GEORGE forward. GEORGE did not see this and was annoyed; he *is* so slow. Finally I wrote to GEORGE's uncle, the Vicar of SLEIGHPEY, to say that on Saturday we would give an entertainment in his garden in aid of the Organ Fund. GEORGE was most rude about this; in fact, so much did he grumble at one thing and another that I told him I really wondered he ever wanted the excursion. He threw up his arms at this and said, "Oh, my soul!" I said "GEORGE——"

[*Yes, yes. Well?* ED.]

On the Friday morning we all met at my house, and at ten o'clock the motor omnibuses arrived, and the work of packing commenced. An enormous crowd collected, and several loafers walked in in the coolest way to help to carry things. I told GEORGE to stop them, but all he did was to say, "Outside, please," to one. The man replied, "Don't you touch me, Guv'nor," so GEORGE didn't, and eventually the man was given three-and-six and took five umbrellas.

The motor-men eyed the pianola with considerable alarm, and had cause. GEORGE failed to lend a hand quickly enough when it was being placed in the car; he *is* so slow. It went down with a bump and went right through the floor, breaking the instrument, ruining the omnibus, and killing a little Skye terrier belonging to a fat woman in the crowd. Miss HEM was most unladylike. I pointed out that the mishap was a pure accident, and, though annoying, should be cheerfully accepted. She replied most rudely that the pianola would have to be cheerfully paid for. I sent GEORGE to speak to her. Meanwhile the woman with the dog stood at the gate with the corpse under her arm, and shouted "Murderers!" whenever any of our party came in sight. GEORGE gave her a sovereign, upon which she flung the corpse through the open drawing-room window and walked off. It afterwards turned out that the dog did not belong to her at all, and another sovereign had to be paid to the real owner.

At last, at two o'clock, we got off; but the run to our first halting-place was not a success. The dust was unbearable, and we were followed and surrounded the whole way by twenty-one cyclists, eight motor-cyclists, and *The Daily Mirror* staff-photographer. Lady BAROUCHE and Mr. BATTLEBY were boiling with perspiration and indignation the whole time, and went back by train that same night, taking with them GEORGE's chances of being pushed forward, and my hopes of intimacy with Lady BAROUCHE.



[According to *The Morning Post*, motor cabs with threepenny fares for a fraction of a mile will shortly be running in London.]

THE ABOVE IS AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST RECIPIENT OF THE MINIMUM FARE.

The evening was not a success. Not until we had selected our pitch and settled down for the night did we notice that the omnibus containing all the provisions had not arrived. Nor did it arrive till next morning, having had a break-down. We ransacked the village shop, and made a most unappetising meal off sardines and corned beef.

Not a word was spoken during that ghastly meal. When it was over I said brightly: "Well, at least the Bridge car has arrived. Who says Bridge?"

They *all* said Bridge, and said it so cheerfully that the evening seemed likely to be crowned with success after all. GEORGE had forgotten to bring the cards . . . .

I said to GEORGE—[*You were justified; and then?* ED.]

It must have been shortly after midnight that it started raining, and we were compelled to sit inside the whole day. Shortly after ten in the morning conversation lapsed. It was broken at three by Mrs. TOOMUCH. She said quite suddenly:

"Mrs. LOVE! The position in which you have forced me to sit for nearly seven hours is intolerable; the atmosphere no longer to be endured. I *demand* to be driven at once to the nearest railway-station."

"Oh, I *do* so hope we are near one," I replied. It was not very good, but it was the best I could do at the moment.

Mrs. TOOMUCH left us a few miles later, and shortly afterwards we reached Sleighpey. Here we found the Vicarage lawn set with chairs, all filled by the time our performance was due. GEORGE and I had front seats. The other members of the party were all taking part in the performance. They changed into *Pierrot* and *Pierrette* costume in their respective omnibuses, then entered the body of our theatrical car, which was to be driven into the grounds.

I cannot technically explain what happened. The car came through the gate all right, then, while manœuvring into position, something went wrong with the steering gear. It encircled the lawn thrice at terrific speed, then dashed

through the gate and up the road. We never saw it again. But we learnt afterwards that it ran for sixty-one miles without a stop, finally halting in a lonely lane in pitch darkness. There its unfortunate occupants had to sit till the next morning, when they walked, dressed as they were, four miles to the nearest town, where they were supplied with clothes at the workhouse.

Thus garbed, they were met by GEORGE and me, who had followed by train. I at once drew back round the corner, but GEORGE foolishly cried, "There they are!" and they saw us.

When we had finished talking and they had gone off to hide in the fields till the omnibus containing their clothes arrived, I said to GEORGE

[*Well, I doubt if* GEORGE *wants to hear it again.* ED.]

THE EVENING RHYMES.

Mr. Punch, having noticed with pleasure the rhymed police-court reports in *The Evening News*, suggests to the writer of them that he should do the same for the other columns.

THE LEADER.

(*In blank verse to meet the occasion.*)

We gather from an unofficial statement communicated to *The Daily Mail* (exclusively) that late on Tuesday night a gooseberry was seen in Regent's Park. Talking of which reminds us, by the way, that summer is indeed a-coming in, as noticed by our smart contemporary, *The Daily Mirror*, in this morning's issue . . . .

TO-DAY'S CRICKET.

SURREY *v.* LANCASHIRE.

This interesting match was played to-day. MACLAREN, tossing with his lucky penny, put his opponents in; and, by the way, Surrey included SMITH for Lord DALMENY. There were no other changes from the side that yesterday the Essex team defied.

Before a most enthusiastic crowd HAYWARD and HOBBS proceeded to the wicket, and, after an appeal was disallowed, raised twenty on the board by careful cricket. The fielding just at first was rather slack (KERMODE and CUTTELL sharing the attack).

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Lady MARY MULBERY comes to town to-day. At Prince's Gate, I understand, her ladyship will stay.

* * * * *

A marriage is arranged between Lord LUMM and Lady GWENDOLINE. The latter is the only daughter of JAMES, fourth Duke of DERWENTWATER.

* * * * *

To those who wish to look well-dressed: The corselet skirt is meant to show your figure at its best. Get one. (*Advt.*)

FOREIGN NEWS.

CONSTANTINOPLE: (*Reuter's telegram*). The SULTAN says he does not care a blow.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(*Owing to the difficulty of finding a new rhyme for* "ASHTON" *each day, this column will be done into hexameters.*)

SIR, In your leader last night, which touched on HORATIO NELSON, careless of dates and facts, you said that the hero was buried not in the Abbey itself but somewhere down in the Cloisters late on a Saturday night in 1807. Sir, it was 1805 — and St. Paul's Cathedral. Please correct, and believe me,

Yours faithfully, ALGERNON ASHTON.

STOP-PRESS NEWS.

Surrey 136 for 2.
A civet cat has perished at the Zoo.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

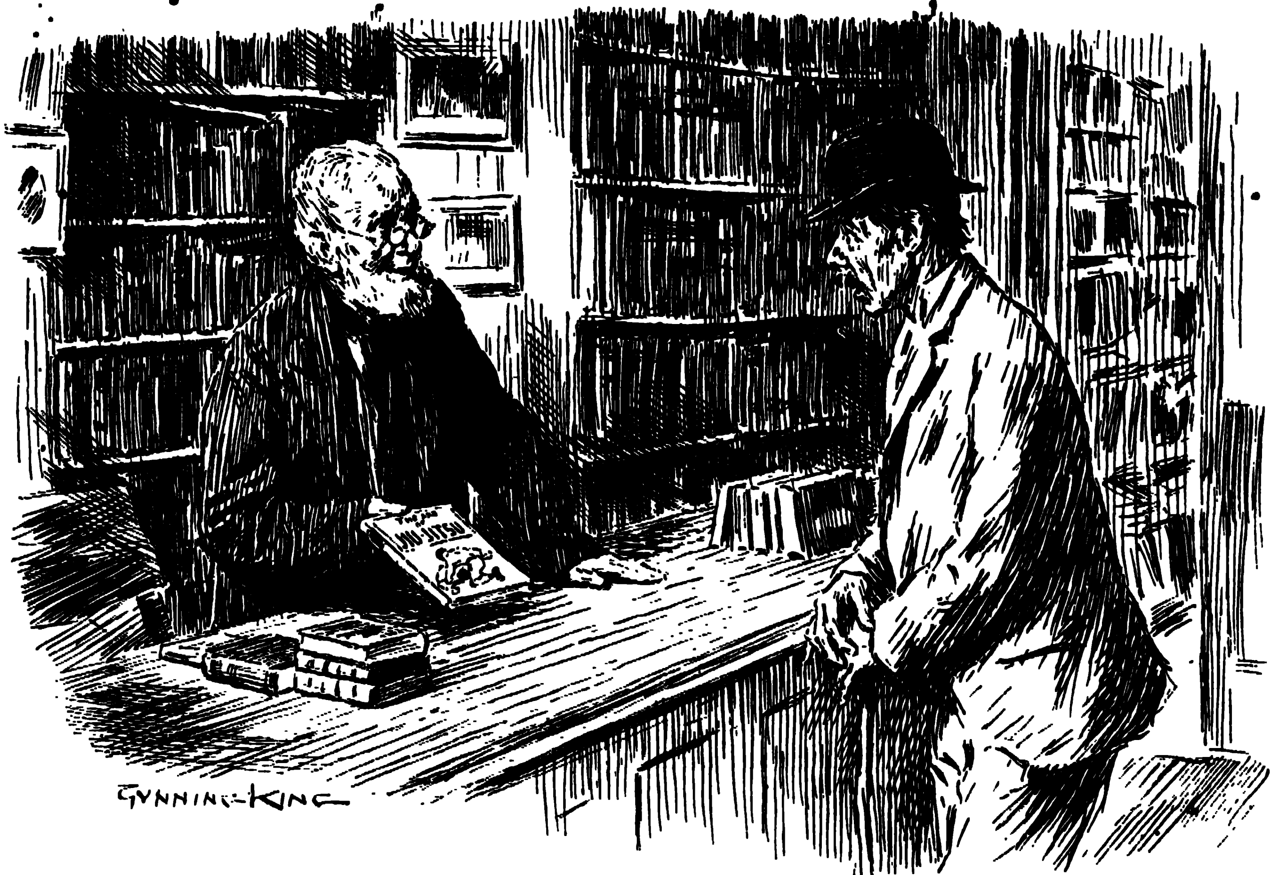
(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The King's English, published at the Clarendon Press, is written by H. W. F. and F. G. F.; and on this occasion at least, I hope, by myself. But you never can tell. One or other of them is always springing out at you from behind a corner. You use a word which seems to you full of meaning, and up pops H. W. to tell you that it is Romance — "and therefore to be avoided." You leave out a comma, more for the look of the thing than for any other reason, and F. G. takes you by the button-hole and quotes *Times* leaders — to show you what you come to if you are not careful. F. G. is particularly down on the *Times* ("down," my dear F. G., is a slang word — you talk about "having a down on a man," but not in society, of course); while H. W. (I don't believe I ought to say "while" there really, you know) — while H. W. spends his time sitting on Mr. E. F. BENSON. That, at least, is how I divide their labours. In the Introduction they announce — — [*Editor.* Do be careful. "Announce" isn't an Anglo-Saxon word. *Reviewer.* Neither is "beef." *Editor.* Who said it was? *Reviewer.* Nobody; only I'm sure you thought it was] — they announce that they will illustrate "by living examples, with the name of a reputable authority attached to each" all common blunders. After which they give many examples from Miss MARIE CORELLI and *The Guernsey Evening Times*. The book will, I am sure, be most useful to all young writers; but anyone who has already formed his style would be unwise to hall-mark each line with it. Thus, Mr. WALKLEY, after reading page 26 — Foreign Words — and page 6 — Far-fetched Words, might never tell us again that a play "did not greatly arride him." Nor would the leader-writers of the — — but enough.

Having lived in pretty close connection with the Parliamentary aspect of the question, I looked with quick interest to Sir ROBERT ANDERSON'S *Side Lights on the Home Rule Movement* (JOHN MURRAY). We at Westminster knew something of the crusade from the time of its start under the banner of ISAAC BUTT down to the *débâcle* in Committee Room No. 15 and after. Sir ROBERT ANDERSON worked throughout that period in the very inner track of the movement. Since 1868 up to his resignation in 1901 the Home Office looked to him for advice and guidance in relation to crime in Ireland arising out of political movements. Side lights from his torch would illumine many dark passages in the history of the last thirty years. Possibly the height of expectation is responsible for the depth of disappointment that follows on reading the book. It adds curiously little to the information of persons much less advantageously placed for securing it than was the head of the Criminal Investigation Department. Incidentally it confirms a rumour persistently current in the House of Commons in 1884, pointing to its destruction in full session by a bomb to be thrown from the Strangers' Gallery. Sir ROBERT ANDERSON relates how a Fenian was caught with bombs in his possession, awaiting opportunity to gain access to the House. The pages teem with confirmation of the familiar fact that, wherever two or three Irishmen are gathered together in conspiracy, there is the informer in the midst of them. Sir ROBERT is perhaps most effusively proud of Major LE CARON, a Fenian who for some eventful years possessed the full trust of his compatriots and drew the full pay of the police. But there was no outbreak or attempted outbreak during his term of office of which the Head of the Police was not advised by an informer. That is the main, to whom it may concern the momentous, lesson of the book.

Candour in a Unit Bookcase Catalogue.

"THE interiors of all units are neatly finished, to contrast agreeably with exteriors."



Customer. "HAVE YOU 'HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED'?"

Bookseller. "NO, SIR. WE HAVE RUN OUT AT PRESENT OF THE WORK YOU MENTION; BUT WE ARE SELLING THIS LITTLE BOOK BY THE HUNDRED."

EDUCATIONAL ADS.

AT a dinner of the Sphinx Club on June 6, Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR, commenting upon Women's Wear, remarked that advertisements were not always written very well. For instance, the "Suez Canal Shirt" did not give an idea of freshness, and the "Banstead Blouse" sounded too near the lunatic asylum. Why not, she inquired, have instructive advertisements, as, *e.g.*, the "Education Bill Sweater?"

Why not, indeed?

We have therefore made arrangements, in conjunction with several reliably academical educationists, for the exploitation of a most informing exhibition of Feminine Apparel and etceteras at our Forthcoming Long Vacation Sale, including:—

THE FOUR-FIFTHS CLAUSE PEEK-A-BOO SHIRT-WAIST.

Suitable for Summer Girls, in Openwork Zephyr, with extra low V's, all Piped with White for Piping Hot Weather. Best American Finish No Beginning!

THE CLIFFORD CORSET.

A Radical Improvement on the "Passive Resistance" Modèle de Martyre of Last Season. With Nonconforming and Unbending Busk, guaranteed to keep a Flat Front in all Emergencies and stiffen the most Liberal Figures.

THE SUFFRAGETTE SUSPENDERS.

Of the latest Pankhurst Type, for use in the grille or when calling on Prime Ministers. Will stand a Tug of War or an Indignation Meeting.

WINSTON HAND-WEAR.

Real Kid, Very Chick, Reversible, Washable, Extra Pointed, Elbow-length Mousquetaire, in Putty, Green, Drab, Tan, and Biscuit Shades.

THE BIRRELL BOTTINE.

Beautifully polished on the Vamp, and trimmed with Fancy Ornaments. *A propos de Bottes*, it has taken us years to perfect these Patent *Obiter Dicta*.

JUNGLE HAIR-FOOD.

The most Perfect and Instantaneous Hair-Raiser yet discovered. Made of every possible Ingredient and imported in Tins straight from Chicago. Can also be used as Top-dressing in the Flower-garden.

THE AVEBURY WRINKLE LOTION.

Easily applied, very soothing and lasting. Will smooth out care worn lines and make Life a Perpetual Bank-holiday.

ZIG-ZAG.

The Ticket Mania.

Battersea Gaol, Cell 196, A 10.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The other day I read an article in your paper recommending those in need of a rest to keep their train tickets. The suggestion took my fancy, and I put it into action last Thursday. I refused to hand over my ticket (No. W. R. 9361) to the collector, whose number was C. 237. After a long and wordy argument a policeman was called. His number was E. D. 61. He in turn procured a four-wheeler (198763) and took me to the police station. Next morning I got the thirty (30) days as promised. On arriving here I was handed another ticket. The number on this and on my suit was 83226. *Mr. Punch*, I am not allowed to read any papers just now, so I am writing to ask you to let me know if any of these are winning numbers.

Yours devotedly, 83226.

OUR TRAVEL DRIVEL.

(With apologies all round.)

THE question of kit is always a serious one. How little to take or how much. Some travellers like to look nice and feel clean wherever they are, even in Paris at the Opera. Others do not mind, knowing only too well how little the French care for dress, and how needless it is to take pains for such a lower set of beings. A situation which illustrates the case of taking only a little luggage once arose, and came within my own ken. A man and woman, of good social standing over here, duly accustomed to change every evening, had joined one of the popular touring parties. But in their determination "not to be bothered with luggage" they had neglected to provide themselves with anything of the kind demanded by polite society for evening wear. In the due course of the itinerary they arrived in one of the capitals of Europe, and there came across some friends, through whom they were by and by invited to dine at the British Embassy. They turned up the man in flannels, the lady in a Viyella flannel shirt. But they were, I repeat, of good social standing in England. That is the point.

That was by no means an exceptional case. In fact, most English people look upon the Continent as a place for working off old suits of clothes and condemned blouses. Since these know exactly what they want, and the others naturally pack their trunks as if they were going to a civilised English home, with walking boots added, there is no need to say anything. On this topic, therefore, I will be silent.

We come now to destination. For it is an important matter whether you go to the Dolomites or to Dieppe, to the Alps or the Ardennes. The difference in cost is not trifling, while in route it is considerable. It is as well to decide before you start, for although of course there is no impossibility, having taken a second-class ticket to Dieppe, to have it exce-sed to Innsbruck, one would require a considerable amount of working French to effect the transaction with success. If you prefer economy, the sea and a casino, Dieppe is perhaps better; but if you want to climb mountains in Austria it would be idle to stay there. The point, then, is to decide, and decide decisively.

Of course I have not exhausted all the resorts. There are, in addition to the Ardennes and the Alps, Dieppe and the Dolomites, many other spots. A good thing to do is to purchase a cheap atlas and a continental *Bradshaw* and work things out. Say you want to go to the Rhine. You look up the routes to the Rhine, which are very numerous, ranging from the direct to the indirect, *via* New York and Antananarivo, for example, and costing a few pounds up to a fortune.

Having fixed on your route you place the cost of the fare on a piece of paper and calculate the other expenses hotel bills, odd refreshments, picture postcards, and the like. Having reached the total add 25 per cent. as a margin, and then see if you can afford it. If you cannot, stay at home.

"THE GIANT'S ROBE."

THE success that has followed Mr. MICHAEL MORTON'S re-arrangement of THACKERAY'S novel leads one to anticipate similar ventures in other directions. For instance, why should not our authors re-write famous poems for the sake of those who do not care or, for some reason or other, are unable to read the original poetry? *Mr. Punch*, having made arrangements with a number of suitable *littérateurs*, begs to present a first instalment of the results.

I. THE REVENGE.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

Adapted by Messrs. W. Le Queux and H. W. Wilson.

. . . . At this moment the special *Daily Mail* despatch boat returned to Flores, and announced that the Spanish fleet had been sighted in the N.N.E. quarter. Lord THOMAS HOWARD immediately caused the following proclamation to be placed upon the walls of Santa Cruz.

PROCLAMATION.

E. R.

Whereas My ships are out of gear.
And whereas Half my men are sick.
And whereas We are only six ships of the line.
And whereas The enemy numbers fifty-three.
Therefore I must fly.

(*Signed*) THOMAS HOWARD,
Lord High Admiral.

This proclamation caused a great sensation in the town; and a rush was made on *The Evening News* offices to learn if Lord THOMAS HOWARD was really determined not to give fight. Order was restored, however, by a special edition of that paper, which announced that Admiral Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE was putting out to sea in H.M.S. *Revenge* a second class sloop, with four guns and a full complement of 190 men. Ninety of these, however, were already disabled, and took no part in the action that subsequently transpired. In this action the Spanish fleet adopted the formation usually accepted by the Blue Water school. Half of their ships went to the right (or starboard), and half to the left (or larboard); while the *Revenge*, with unsurpassable intrepidity, ran on through the long sea lane between the two divisions.

For some time the battle raged evenly. The *San Philip* was speedily put out of action with a well-aimed shot. The Spaniards fired too high, though one shot, which killed the boatswain and two carpenters and wounded Sir RICHARD in the side of the head, deserves special mention . . .

II. WIDDICOMBE FAIR.

Adapted by the Editor of "Who's Who."

HAWK, HENRY.—Nephew of the celebrated THOMAS COBBLEY (*q.v.*). *Ed.:* Eton and Aberystwith University. *Publications:* A little book on Spiritual Apparitions. *Recreations:* Pushball and Chess. *Club:* Devonshire.

STUART, JOHN.—Nephew on his mother's side of THOMAS COBBLEY (*q.v.*). *Ed.:* Blundell's School. *Publications:* Actually none, but revised the preface to a little work on Spiritual Apparitions by his friend and connection, HENRY HAWK. *Recreations:* Breeding horses. *Clubs:* Marlborough and N. L. C.

COBBLEY, THOMAS.—Uncle to DANIEL WITTON, PETER DAVEY and PETER GURNEY (*q.v.*).

III. ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

Adapted by Mr. E. K. Robinson.

Monday.—It is milking time, and as I sit here at my window I look out to see the cows moving off to their sheds. The cowboy whistles as he drives them in. His is a fine open-air life, and sometimes I wonder how he will turn out. Perhaps, given the opportunity, he would be, possibly not a MILTON nor yet a CROMWELL, but at least a writer of "Country Notes" in the daily press.

Tuesday. The beetle is in full flight once more. It is a curious droning noise that he makes as he wheels his way through the still air; very different from the short whirr of the common wasp. From the ivy-mantled tower on my right I hear the hoot of the owl. Evidently somebody has wandered too near her nest. In a little while we shall have the young owlets.

Wednesday. The swallow is come again. There is an old east county saw which says that one swallow does not make a summer; but as I passed by an old straw-thatched shed this morning I distinctly heard a faint twittering noise. Many more will follow this venturesome new-comer. The flight of the swallow is supposed to indicate the weather.

Thursday. It is a moot question whether dogs and other animals have an after-existence. I was moved to think of this as I stood in the churchyard this morning, and read the epitaph on the grave of a young countryman of ours. For myself I hold strongly that dogs, even as ourselves and this poor youth, may look forward . . . .



NOBLESSE OBLIGE!

JOSEPHINE (*the damosel in distress*). "MY LORD, TIME WAS WHEN I HELD YOU IN SCANT ESTEEM; BUT NOW I CRAVE THE HELP OF YOUR TRUSTY LANCE AGAINST YON MONSTER!" (*Aside*) "HOPE THE OLD SPORTSMAN 'LL TAKE IT ON!"

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in a recent speech at Highbury, stated his conviction that the Education Bill would not pass. He was apparently counting on its rejection by the House of Peers.]

THE INCOMPLETE WOMAN.

(An unspoken apostrophe to my partner in the dance.)

You think it so nice to be clever?
You 've heard that I write for the Press?
And you 're wearied of talking for ever
Of theatres, shopping and dress?

You 're charmed that at last you have met with
A man with ideas above sports,
For the partner you danced the last set with
Read only the cricket reports?

You 've sampled the books of the season?
Your father subscribes to *The Times*?
And it 's wrong to say women can't reason?
And how do I make up my rhymes?

You think Woman's cast off her fetters?
No longer she 'll stay on the shelf?
She 's our equal in Art and in Letters?
You write little stories yourself?

She will, in a future not far, win
Her right to debate on the law?
And you want my opinion of DARWIN,
Of SPENCER, and IBSEN, and SHAW?

Oh, lady, I feel that I dare not
My views of such culture advance;
For at present for learning I care not;
I 'd rather you knew how to dance.

MR. PUNCH'S DOLORIMETER.

THE delicate little instrument invented by M. SERIEYX, by which the dynamic power of physical pain is recorded, has been somewhat differently adjusted by *Mr. Punch*, in order to obtain also the approximate measurement of moral and mental disturbance. His experiments have met with successful results, of which the following are a few examples:

Cause of Disturbance.	*Dynamic Power.*
1. Choking, caused by tea going wrong way during formal call	240 lbs.
2. Having gate shut in face by ticket-collector while train remains at platform	253 lbs.
3. Hearing character discussed by blood relations ...	297 lbs.
4. Having MS. of poem returned by post with curt rejection	316 lbs.
5. Having MS. of poem handed back by Commissionaire on inquiry	325 lbs.
6. Starting response at church in clear and bell-like tones at wrong moment ...	330 lbs.
7. Finding smut on nose on return from smart function ...	334 lbs.
8. Removing pin curl inadvertently with hat at *matinée*.	340 lbs.
9. Handing bus ticket by mistake for visiting card to liveried and powdered minion	345 lbs.



ONE OF NATURE'S GALLANTS.

Loafer (to fair occupant of brougham on her way to Court). "'ULLO, ETHEL! ALL ALONE?"

A CONTRAST.—CANNING called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. The New World has called in "Canning" to unhinge the equilibrium of the Old.

Men About Town.

III. THE POSTMAN.

THE Postman makes the front door wince
With sounding double knocks;
He 's learned the art of hitting since
He saw the pillar box.

IV. THE POLICEMAN.

The Policeman, to protect your skin,
Beats all the streets about;
So if you want his help within
You have to go without.

CHARIVARIA.

DOCTORS CARREL and GUTHRIE, of the University of Chicago, have discovered means of transforming veins into arteries. It was in Chicago, it will be remembered, that a method of turning diseased cow into chicken paste was first perfected.

It has been denied that, since the revelations, the business of the Meat Trust has been at a standstill. We are authoritatively informed that the booking of orders from the Cannibal Islands has never been heavier than to-day.

Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR is of the opinion that his book *The Jungle* was the first to direct notice to the meat scandals. As a matter of fact, many comic papers, both British and Foreign, have for years past drawn attention to what goes into sausage machines.

A Regicide newspaper published at Belgrade, in a farewell address to the Regicide officers, urges them to "preserve the integrity of their motives for another occasion." This will surely be an even nastier preserve than any emanating from Chicago.

Public Worship is said to be on the decline. Yet Mr. ROCKEFELLER, on his voyage across the Atlantic, found no signs of this.

"Tinned Terrors" was the title of Prebendary CARLILE's Sunday evening address at St. Mary-at-Hill, and not "Tinned Terriers" as was erroneously announced.

The visit of Lancashire working men to Paris passed off well. It is even rumoured that the *Entente* is now so strong that the party was described as *chic* and *spirituel*.

"No matter what a man is, if he takes pride in his work, he is an artist," said Mr. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., last week. We had long suspected that some of the members and associates of the Royal Academy had different views from the general public as to what constitutes an artist.

It is thought that some recent proceedings in the police court have given the death-blow to the fashion of wearing one's waistcoat under one's shirt.

Congratulations to the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, who is doing as well as can be expected after his recent death.

From the latest advertisements of the forthcoming sale of Lundy Island: "Battleships occasionally call here."

At Swansea, last week, a mouse jumped down the throat of a child who was coughing. We are glad to hear that the child is getting well. Her recovery, we understand, will be mainly due to the fact that there were no complications, such as a cat going down after the mouse.

The Lancashire Asylums Board has under consideration a proposal for the erection of villa residences for wealthy lunatics. On the other hand, freak dinners will still be confined to restaurants.

After being fourteen years on its way, a letter was recently delivered to the addressee at Hertford. The writer is now deceased, and the Spiritualists are making much of this undoubtedly authentic instance of the receipt of a message from the dead.

Good servants are becoming so difficult to obtain that we really cannot blame the American lady who disinherited her son because he married her maid.

The World's suggestion that an elocution class for politicians should be established has been attracting wide attention, and it is now even proposed that our statesmen should study statesmanship.

We are surprised that more fuss has not been made about what must easily be the most wonderful engineering feat in the world. *The Daily Graphic* draws our attention to the new Yellow River Bridge in the Far East. "It is built," says our contemporary, "entirely of steel, with no masonry whatever, and measures 1863 miles from end to end." We think our contemporary is justified in calling this, as it does in its title to the paragraph, "A Big Bridge."

The fact that every new Atlantic liner is longer than her predecessor leads a correspondent to ask whether it would not be possible to build a vessel which would reach from shore to shore, so that it would only be necessary to walk down the deck to get from the one country to the other.

A LITTLE while ago American visitors were complaining that all the first-class hotels were full. We are informed, however, that there is still a bed or two to be had at Poplar Workhouse.

ANY TREE TO ANY WOODMAN.—"Axe me no more."

MR. BIRRELL'S ARITHMETICAL ALIAS.—The common undenominator.

THE MOTOR REVOLUTION.

(*A few bright notes offered gratis to the half-penny papers for insertion under the above popular heading.*)

As a direct outcome of the motor habit, considerable distress is now prevailing in organ-grinding and street-singing circles. The enormous number of empty houses in towns and the paucity of pedestrians leave these musicians with practically no audience to which they can appeal.

"Yes," said a well-known Saffron Hill impresario, "the situation is serious. But," he added genially, "are we down-hearted? No! We intend to move with the times—or rather, with the Vanguards. In a few weeks all my barrel-organs will be mounted on motor-cars, in which the artistes will be able to pursue motors for many miles until the customary gift is extracted."

No more striking result of the leaps and bounds with which the motor trade is advancing can be found than in the greatly increased strength with which all scents and perfumes have now to be made.

"Yes," said the proprietress of a fashionable sweetstuff shop in Seven Dials, "the impregnation of the air with petrol fumes has so deadened the delicacy of the olfactory nerves that many of my customers declare they are unable to detect any trace of peppermint in my Hackenschmidt Bull's-eyes. As a result, manufacturers are increasing the strength of all essences 35 per cent."

An Edgware Road fried-fish-shop proprietor took a more gloomy view of the same circumstance. "I am dropping several pounds a week," he declared bitterly. "Many who, attracted by the delicate savour of our wares, would have been customers in the old days, now pass my premises without so much as a twitch of the nostrils."

City tailoring firms are doing largely increased business as a result of the rapidity, &c.

"Yes," said the manager of an important establishment, "the substitution of the motor for the horse has been a boon to us. Owing to the enormous increase of energy now necessary to catch a public conveyance, stout gentlemen, who formerly were a source of the greatest anxiety to us, causing, as they did, considerable loss in our 22*s.* 6*d.*-to-measure line, are now—to use a clever literary phrase—conspicuous by their absence."

Overheard in the Train.

He: Have you seen *Colonel Newcome*?

She: No. I hear it is very good; especially that pathetic scene at the end where he says "*Absit omen*" for the last time.

HOW TO DEPRESS CRICKET.

(Being a chapter accidentally omitted from Mr. P. F. Warner's book on the M.C.C. team in South Africa.)

CHAPTER XXI.

ONE of the most interesting matches that we played was against the Delagoa Bay Wanderers at Bleeker's Drift. I stayed with Sir TIMPLE TUNKS, K.C.B., the new Governor of the province, in his beautiful house at Hooker Point, and found everything most comfortable and my host one of the ablest men in South Africa. The rest of the team were at the new Ritz hotel, where, if you are prepared to pay three shillings for a cigar, you may be very much at home; but if not you must of course put up with what you can afford.

The match opened in the most glorious weather, which, in spite of a doubt now and then, was maintained to the very end, and was very enjoyable, although the sun occasionally interrupted the movements of the photographer. I recollect that I myself was photographed only twice during the match, which is, I think, my lowest aggregate of the tour.

Every member of our team being, in his way, a maker of history, to say nothing of runs, I do not hesitate to describe the match with that detail for which my pen is getting to be so famous. My motto is, "First play a match, then lose it, then write about it, then publish the book." We happened not to lose the present match, but the principle is the same.

Winning the toss, I went in first with FANE, the bowlers being BLOMMERS and BUDGE. As neither is likely ever to be seen in England nor heard of again, I must not omit to describe their methods with particularity. BLOMMERS has a high delivery and a curious run. He breaks from the leg when he has luck. BUDGE is a fast bowler of medium pace with an easy action. On young CRAWFORD (who, it must be remembered, is only nineteen all through my book, as he had no birthday while we were away) joining FANE, a long stand was made, the ball being cut, glanced and driven in many directions. At 27 SZLUMPER came on for BUDGE, but made no difference beyond accelerating the score. Other bowling changes were made, but, to cut a long story short, the innings lasted until we had put up a useful 324, of which MOON made 63, FANE 49, and young CRAWFORD 51, and BOARD a merry 34. Had CRAWFORD been more than nineteen I am convinced he would have made more runs.



"KEEP YOUR HEAD STILL," IS THE FIRST RULE IN GOLF, AND BINKS MEANS TO DO SO.

Among the spectators were Sir GEOFFREY WILKS, Premier of East Griqualand, and a very genial, able man, destined, I am sure, to go far. Also Lady WILKS and Lady TUNKS, and the cream of the fashion and society of those parts, all very much interested in the game (for cricket is a cult in South Africa to-day, and will after our time be more so than ever), and all anxious to know exactly how to pronounce LEVESON-GOWER'S name. Sir HERCULES BLAGDEN also rode over for a little while. Sir HERCULES is Governor of the Durban Penitentiary, a most agreeable and able official, destined, I am sure, to go far.

After the usual interval for photography, the Delagoa Bay Wanderers began their batting with HOOKER and SMITS, both of whom, I learned in conversation between the overs, have the lowest opinion of Mr. MASSINGHAM'S accuracy. So far from South Africa being in any difficulty, they assured me it booms. SMITS made 18 very pluckily; but, O RELF, RELF! why did you send him those full pitches? Suffice it to say that we won the match by an innings and 106 runs. Our men were all excellent, but I may as well go through the usual performance of praise. I myself was a little out of luck; but young CRAWFORD (who is only nineteen) was in great form, and FANE and MOON and BOARD each helped the score considerably. Captain WYNYARD was absent, or doubtless he would have made runs too; and the same may be said of HAIGH.

RELF disappointed rather, and DENTON was not at the top of his form. Both, however, were in good spirits after the match, as the accompanying photograph shows, in which they are wearing the costume of the Basuto Sharpshooters, a

regiment of jolly good fellows, who entertained all our pros to supper at their sergeants' mess.

I spent the next night with Sir Robert Moses, one of the ablest and kindest men I have ever met, in his beautiful house, "Tugela View." No single memory of any of these talented administrators or their lovely homes will ever escape me, nor any single detail of the play throughout my interesting and epoch-making tour.

ABOUT WEEK-ENDS.

Dearest Daphne,—Quite the nicest part of the London season is getting away from it every week, and the ambitious hostess who wants to come out of the crowd must do so now by means of week-ends, and not dinners, dances, and concerts.

Some people like Balloon Week-Ends. Myself, I've done with them, and consider ballooning a fraud. The rush of the ascent, which lasts about two-two's, is all the sensation you get. You've had your fun then, and there's not another thrill to be got out of it. The biggest things of this kind have been given by the Bullion-Boundermeres, those new people Babs has taken in hand. They've parted pretty freely over it, giving a souvenir set with diamonds to each of their guests who made an ascent, and lots of people have gone just to get these, for we're nothing if we're not greedy nowadays are we, my child? Babs has been taking down parties (it was in the bond that there was always to be a Duchess, if poss.), and all went well till her party included the Duchess of Dunstable, who, though *twenty* years older and *five* stone heavier than a woman ever *ought* to be, likes to have a try at everything. The ascent was all right; the Duchess was in a charming temper, and frisky as a kitten. But, in coming down, "somebody blundered," as Milton says, and they were stuck in the top of a tree for more than an hour, during which it came on to rain in torrents, and Babs says the Duchess's language was *almost* worthy of the *Duke!* They had to be got down with long ladders and fire escapes, and all sorts of horrors; and now the Duchess goes about warning everyone against ballooning that *isn't properly managed*, and saying her digestion is ruined, while the poor Bullion-Boundermere people are covered with confusion.

The competition in hitting on something new and snappy is simply ghastly. That little Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe thought she had got a wonderful idea with her Palace of Truth Week-Ends everyone to speak bare truth for three days. None of the nice people accepted, and she had to fill her house with a poky crowd that spelt complete failure.

The converted cannibal chief, Hullabaloo, who's come here about his tribe or his island or something being taken under British protection, has been in great request as a Week-End attraction. There has been *particular* competition to *go in to dinner* with him. They say, you know, that in his time he has eaten quite a fair-sized crowd of his friends and relatives. I had the luck to be his dinner-partner once. My dear, there are thrills in *that*, if you like! It gave me simply delicious creeps to think that he *might* revert to his earlier diet, and make an *entremet* of your own Blanche.

On the whole, I consider that the Croppy Vavassors, of all those I've *tried conclusions* with, take the biscuit with their "Kiddy" Week-Ends, no one supposed to be over six, one-syllable words to be used. I flatter myself I was quite in the first flight of girl-kiddies. Everyone but Babs thought my pelisse and Dutch bonnet hugely becoming, my socks were a *dream*, my strap-shoes the *last word* in baby-chausserie, and I had the most *dery* doll you can imagine. Of the boy-kiddies, Norton Vavassor, Croppy's brother, was easily first. The way he whipped a top, flew a kite, and did baby talk was simply immense, and his pinafores, my dear, were things of sheer joy!

I haven't mentioned before that Norton Vavassor has come back to civilised life, have I? They put him into diplomacy, you know, but he came out again; and since then he's been ranching in one part of the world, and sheep-farming in another, and then prospecting for diamonds in South Africa, and now he's back again, *very much bronzed* and nothing more. It *does* seem hard to get only *bronze*, when you try for *gold* and *diamonds*.

Norty is quite a nice boy, and has what old-fashioned people used to call a Greek profile. Our *views of life* agree on *many* points, and we are by way of being great pals. He is piloting a Mr. Josiah Multimill, a fearful man that he met somewhere at the back of beyond, who's made all the money that Norty *ought* to have made, only things never go to the right people. He says he has taken on by no means a soft job, in teaching this *disky* person parlour tricks, and would throw it up at once if he could afford to. If you please, the creature has taken the Flummerys' place near Windsor, and *insists* on having Week-Ends! It is no use Norty telling him it won't do, and that he must begin with dinners and concerts in town. He simply won't listen. Norty is to get the people every week, and is to have quite a free hand as to ex.'s. Poor boy, he was consulting me yesterday about the Multimill Week-Ends, and he said, with quite a worried look, "The old rotter will end by giving *me* more 'wrinkles' than I can give *him*." We have discussed a hundred plans for getting people to go, from having down the whole Covent Garden Opera Company to hiding presents (nothing to cost less than a hundred pounds) about the house and setting Mr. Multimill's "friends" to hunt for them. Life's a funny business, my Daphne, isn't it?—especially its Week-Ends.

Tra-la-la, old girl,
Ever thine, Blanche.

THE SCEPTRE.

The only Society Paper written solely by English Royalties.

Are you a Protectionist?

Then buy *The Sceptre*, and support Home Royalties.

William the First writes on "How to make a Deer Forest."

William the Second edits the Archery column.

John controls our Laundry page.

Richard the First contributes an interesting article on "The Care of Lions" to our "Society Pets" column.

There is a *chic* article by Richard the Third on "Dainty Pillow Cases."

Read our page "Menus for the Palace." Lambert Simnel controls this page, and many monarchs contribute.

There is an article on Lampreys.

There is an article on Malmsey Wine.

James the First edits our Acrostic page.

Read a notable contribution by Charles the First: "Executions I have attended."

Henry the Eighth controls our "Love, Courtship, and Marriage" Department. Be sure you read it. He will give advice in affairs of the heart free to all subscribers.

Anne writes chattily about Death.

Read *The Sceptre*. English Royalties only allowed to contribute.

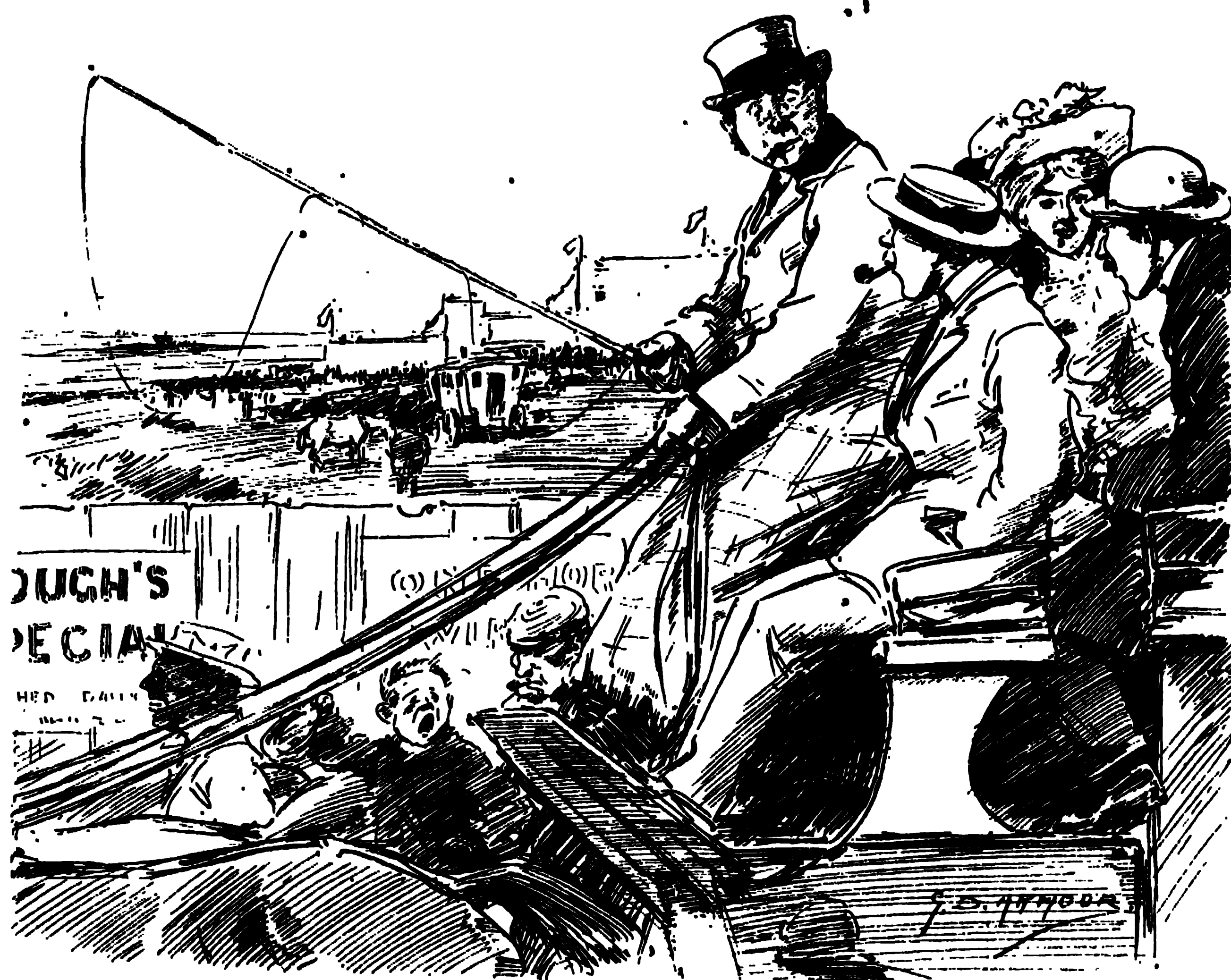
Look here upon this Picture, and on that.

"Young Man seeks situation as Assistant under glass; 18 months' good reference."
Camberley Gazette.

Some of our young men are so careful of themselves nowadays. Contrast this with the spirit shown in the following advertisement from *The Builder*:—

"Landscape Gardening. Experienced young man wants laying out."

Both, it will be noted, are young, both experienced; yet one is as fearless as the other is cowardly.



AFTER THE RACES.

Little 'Arry (who has had a "bad day"—to driver of public coach). "EVER LOSE ANY MONEY BACKIN' 'ORSES, COACHIE?"
Driver. "NOT 'ALF! LOST TWENTY QUID ONCE—BACKED A PAIR OF 'ORSES AND A HOMNIBUS INTO A SHOP WINDOW IN REGENT STREET!"

THE HAPPY BACHELOR.

["One can feel no pity for the bachelor. His field of choice is very wide, and he should be thankful for this small mercy, and do his duty as a citizen."—*The World.*]

O HAPPY, happy bachelor! for whom kind Fate provides
So lavish a selection of potential little brides,
Both dark and fair, and plump and spare,
Of broad or narrow views,
Retiring, bold, or young or old—
I 've only got to choose.

ELIZA JANE is willing; so, I 'm told, is MARY ANN,
And MILLICENT would jump at any eligible man;
EILEEN and SUE, and KITTY too,
And TRIXY, MADGE, MARIE,
With NELL and POLL and NANCE and MOLL
Are waiting all for me.

But I am not attracted by the good ELIZA JANE;
Her soul may be perfection, but her face is very plain.
Unmoved I scan stout MARY ANN,
While MILLIE's locks of gold
Still fail to fire the least desire
The others leave me cold.

The only girls who draw me have drawn other people too,
And being safely wedded they are bound to be taboo;
A thousand eyes watch every prize
As soon as she comes out;
The old and plain alone remain,
And these I 'll do without.

Ah, happy, happy bachelor! for whom kind Fate provides
So lavish a selection of potential little brides;
And happier still, while maidens thrill
And wait my beck and call,
That I may wink and gloat to think
I needn't beck at all!

Horse Guards a Dead Body.

THIS startling head-line to a paragraph in *The Daily News* we read with much anxiety, fearing that once more the War Office had been caught napping. It proved to be merely another record of the fidelity of one of our dumb friends.



Lord Dedbroke. "THERE IS ONE GREAT TROUBLE IN YOUR COUNTRY IN MY OPINION. *BLOOD* DON'T COUNT, YOU KNOW."

Chicago Heiress. "NOW, DON'T YOU MAKE ANY MISTAKE. WHY, WE JUST USE THAT, AND HORNS, HOOFS, BRISTLES, AND WELL, YOU CAN BET *NOTHING*'S WASTED IN POPPA'S BUSINESS!"

THE SPANISH VOGUE.

THE girl stepped lightly down from the daïs where the other dancers sat waiting their turns, and began to dance with a humorous affectation of timidity, as if she were uncertain of her steps. Her arms, held loosely outwards, undulated to the tentative snapping of her castanets; the expression on her face for she danced with that too was one of smiling, open-lipped anxiety. Her colleagues behind threw every now and then a shrill word at her, half encouragement, half reproof for her backwardness, breaking in upon the sustained lilt of the violins in the orchestra with a curious staccato effect.

"Wonderful!" murmured SMITHERS the impressionable, as with his chin in his hands and his elbows on the table he watched the dancer's every movement. "What grace, what restraint, yet what suggestion of smouldering volcanic fire! These Latin races "

I interrupted him to point out that his coffee was already cold.

Suddenly the time quickened, the girl's face assumed a look little short of ecstatic, and she burst all at once into the steps of a difficult *cachuca*. Her feet played round one another like summer lightning; her full Spanish skirt, tossed now this way, now that, surged and doubled upon itself like cross-seas in a narrow strait (I quote SMITHERS, *passim*). The resting dancers clapped their hands and screamed *vivas* at her. She smiled at them, at us; most of all at some Corybantic vision she managed to suggest she saw. It was truly wonderful, that smile; one forgot that it had been learnt and assiduously practised in precisely the same way as her steps.

SMITHERS at least forgot it if, indeed, the prosaic fact had ever been grasped by him. "Did you ever see such eyes?" he exclaimed, "or so mobile a mouth? How is it that we Northern peoples are so cold, sluggish, expressionless? This daughter of the South, with one tiny movement of her black brows, one hair's-breadth alteration of the curve of her red lips, conveys more meaning than we are able to put into whole sentences of halting Teutonic speech!"

I said something about the probable origin of both the blackness and the redness he admired so much. I had no authority for my insinuations, but I think it well to pour as much cold water as possible upon the enthusiasms of SMITHERS whenever we adventure forth together upon the slopes of Montmartre.

The girl was now throwing herself heart and soul into the bewildering intricacies of her task - if anything so apparently spontaneous and joyous may be called by so hard a name. SMITHERS was entranced. "Sub-tropical - every inch of her, by Jove!" he whispered. "It's in the blood." I did not reply; and the sub-tropical young person, springing into a triumphant posture on the last chord of the orchestra, held the picture for a moment, and then resumed her seat amidst the applause of the whole *café*.

"What colour!" continued SMITHERS, as the girl proceeded to rearrange the cluster of deep-red blossoms in her hair. "What a poster CHERET would make of her! They have it every way," he sighed, "these lucky meridional maidens!"

The girl had risen and was coming round with a plate to solicit the bounty of those whom she had pleased. She arrived at our table in due course, still smiling in her Carmen-like manner.

SMITHERS was searching his somewhat far-off memories of MAYNE REID for enough Castilian to eke out the occasion appropriately.

"Señorita," he began, as he dropped a coin of excessive amount into the plate; but the lady laughed in his face.

"Thank yer very much," she said, showing her pretty teeth, "but doan' yer go pulling my leg with yer señoritas —*ah* coom frae Oldham!"

["LOLA MONTEZ was an Englishwoman . . . la belle OTERO is no Spaniard."

Weekly Paper.]

"Blind Painter Wanted."—*Daily Chronicle.*

IF it is only a matter of results, the advertiser should find no difficulty in getting suited.



THESEUS ROOSEVELT AND THE MINOTAUR.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, June 7. —Stranger in the Gallery more than ever puzzled. After infinite trouble obtained admission. Has heard and read much of the Mother of Parliaments, of its Imperial sway, its lofty eloquence, its flashes of humour, its episodes of seething passion. Here at last the scene is open to him. He is kneeling at the very shrine upon which, peradventure for years, his gaze has been devoutly fixed.

Realisation is disillusioning. About a score of gentlemen, more or less middle-aged, yawn on benches mostly empty. A stout, plump-faced gentleman, who looks like a vicar, but is, he learns, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, largely responsible for the safety of the Empire, has Treasury Bench practically to himself. In vain he searches bench on other side of Table for figures made familiar by the illustrated papers. PRINCE ARTHUR still tarries at the golf links. DON JOSÉ (no relations with Madrid) is at Highbury preparing for the General Election he has decreed for the Spring.

The observant Stranger gathers that important business is going on. There's millions in it. Funds for purchase of tramway tickets infinitesimal by comparison. £2,130,000 for remounts; a trifle under £5,000,000 for army clothing; £2,500,000 for armaments; £2,330,000 for barracks. The Stranger's mouth waters as these figures are recorded. He has borne in upon him a certain subtle sense of personal affluence. He is not the rose, but he is living by it.

What strikes him is the lordly indifference with which the rather plainly dressed gentlemen on floor of House deal with sums too portly for the purse strings of MONTE CRISTO. Mr. COBBOLD wants to know when the charwomen will take a look-in at the barracks at Malta. CARNE RASCH gives some interesting accounts of Remount dépôts in Austria. Mr. COCHRANE laments the approaching doom of the bus horse, crushed by the Juggernaut of the motor-car. Mr. LEA, troubled about many things, sniffs at canned meat from Chicago. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS wants to know what "etceteras" mean in the vote for Miscellaneous Effective Services. "Is it," he anxiously asks, regardless of grammar, and wiping his lips in anticipation, "is it sherry and biscuits?"



"It was illness that beat me, not Puleston and Lawrence."
(Sir Edw-rd Cl-rke resigns his seat for the City of London.)

Assured that "it" is not, he in sterner mood places a finger on a weak spot in the administration of Ireland. He observes in the vote for Kilmainham Hospital an item of £100, being "the master's allowance for garden expenses."

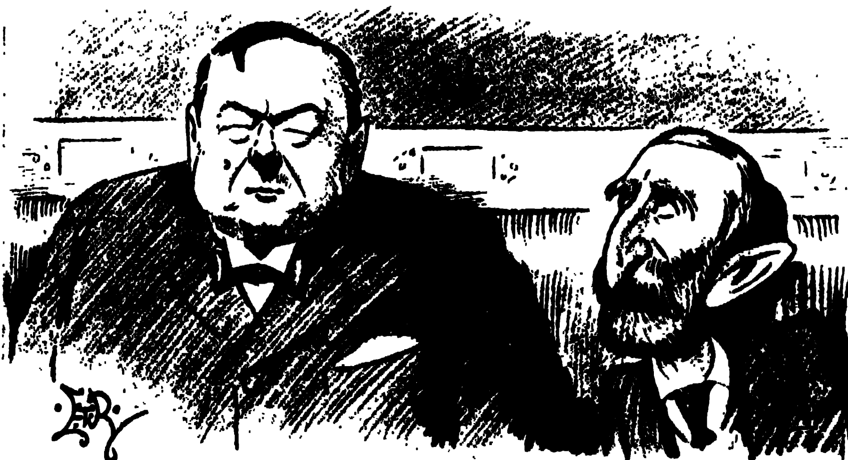
"And this," he cried, raising in horror unsullied hands, "is in addition to pay and allowances as Field-Marshal commanding the troops in Ireland!"

"If the Field-Marshal commanding in Ireland wants a garden," he snapped, still smarting under disappointment in matter of sherry and biscuits, "let him do as I do; let him pay for it. An individual" happy word! "who gets free apartments, free fuel, light for nothing and a salary counted in thousands of pounds, oughtn't to come on the nation with demand for the upkeep of his little back garden."

Mr. PICKERSGILL had a great innings. In the absence of DUKE he secured reversion of corner seat on front bench below the Gangway. Resolved that DON'T KEIR HARDIE shall not enjoy monopoly of light and colour, has bought himself a flaming red necktie. The Stranger in the Gallery, looking down with blinking eyes first at the gleam of red on the Ministerial side, then on the illumination in the neighbourhood of DON'T KEIR HARDIE, recalls the coming of the Armada, and how

> Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
> Cape beyond Cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

Conscious of having redressed the balance between the confronting camps,



THE BRITISH ARMY UNDER FIRE.
(Mr. H-ld-ne and Mr. B-ch-n-n. Army Estimates.)

Mr. PICKERSGILL surpasses himself in the deliberation of his enunciation, the particularity of his pronouns. It was a liberal education worth the struggle for a place in the Strangers' Gallery to hear him, while discussing the state of things in the Army Clothing Factory at Pimlico, speak of "him *or* her," "she *or* he," "hers *or* his."

Still, on the whole, it was dull, and the chiming of the eleventh hour was welcomed as signalling adjournment.

Business done. Twenty Members vote Supply at the rate of about a million sterling each.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES,

Or, Who was Who?

II. THOMAS CHIPPENDALE.

IT has been calculated that there are eight million families in the United Kingdom, and that each of them possesses three-quarters of one Chippendale chair. Some families have more. That, for instance, of which the present biographer is the head, has broken three within the last fortnight, and has, roughly speaking, fourteen and five-eighths left. Some, of course, have fewer, and there are families, although not many, which have none at all. But, striking an average, we shall not be far off the mark in assigning three fourths of one Chippendale chair to each of the eight million families who are engaged in carrying on our rough island story.

Now an easy sum in arithmetic, within the capabilities of most of those who read these lines, will reveal the fact that, in order to make up this average, there must be a total of six million Chippendale chairs in existence in these islands. This round figure of six millions lends itself easily to subdivision, and where it does not it will be made to.

Enough has already been said to show that THOMAS CHIPPENDALE was a more remarkable man than the two lines in the Biographical Dictionary to which we are indebted for our facts about him would appear to indicate. It is not known, at least the editor of our Biographical Dictionary does not know, and has not taken the trouble to find out, when he was born, but we are informed that he "flourished from 1730 to 1760." The statement may be accepted. It is, in fact, convenient to accept it, because thirty goes very well into six million, and there is no need to drag in the decimal system.

Let us get to our arithmetic again. For the thirty years during which he flourished THOMAS CHIPPENDALE made two hundred thousand chairs a year. Conjecture must now begin to play its part, and as there is nothing to show whether he observed the Sabbath or not, he shall be given the benefit of the doubt. This gives him 639$\frac{1}{10}$ chairs a day. Therefore, supposing he worked for twelve hours a day, he must have made 53·2416 chairs an hour. Away with these recurring decimals, and give him 1 min. 7 sec. per chair.

THOMAS CHIPPENDALE now stands revealed as one of the most remarkable men of the eighteenth century, or indeed of any century. Why, it takes them longer than that to turn a pig into sausages at Chicago. And Chippendale chairs last; at least some of them do. Flourish! I should think he did flourish. It would be beyond the capacity of a chartered accountant to calculate the



POLICE CONSTABLE WILL CROOKS.

"He would not be a policeman under any circumstances. (*Laughter.*) It was not so easy as it looked . . ."

number of people who have sat down on one of THOMAS CHIPPENDALE'S chairs during the last hundred-and-fifty years, without worrying about the number of cats and dogs that have been turned off them. It is sad to think that during his life THOMAS himself can hardly ever have sat down. He hadn't time. But to-day he rests on his laurels, while we rest on his chairs.

We are now in a position to clothe the dry bones of THOMAS CHIPPENDALE'S biography with a few human facts. He was a man of a powerful frame. He was about twenty-five years old when he began to flourish and at the top of his strength. He left off flourishing at fifty-five. Perhaps he died then. Perhaps he took a holiday. He deserved one. They call him a cabinet-maker, but if he made anything but chairs during those thirty years he must have done it in his sleep. Our credulity has limits, and we must refuse to believe that a man who made six million chairs in thirty years had time to make anything else at all, except, perhaps, his will. We know he wrote a book and published it in 1752. It was called *The Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director*, and gave directions for combining the calling of gentleman with that of cabinet maker in a racy style which, if he had not been so immersed in the business of making chairs, might have encouraged THOMAS CHIPPENDALE to persevere in the profession of author. It would have been interesting to have further works on deportment from his pen. But he only succeeded in getting so much as this written by dictating to his wife while he was throwing off his less elaborate chairs at the end of the day's work.

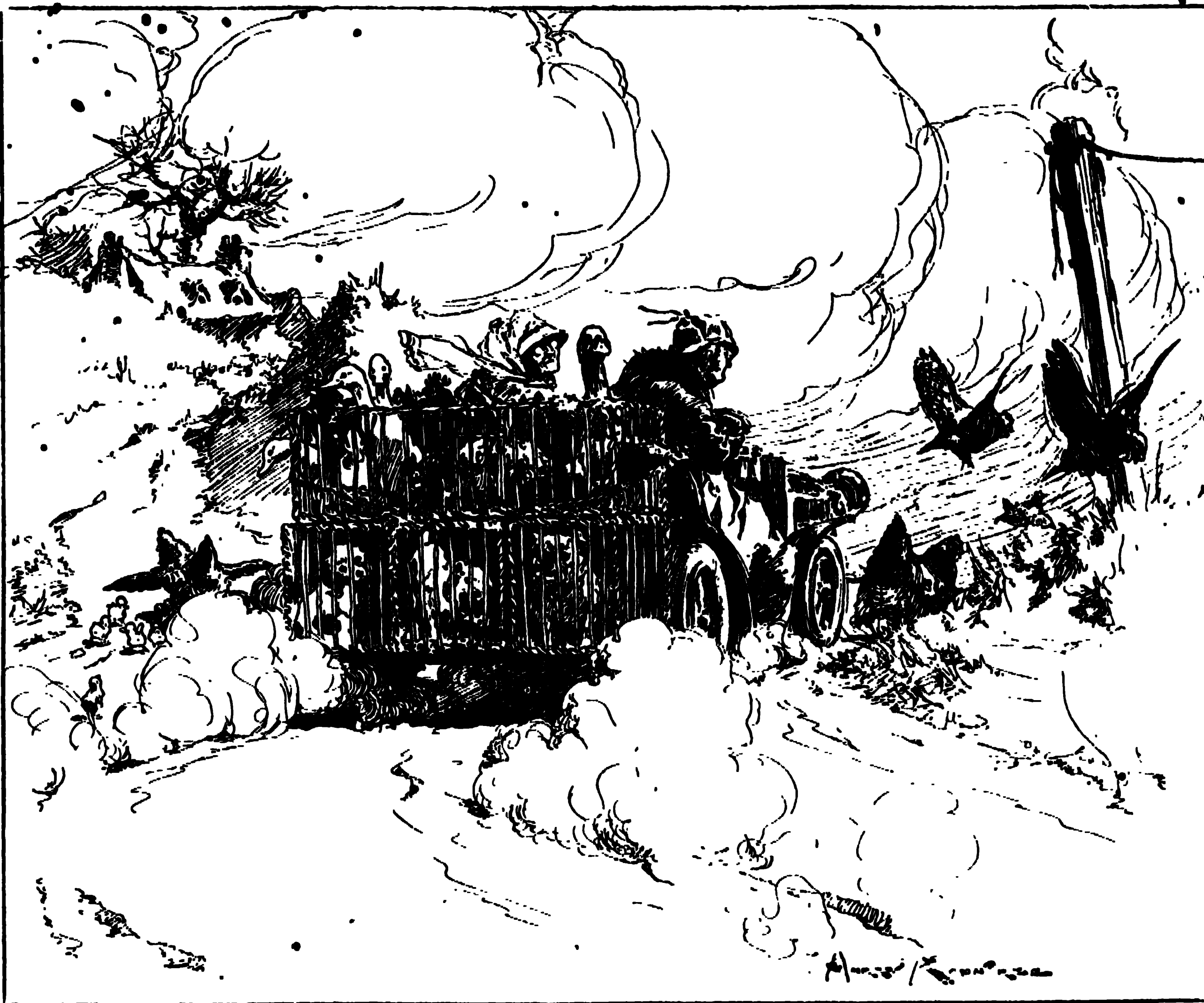
He married young, before he began to flourish. We may say that this is so with some certainty, for it would have taken him at least an hour to go through the ceremony, and he could not have spared an hour after 1730. If he had done so there would have been 53·2416 fewer Chippendale chairs in the world than we know there are. His wife saw very little of him except on Sundays. She complained that they never had a nice quiet little talk together. Directly THOMAS had finished his day's work and his supper he fell asleep and snored. She had to wake him every morning at half-past six; at seven o'clock he was in his workshop, and when eight o'clock struck he was hard at work on his fifty-fourth chair.

THOMAS CHIPPENDALE was a non-drinker and a non-smoker. He couldn't have lasted so long if he hadn't been. He had porridge for breakfast, and a little weak tea. He chewed every mouthful he ate thirty-two times, but he chewed very quickly. His favourite recreation was making chairs, and flourishing.

Let us end with a little more arithmetic. A Chippendale chair has been sold within the last few years for £1,000, and you could hardly expect to buy one under a sovereign. Let us average them at £3 apiece. If these sums had been paid direct to THOMAS CHIPPENDALE he would have amassed a fortune of nearly twenty million pounds. But it is probable that his actual fortune amounted to something under this sum.

Warning to Anarchists.

THE thrower is not always so safe as the throne.



N.B.—This gentleman is not a dealer in poultry, etc., but merely a kindly disposed person who believes in summary compensation. Should he run over a hen, duck or dog, he matches it at once from stock, thus giving complete satisfaction.

LITERARY SECOND THOUGHTS.

It is announced that Mr. T. P. O'Connor would like to rewrite his biography of Lord Beaconsfield, making it "more mellow in tone, quieter in its colours, and less violent than it is in parts."

Mr. O'Connor's example has emboldened other authors to make similar confessions. For example, Mrs. Humphry Ward has stated her desire to take *Robert Elsmere* in hand once more, with an idea of chastening some of its high spirits, eliminating a number of the jokes, and substituting dashes for certain strong words.

Mr. Meredith meditates devoting the next few weeks to a thorough revision of *One of Our Conquerors*, with the purpose of correcting its transparency. After long consideration he has decided to call in the expert aid of Claudius the Obscure. In the new version *Victor Radnor* will stay much longer on London Bridge, and a great success is predicted in the *Skittish Weekly*, the *Bookwoman at Home* and other influential journals, for the book.

Mr. Hall Caine has just gone into training for the task of re-writing *The Christian* with an eye to adding melodramatic interest, Mr. Caine being afraid that its chromo lithographic tints were too lightly laid on. In the new version *John Storm* will be known as *John Hurricane*.

Miss Marie Corelli is credited with the wish to revise *The Sorrows of Satan* in order to modify the age and career of *Mavis Clare*, who in the new version will be a maturer and more successful figure, holding a fitting place in the world's eye. It is understood that certain Stratford-on-Avon celebrities and Shakspeare's Birthplace Trustees may contribute features to the amended portrait of *Satan*.

A Slander on Lytham.

From "Wisdom while you Wait" in *The Morning Leader*:

Mr. T. C. Horsfall, J.P.

In England there are the dullest houses to be found anywhere.

At Lytham.

"The hand that hurled the bomb in Madrid yesterday may hurl another at Washington to-morrow."—*New York World*.

Happily the fears of our contemporary have not been realised, and in any case it was, perhaps, too much to expect that even an anarchist could have covered the ground quite so expeditiously.

The Sportsman says: "Dennett used his left arm with splendid effect.... His best ball was that slow one which went with his arm and hit the stumps three times." It sounds good enough for the ordinary batsman.

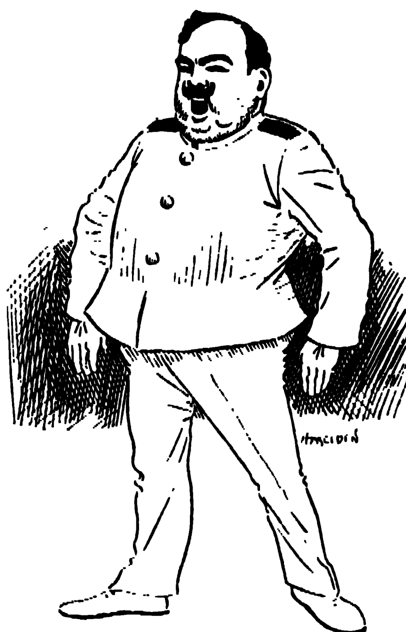
CARNATION AND CHERRY BLOSSOM

AT COVENT GARDEN.

Plus Espagnol que l'Espagne, the Syndicate gave us a bull-fight (*off*) on the very day of the Spanish wedding. But whoever selected Madame Kirkby Lunn for the part of *Carmen* may have had a fine gift of irony, but was no Spaniard. Nothing will make me believe that that delightful artist was designed by Nature to undertake any such enterprise. One missed the devilry of motion, the lissome play of swinging hips, which one associates with this deplorably attractive character. Yet Madame Lunn contrived to repair her physical disabilities by sheer force of intelligence, and the splendid ease and resourcefulness of her singing. Mlle. Donalda was perhaps rather robust for one's idea of the virginal *Micaëla*, and might have given a better suggestion of domesticity if she had been less smartly dressed; but her voice was all that could be desired. The most satisfactory figure was Madame Gilibert Lejeune, in the small part of *Frasquita*. She kept on smiling as if she were really interested in things, and she sang like the very nicest kind of bird.

Of the men, I liked M. Laffitte, as *Don José*, in the early part where he had nothing much to do, but sang pleasantly and delivered a fine top-note; later on, when he was obliged to have fits of jealous rage, he became overstrained and jerky. I cannot say whether M. Seveilhac, who played *Escamillo*, was chosen for his skill as a *torero*; but I am sure he never slew a bull with his lower register, which was sadly wanting in sonorousness. M. Gilibert made a superb captain of smugglers, and was a very monster of lawless humour. As to the chorus, if the soldiers were martial the women were certainly not Sevillian. They had rather the air of ancient Romans; but they kept the play moving, and indeed I never remember to have assisted at a *Carmen* that went with a finer swing. I am not sure, by the way, that the last Act was improved by the march past of picadors and matadors, male and female, and of horses going to their death. As a humane Englishman I properly disapprove of killing horses, and think that this kind of sport should be confined to foxes, otters, hares, rabbits, deer, &c.; but if ever a job lot of horses might be regarded as better dead it was the cavalcade in question. I don't know what became of their corpses, but I am glad to think that the Covent Garden market is vegetarian.

It seems that the Opera House can fill itself to repletion whenever *Madama Butterfly* is on the wing. And with good reason, for Signor Puccini has set a most appealing play to the most exquisite music, which has the rare merit of interpreting the emotions of the drama without hampering its movement. To this end he was assisted by the many little details of "business," trivial enough, but essential to a picture of Japanese manners—the setting out of drinks and sweetmeats, the raising and lowering of blinds, the arrangement of conversational mattresses, &c., &c.—which required no vocal accompaniment, and gave the orchestra time to express itself at leisure without retarding the main action. It had a still more exceptional chance in the night-long pause of silent waiting for the lover's return. It is a thousand pities, by the way, that the curtain could not have been simply dropped and raised again for the dawn. The singers deserved a rest, perhaps, but they need not have spoiled a very perfect situation by the disillusionment which attends the taking of calls. Will no one ever convince our artists—and the best of them are here as bad as the worst—of the intolerable banality of these interjected apparitions?



S'gnor Caruso as *Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton* (U.S.A. Navy), parent of a boy who has blue eyes and golden hair, and is considered to be "the image" of his father.

It is an opera of contrasts, not only as between credulous devotion and the lighthearted infidelity that loves and sails away, but also between the poetry of Japan and the prose of the U.S.A. On the one side Mlle. Destinn rendered every phase of changing emotion with swift sympathy and a fine restraint in extremes; from the spreading of spring blossoms for her husband's welcome to the moment of infinite pathos when she resolves on death, and the light of the spring morning is too strong for her,—"troppa luce è di fuor, e troppa primavera." On the other side, I am bound to say that Signor Caruso was sufficiently prosaic in his attitudes, even to the verge of humour. I shall not lightly mislay my vision of him in the last Act, attired like a superior gendarme, and, stricken with what he took to be remorse, and how he trotted away from the prospect of embarrassment, carefully remembering to snatch up his cap on the way out. Nor how, still further stricken with remorse, he trotted in again when all was over. Tragic finales—witness *La Bohême*—are not as congenial as they might be to this adorable singer.

Naturally there was not much to make merry over in so heart-moving a tale, and the task of the professional jester is here an ungracious one. Still there were touches that made for humour: there were the shadows of the garden in the First Act that kept their shape under sun and moon; there was the single riding-light in the bay that did duty for the whole American squadron; there was the thrill of recognition that ran through the audience when they found that there was one Italian word which they could translate—namely, *Whisky;* there was the pathetic reference of *Madama Butterfly* to her husband as "*B. F. Pinkerton;*" there was Signor Scotti, standing helplessly with hanging arms like a tailor's dummy through half the last Act; and finally, there was the brown-haired three-year-old, described as having azure eyes and golden curls, with the implication that he represented the true American type; these features, in fact, being specially mentioned in proof that he was the living image of his father, whose locks, in the person of Signor Caruso, were as the raven's for very blackness. O. S.

The New Romance.

"Help, help," cried Millicent, "we are lost! See yonder corned-beef tin!"

For a moment Harold shuddered. Then, pulling himself together, he advanced cautiously. Suddenly a laugh, full of relief, rang through the air.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Millicent.

Harold turned a shame-faced countenance towards her.

"Well—er—really," he began, "that is—er—the fact is, dear, it's only an ordinary bomb after all!"

"WANTED. Iron-bound Cooper."
Evening Express.

We are not surprised that the cooper should need an iron casing. *Illi*, as the poet said, *robur et aes triplex circa pectus erat*, who first with unmelting eyes viewed the turgid deep. And beer is thicker than water.

THE SCIENCE OF BOMBOLOGY.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. SIMS.

"It is estimated that at the present moment there must be many hundreds of bombs—if not thousands—in Russia alone. They are about the size of an orange, and they were at first—until the authorities awoke to the fact—imported into Russia inside oranges, the contents of the fruit having been, of course, carefully removed. Most people who have lived any time in Russia know all about these bombs, and it is not difficult to secure an opportunity of handling them when once one is in the confidence of the possessor. For the most part they are kept under lock and key—ready for emergencies. Owing to the drastic nature of the Explosives Act in this country, great secrecy has to be observed in the manufacture of bombs. An official who has had much to do with hunting down Anarchists informed a *Daily Mail* representative that it takes place sometimes in sedate suburban villas. The shells are usually obtained from the Continent, and the filling in is quite noiseless."

Slightly perturbed by these ominous statements a representative of *Mr. Punch* called on Mr. G. R. SIMS for further information on the subject.

"Yes," said the great criminologist with a pathetic sigh as he ran his fingers through his luxuriant *chevelure*, "it is all too true. If the writer has erred at all it is on the side of understatement. One half of the world does not know how the other half lives, or to put it in other words very few people really know how their next-door neighbour lives. The strange, the weird, the romantic may be found at every turn of the great maze of mystery which is called London. A friend and *confrère* of mine had a cook-housekeeper—a middle-aged woman whose smiling good humour made her a general favourite. But no," he broke off suddenly, "it is too awful. Suffice it to say that that woman, whose smile was a mask she wore to impose on society, habitually danced the Tarantella in the back-scullery. Her name was really MARCOVITCH. She was a cousin of General KUROPATKIN, and had escaped from Siberia in a captive balloon. But the mysteries of London do not confine themselves to any one quarter or to any one class. There are mysteries in the lordly mansions of the West that make wealth a mockery and rank a disaster; and the manufacture of the nefarious weapons of anarchy is carried on with the greatest activity in the most unexpected quarters. Only the other day a Bishop was expelled from the Athenæum Club for having placed an infernal machine in the hat of a well-known member of the Royal Society. I name no names; I merely speak of what I know."



CONCLUSIVE.

Grandpa. "SO YOU THINK DREAMS COME TRUE, DO YOU?"
Norah. "OH, YES. WHY, THE OTHER NIGHT I DREAMT I'D BEEN TO THE ZOO—AND I HAD!"

"Have you ever handled a bomb?"

"Repeatedly," replied Mr. SIMS, as he gracefully adjusted the order of St. Olaf, which in the fervour of his recital had slipped under his right ear. "I may say that I have been familiar with them from the cradle. As the writer of the *Daily Mail* article observes, they are smuggled into Russia in the guise of oranges. In London, especially in the Tottenham Court Road, the favourite receptacle is a beefsteak pie in which the bomb is wrapped up in grease-proof paper. But, just as one man's meat is another man's poison, some Londoners—including myself—have grown immune to bombs and can absorb, assimilate, and even digest them with impunity. Not all Londoners, however, have such iron constitutions. For instance, a friend of mine—a bath-chair proprietor with whom in bygone years it was my privilege to be associated—had a daughter, a charming and lovely girl of eighteen. She had no love affair or trouble of any kind. One winter evening about seven o'clock her mother, a splendidly handsome matron with an aquiline profile, feeling unaccountably hungry, sent her daughter into an adjoining street to buy a beefsteak pie. The girl went out with a shilling or two in her pocket, but she never came back. From that hour to this—an interval of seventeen years—no living soul who knew that beautiful girl has ever set eyes on her again. The mother, however, is still living and as handsome as ever. A little while ago I had a letter from her, 'The mystery of my daughter's fate,' she wrote, 'is still wrapped in impenetrable mystery.'"

"Is it true that sedate suburban villas are specially affected by revolutionaries?"

"Perfectly. Wherever you see a villa, you may suspect a villain. We shudder at *Caliban* when we see him on the stage, and we tremble for *Miranda*. Talk of '*Caliban* upon *Setebos*' on a City bus would be nearer the dread reality. There are dozens of *Calibans* in London, and they all inhabit suburban villas, generally semi-detached. Most curates are morphinomaniacs. Homicide is endemic among pianoforte-tuners. Churchwardens habitually carry stilettos, and the poisoning habit is nowhere so rife as amongst the Governors of the Bank of England. I knew a charming man—a spiritual peer, to be precise—who came to me in the ordinary way about a theatrical matter. He had written a pantomime—I have the book of the words to this day—and he was about to write a comic opera. But the hasty criticism of a friend annoyed him, and after shooting a rural dean, and burning down a Free Library, he fled to Tierra del Fuego and is now chief of a cannibal tribe. But he never wrote the comic opera."

With these momentous words Mr. SIMS shook us warmly by the hand, and with our curiosity titillated rather than fully appeased we parted reluctantly from the great mysteriographer of the metropolis.

The Yorkshire Evening Post announces that a salmon-trout caught at Coaywood was found to have swallowed a door-key. Taken out of a loch, we presume.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

There is a type of humour (which for some reason or other I associate with Balham) that indulges itself by talking familiarly of "J. Cæsar, Esq.," and putting up-to-date expressions in the mouths of Adam and Eve. Mr. J. Henry Harris, the author of *Cornish Saints and Sinners*, has the Balham touch in places. Witness his new version of *Launcelot* and *Guenevere*: "The King was a busy man, and when things were going on used to say to *Launcelot*, a sort of aide-de-camp in chief, 'Just you look after the Queen at the Royal Footballers this afternoon,' or 'Give her a turn at golf.' This suited *Launcelot* down to the ground, and, having a nice tenor voice, he was wont to sing, 'Meet me in the Garden.'" Now many people (and I confess I am one of them) resent this sort of thing as an intrusion; and they will regret that the illustrator, Mr. Raven-Hill, should have been an accessory after the fact with a picture of the Queen and *Launcelot* in a hammock smoking cigarettes. All this may seem a small matter; but I mention it because when Mr. Harris forgets that there is such a place as Balham he is entirely delightful; and he and Mr. Raven-Hill between them turn out a very fascinating book. (I would mention particularly a charming picture of "Princess Olwen being turned into a bramble" as an example of Mr. Raven-Hill's art.) When Mr. John Lane decided to publish this book he should have come to some arrangement with the Great Western Railway. For everyone who reads it will want to go to Cornwall, and everyone who goes to Cornwall would be wise to read it. I have just finished it, and I start for Falmouth to-morrow (probably). I think Mr. Lane should have his 10% of the third return, the dog ticket, and the ham sandwich at Bath.

Allen Raine has annexed the Principality to the domain of romance. Before she took pen in hand Wales had many bards, but, as far as English readers are concerned, no story-teller. Allen Raine knows Wales, its skies, its rivers, its hills, above all, its people. They are exclusively of the farming or shop keeping class, shrewd in their business transactions, highly emotional in religious aspect. In *The Queen of Rushes* (Hutchinson), Allen Raine does not scruple to bring on the scene in his proper name the evangelist who most lately swayed the Celtic soul. There are graphic pictures of revival services, with Evan Roberts in the pulpit, waiting till the Spirit moves him to speak. (By the way, what has become of this spiritual meteor?) *Gwenifer*, stricken dumb in childhood at sight of her drowning mother, is a sweet character, artfully contrasted with the self-willed *Gildas*, whom she, for a long time without hope, secretly loves. It is a tale of the every-day life of commonplace people, the hand of genius stirring it with touch of tragedy. A flaw, slight but persistent, is the dashing of conversation with Welsh phrases. "*Dear anwyl!*" "*merchi-i*," and even "*ach-y-fy*," are doubtless pointed sayings; but reiteration induces weariness. The book is full of dainty touches of description of moorland and sea, where the apples in the orchard, the blackberries on the hedges, the odour of the sea-breeze, add sweetness to the subtle fragrance of the crisp, fresh air.



Our Sergeant. "It's very lucky for you as I ain't quite certain 'ow to spell insubordination, else I'd bloomin' well report you for it!"

Anthony Britten, by Herbert MacIlwaine (Constable), is one of those irritating stories in which commonplace people think uninteresting thoughts and perform ordinary acts in the hazy atmosphere of a dream. Now and then they pop out, get their vague thinking described for them by the author in what for want of a better word I must describe as sham Meredithese, and then without rhyme or reason fall back again into the dream-darkness from which, for no discoverable purpose, they had temporarily emerged. The language of the book is pitched high, and its effect is to impress the reader with a baffled sense of the importance of incidents which have no special value of any kind. The style is in fashion, for it is not a difficult style, and in most cases it serves to disguise poverty of plot, looseness of construction, and dearth of any real human interest capable of being worked up into a genuine crisis.

The "Pope" of Holland House, edited by Lady Seymour (Fisher Unwin), is a nice fat book, tastefully produced. The "*Pope*" was John Whishaw, who gained the nickname by the extreme confidence with which he expressed his opinions. If we may judge by his letters, the opinions themselves were ordinary enough, and anybody else might have expressed them with equal assurance and without risk of contradiction. John Whishaw was the intimate of all the big nobs of the Whig party from the end of the eighteenth until well into the nineteenth century, but his letters are of a disappointing baldness. Still, though its contents do not specially appeal to me, I have no hesitation in repeating that this is a nice fat book.

In *Woman and the Motor Car* (Appleton) Mrs. Aria attempts, not unsuccessfully, to bring down motoring to what she supposes to be the level of a woman's intelligence. It is a skittish book, but not altogether an unattractive one. At the same time my earnest hope is that no additional woman will feel herself impelled by its perusal to take charge of the driving of a motor. There is in all our world of terrifying sights none more terrifying than a powerful car driven by a smiling, incompetent, careless lady; and at the risk of alienating the sex I hereby declare that they are all smiling, incompetent, and careless. Let them shine in their dress and continue to admire the panels and the cushioning of the car's body, but, as they value their safety and ours, let them abstain from interference with pedals, brakes and levers, and, above all, with the steering-wheel.

Theirs not to Reason Why!

Unquestioning obedience is the first lesson that the naval man has to learn. A member of the crew of H.M.S. *Montagu* has been explaining the catastrophe to a representative of the Press. He says, "We left Portland in clear weather with instructions to proceed to the Bristol Channel in readiness for manœuvres *and to keep in touch with Lundy Island.*" The italics are by *Mr. Punch;* the way in which the orders were carried out was Another's.

"INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION."

(A volume entitled "Plato and the Criticism of Life," by Emil Reich, has just appeared.)

FOR three-and-twenty centuries,
Though 'mid immortals numbered,
PLATO, submerged by sophistries,
In deep oblivion slumbered.
Professors "learnedly inane,"
Their own pet doctrines preaching,
While purporting to make him plain
Obscured his real teaching.
At last there dawned a brighter day,
When Mayfair, blocked with carriages,
Found out the true and only way
With Doctor REICH at Claridge's.

That Spanish dancing is inspired;
That temperance is narrow;
That no improvements are required
At Eton or at Harrow;
That EMMA, not Trafalgar, made
The name of NELSON glorious;
That bus-conducting is a trade
Exalting though laborious;
That Germany is overfed;
That care besets the wealthy;
That as a rule we stay in bed
Far longer than is healthy;

That heroes in their early days
Have need of endless kisses;
That BACH, though meriting high praise,
MASCAGNI'S fervour misses;
That Dr. EMIL REICH foretold
The coming of MARCONI;
That LITTRÉ, overworked and old,
Grew very thin and bony;
That RAPHAEL'S Platonic bent
Is mirrored in his pictures;
That some Americans resent
Our author's candid strictures -

These are the striking truths that we,
The heirs of all the ages,
Have now been privileged to see
Enshrined in PLATO'S pages.
How wondrous simple in his lore
By Doctor REICH expounded!
How strange that nobody before
Such shallow waters sounded!
Oh, if the ancient adage stands --
Laudari a laudato,
What must we say when REICH expands
In eulogy of PLATO?

P.S. All who instruction need
In Dr. REICH'S omniscient screed
Can purchase the whole bag of tricks
(CHAPMAN AND HALL) for ten-and-six.



A FIRST ESSAY IN HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr. Jones. "WHAT IS IT, MY PET?"
Mrs. J. "THIS RABBIT—(*sob*) - I'VE BEEN PLUCKING IT (*sob*) ALL THE AFTERNOON, AND IT ISN'T HALF DONE YET!"

MEN OF MARK

AND THE BOOKS THAT MADE THEM.

SEVERAL of the Labour members have replied to the query of the Editor of *The Review of Reviews* as to what books they found most useful in their early days. Mr. KEIR HARDIE in particular specifies "his mother's songs, and tales of his grandmother, whose father was out in the '45." We are glad to be able to supplement the enterprise of our contemporary with the subjoined further list of eminent readers and their literary and musical stepping-stones to greatness.

Mr. JOHN BURNS: His grandmother's stories, in return for which he lectured his venerable relation on oology and nutrition. His grandfather's songs, especially "*Hickory, Dickory, Dock Strike.*"

Mr. WILL CROOKS: COWPER'S poems, especially "*The Poplar Field.*" The early works of BURNS. *Yarrow Revisited.*

Mr. A. J. BALFOUR: His uncle's songs. "*Cicero de Schenectady.*" "*Count Bunker.*" Lord BRASSEY'S *Annual.* The *Commentaries* of Professor DRIVER.

Sir OLIVER LODGE: *Childe Harold*, edited by Mr. BEGBIE. *Oliver Twist.* The *Song of Roland.*

Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY: *Cæsar de Bello Gallico.* The Lives of CATALANI and PERSIANI. CREASY'S *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.* TENNYSON'S *Form, Riflemen, Form!* *The Natural History of Kilkenny.*

NATURE STUDIES.

The Feminine Handkerchief.

This study might perhaps begin and end with the statement that there is no such thing as a feminine handkerchief. I desire, however, in the present critical condition of the relations between men and women, as exemplified in the House of Commons and Trafalgar Square, to be perfectly and even generously fair to the sex. I declare, therefore, that every woman possesses and wields, not perhaps a handkerchief in the full masculine acceptation of the term, but a something which is supposed to play the part of a handkerchief and to serve such purposes as are ordinarily served by a handkerchief. Having thus disposed of the general question I will proceed to a definition.

The feminine handkerchief is, like all others, rectangular, and varies in size from two inches to three inches square. It is mainly composed of lace and is in part studded with embroidery representing minute leaves and flowers. From this description it will be obvious that if there is one purpose in the whole range of possibilities for which this article is not intended it is the mitigation of a cold by the blowing of a nose.

The result of inquiries made by competent investigators into this subject falls into two classes. One set holds that this queer little patch of lace is primarily intended by its owner for the decoration of rooms and passages and staircases; for innumerable examples of it are to be found about a house wherever a woman may have passed in the discharge of her beneficent housekeeping activities. One will probably be picked from the drawing-room sofa, two from the table in the hall, one from a chair in the breakfast-room, and two or three from the passage leading to the kitchen, or from the kitchen floor itself. There must be some object in this lavish distribution of samples, and it is supposed, as I say, that a vague desire for decoration is at the bottom of it.

Another school, however, believes that this scattering is in some mysterious way connected with the eternal warfare waged by woman against man. The seemingly casual handkerchiefs lying about a house are not in reality aimless. They are, it is asserted, part of a code of signals understood by all women and intended to point out meeting-places where man's overthrow may be discussed, and to suggest devices by which his humiliation may be accomplished. There is, it is true, a third explanation, that of mere light-hearted carelessness and untidiness produced by the absence or inaccessibility of the feminine pocket, but I prefer not to accept this, for it is an easy explanation, and by the canons of criticism the easy explanation must always be rejected.

When a woman goes out either for an ordinary walk or on one of her shopping adventures she generally carries her handkerchief in a little leather bag lightly suspended by a gilded chain from her belt or her hand. The contents of this bag are miscellaneous and, in relation to its apparent size, incredible. The handkerchief is always the bottom article, and I have known the bag to contain in addition a novel, a fishmonger's account book, three lead pencils (all without points), a book of addresses, a scent-bottle, a vinaigrette, a button-hook, a shoe-horn, a box of lozenges, a small brush and comb, a needle-case, a box of safety pins, a dozen telegram-forms, a purse stuffed with coppers and threepenny bits, a card-case, two rolls of ribbon, a pair of gloves, seven letters (unstamped), a child's doll, and a railway ticket. The peculiarity of this bag of Pandora is that whenever the railway ticket is wanted the handkerchief obtrudes itself, and when the handkerchief is sought the railway ticket becomes exclusively prominent.

What becomes of the Feminine Handkerchief when its period of active service is past? The question has often been asked and never satisfactorily answered. It vanishes like the snows of yester year and goes silently into the limbo of forgotten things. One thing I know: if I had as many sovereigns as the number of handkerchiefs possessed by an average woman I should become a landed proprietor, and oppose with bitterness all suggestions for a graduated income-tax.

THE COMPLETE POTTERER.

("Life was given us to potter in."—*Vanity Fair.*)

Let Jones, if he's so minded, fly to catch the early train,
And hurry to worry and City cares again;
Let Johnson bolt the lightning lunch, let Smith and Brown delight
To hustle and bustle through morning, noon, and night!
For me the life of idleness, the book
By the brook,
For me the pensive angle and the hook,
The rushes, the thrushes,
The lambkin on the lea—
The pleasure of leisure
For me!

Jones builds a princely palace on an acre of Park Lane;
He's in it a minute, then rushes off again;
He owns a Tudor mansion on a rolling Sussex down;
He gets there and frets there, then motors back to town.
He sighs to see Threadneedle Street, and longs
For the throngs
Who deal in mining ventures or Hongkongs;
He hankers for bankers—
For nothing else he cares
But scrambling and gambling
In shares.

When I behold the lunatics who lead the strenuous life,
I pity the City with all its fevered strife;
I dream of going forth to preach the creed that I profess
And saving the raving by Leagues of Idleness.
But if I had so great a cause, I know
I should grow
More strenuous than any one, and so
I'll dangle my angle.
As for the eager gang——
Let whoso will do so
Go hang!

OUR PILLAR BOX.

(*Replies in brief.*)

Cure for sea-sickness.—The only certain cure for this terrible malady that we know of is to go for an hour's walk five minutes before the boat starts.

To clean black kids.—Proceed in exactly the same way as you would with white kids, only do not try to persuade yourself that the black will come off, because it won't. They were born like that.

Simple headache cure.—Take a pound of black pepper, and to this add a little flour, a raw egg, and a pinch of salt. Make into a paste, put into a bath towel, and tie it tightly round the neck. Leave it there till the headache goes of its own accord.

Etiquette of cards.—When leaving cards, do not thrust them under the door or throw them casually down the area, but ring the bell and hand them to the servant. The cards, of course, should contain no advertising matter.

Hygienic boots.—You have been misinformed; brown boots with separate divisions for each toe are not being worn in London this season.



STILL OUT OF IT.

FIRST CADDIE (BR-DR-CK). "YOUNG ALF'S IN LUCK!"
SECOND CADDIE (G-R-LD B-LF-R). "YUS—AN' WHEN THERE'S OTHERS EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS 'IM!"
FIRST CADDIE. "IF NOT MORE SO!"

[The Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton has been elected to fill the vacancy in the representation of St. George's, Hanover Square.]



OUR HORSELESS RIDERS.

"GOIN' EASY, WHAT? SAME HERE. AFTER A HEAVY MORNING ON THE PIER, I ALWAYS SLACK IT IN THE AFTERNOON."

"THE GIANT'S ROBE."

IV.—MARIANA.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

Adapted by Mr. Hampton.

THE MOATED GRANGE.—This famous old country house in the heart of the Fen Country TO BE SOLD. We strongly recommend our clients to view this desirable residence, which only comes into the market owing to the lady who recently occupied it having been ordered south by her medical attendant. The house is in the Elizabethan style, with a thatched roof, and is surrounded by a picturesque moat. It contains seventeen commodious bedrooms, and four grand reception rooms, which have a western aspect thus getting the full benefit of the afternoon sun. The grounds are eminently desirable, and at a small outlay could be put into excellent order. There are, besides an excellent poplar, several fruit trees of various kinds, including a notable climbing pear, which yields largely each year. A feature of the place is the number of outhouses and sheds which could easily be turned into stables or a motor house. The country round about is flat, and excellent for motoring. There is a station and post-office within driving distance. The whole forms an excellent property for a gentleman of means who is prepared to spend a small sum in repairs, alterations, &c., and does not desire the noise and bustle of town life. Would suit Inventor. Apply, &c. . . .

V.—THE ANCIENT MARINER.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Part I. Adapted by the Society Editor of "The World."

One of the most picturesque weddings of the week was that which was solemnised yesterday at that rising watering-place Blanksea between the Duke of THANET and Miss DEAL. . . . The bride . . . . (*30 lines omitted.*) A musical reception was held afterwards by the bride's mother, to which many well-known people had been invited. Among those who had accepted, but, for some reason or other, were unable to attend, may be mentioned Lord BIRCHINGTON, heir presumptive to the Duke . . . .

VI.—WE ARE SEVEN.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Adapted by the "Vanity Fair" Hard Case Editor.

W., an elderly gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind, meets a Miss X. Miss X., who is only eight years old and occupies a humble position in the social world, is noted for her thick curly hair and fair eyes. Without waiting for an introduction, W. asks how many sisters and brothers Miss X. has. The lady replies "Seven"; at the same time mentioning that two of them live in a smart garrison town in Wales, and two are on active service abroad. W., on adding this up, makes it come to four only. Miss X., however, persists that it is seven. What should W. do?

Answer adjudged correct: Go home.

FROM a list of Government Publications: "National Debt, 1836 to 1905. Gross Liabilities. 6d."

OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

II.—ON A "FAVORITE."

It is a tradition of the elders that on the approach of a vehicle with screeching axle-trees the local youth—presumably as owning lustier voices than their sires—shall intermit their occupations, and cry with one accord, "Oil! Oil!" until such time as the vehicle has passed out of ear-shot.

On the present occasion it happens that the offending vehicle (an omnibus *en route* for the "Elephant and Castle") is just ahead of mine (a "Favorite" bound for Victoria); and I can vouch that the tradition in question is observed in the minutest particular. Nor is this punctiliousness confined to any one thoroughfare. Except in so far as a sort of cumulative effect is produced by reiteration, the advice given by Chancery Lane cannot be described as either less or more cogent than that of Holborn or the Gray's Inn Road. For my part, I find the monotonous chant of "Oil! Oil!" only slightly less maddening than the shriek of the axles; and I yearn for the moment when, at the corner of Wellington Street and the Strand, the "Elephant and Castle" omnibus and the "Favorite" will go their separate ways.

Meanwhile the conductor of the former vehicle has been goaded by the "Favorite" driver into spasms of incoherent profanity, which he tries in vain to hide beneath an assumption of *nonchalance*.

At the stage where I begin to follow the conversation, the "Elephant and Castle" conductor has rounded off a scathing retort with an invitation to our driver to "come an' lay yer fat 'ead agin the axle if yer don't like the rar!"

"Why doncher tork to it with them 'onied words of yourn?" replies our driver. "They'd do a lot better than oil, yer know."

The conductor's retort is lost in a shriek of redoubled shrillness, after which a momentary respite occurs while we are "held up" in the narrowest part of Chancery Lane.

"My word! Ain't that dickey-bird of yourn bin a-whistlin' for 'is bit of sugar!" exclaims our driver. The sally is greeted with a general laugh among the outside passengers, and the unhappy conductor comes within measurable distance of apoplexy.

"I'm surprised at yer, WILLIAM," continues Jehu, taking advantage of the lull and addressing his adversary with a genially paternal air; "I thought music 'ad power to calm the sevage beast. You *must* be a rank outanouter!"

I gather in a confused sort of way that the conductor, while disclaiming any title to be regarded as an "outanouter," is resorting somewhat inconsistently, I cannot help thinking to the *tu quoque* method of defence. The early stages of his argument, however, are weakened by irrelevancy, and the conclusion becomes lost as our journey is continued.

"'Ere, WILLIAM," exclaims the "Favorite" driver, "d' you mind not a-windin' up that musical-box agin? We've 'eard that bloomin' tune a time or two already."

But the conductor has retreated into the omnibus, where he busies himself in collecting fares. A second block in the traffic as we turn into Fleet Street separates us until we reach the corner of Wellington Street, where our Jehu seizes an opportunity to urge the "Elephant and Castle" conductor to "switch on another tune afore we say good-bye!"

The conductor, however, is studying his way-bill with an elaborate assumption of impassiveness; and a defiant screech from the axles is the sole response accorded to our driver's request.

Then our paths diverge; and the shrieking and the cries of "Oil! Oil!" die slowly away, merging finally in the thousand-and-one noises which make up the husky roar of London traffic.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

(*An extension of a "Daily Mirror" feature.*)

A NECKLACE of gold.
A mutton chop, red and white.
A top hat, made of silk and all shiny.
A suit of clothes with buttons.
A bicycle.
A number of picture postcards of London and elsewhere.
A dish of tomatoes.
A safety razor.
A pot of gooseberry jam.
A photograph of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
A trousers-stretcher.

ACCORDING to *The Official Patents Journal* the Society of Chemical Industry in Basle has applied for a patent for the manufacture of new amidoalphylamidoacidylamidonaphtholsulphonic acids. This pleasant little acid, however, has long been familiar to *Mr. Punch*. The really dangerous part of it is the "-phth" in the fifteenth syllable, which is invariably fatal. The third "amid," on the contrary, brings good luck to tall dark men. *Mr. Punch* notes with regret the omission of the cedilla under the fourth "d," since it is upon this that the acid chiefly depends for its light violet colour.

EVERYDAY DIFFICULTIES SOLVED.

(*In the manner of "The World and His Wife."*)

IF I am giving a dinner party, and in the middle of it the cook rushes in and gives notice, what ought I to do?—*Young Wife.*

Better far had the cook been given no cause to take this step. But since it happens you can but bow to destiny and suggest an adjournment to a restaurant to complete the meal.

IS it necessary for me to buy any new clothes for my wedding? I have a tail-coat I have worn only two years, and a pair of excellent white flannel trousers.—*Fiancé.*

It is not necessary. Almost nothing is necessary. But new clothes are usually worn.

WHAT is the correct way to address a letter to Sir Thomas Lipton?—*Groceries.*

To a Baronet you write on the envelope, "To Sir So-and-So, Bart." Hence you will address your letter "To Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Bart." But even if you did not it would probably get to him just the same, and that is the main thing.

DO you think a few tins of American beef a suitable wedding present to a relative?—*Economist.*

It depends upon how much you dislike him.

I WANT to learn Jiu-jitsu, but cannot afford to pay for the lessons. What do you advise?—*Hercules.*

The best way is to accept the challenge of a Japanese wrestler at a music-hall. You will soon pick up the rudiments.

I HAVE purchased a small printing press for the purpose of rapidly printing tram tickets similar to those which have won prizes; but I cannot obtain any blue cardboard of the requisite kind. Can you help me?—*Financier.*

Please send your name and address.

WHEN giving a dinner at a restaurant, is it good form to keep one's guests waiting to start for the theatre while one disputes the bill?—*Hesitant.*

It is not good form; but you would be a juggins to pay for what you had not had.

The Royal Commissioner's Motto.

"DULCE et decorum est pro patria morari."

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to *The Express* large quantities of tinned food are being destroyed "or given to poultry." This, we suppose, is how bad eggs are made.

ROBERT BROWNING's question, "What's become of WARING?" was answered in no uncertain voice last week.

What is the matter with Bishop POTTER of New York? He is making as much fuss as if we had accused him of being a Meat Potter.

The Government, it is announced, will shortly consider the advisability of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into the prevalence and growth of lunacy. Many good Unionists, however, are of the opinion that the wave of insanity which recently passed over the country will be found, at the next General Election, to have spent itself.

Not a single Royal Commission was appointed last week.

It is rumoured that each of the twenty-five Chinese coolies who have applied for repatriation has received an autograph letter from Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, thanking him for an exhibition of loyalty to his friends which is none too common nowadays. It is hoped that the remaining 49,975 now feel heartily ashamed of themselves.

It has been decided that the present Naval Manœuvres shall be used as a test of the ability of the Royal Dockyards to make quick repairs. It is felt, however, that H.M.S. *Montagu*, in addition to being slightly previous, showed an excess of zeal, and overdid the idea.

The opening of the new Victoria Railway Station was not a signal success.

The hope has been expressed that the Prince of WALES will open the Indian annexe of the Zoo. In our opinion many valuable lives will be lost if any-one does anything so foolish.

The threat made by the Krupp Company to stop work on the Turkish order for military material unless £140,000 be paid at once, has once more led the SULTAN to wonder whether the KAISER loves him for himself alone.

The agitation in favour of more comfortable prisons continues. There is no doubt that the fact that they are not all that can be desired keeps many persons from using them.

Those owners of motor-cars who affect to despise motor-bicycles will have to alter their way of thinking. No fewer than twenty-seven persons were injured in Paris last week by the explosion of one motor-bicycle.

The leading London hotels are now full of American millionaires and multi-millionaires, and the former complain bitterly that the latter treat them as so much dirt.

Mr. BART KENNEDY's style has been parodied often, but never so amusingly as in a series of articles now appearing in *The Daily Mail* from the pen of Mr. BART KENNEDY.

Mr. NICO JUNGMAN has just completed an immense altar-piece in tempera. The tendency of frescoes is to perish. Those who know Mr. JUNGMAN's charming art hope it will be found that *Tempera* NON *mutantur*.

"Why," asks *The Medical Times*, "should we tell patients what we are giving them? Depend upon it by so doing we lose our dignity as a profession." This is certainly what has happened to the Beef Trust.

THE LATEST AMERICAN POPULAR SONG: "*The Tinned Gee-gee.*"



GOLDEN MEMORIES.

"I WONDER WHY MR. POPPSTEIN SERVES WITH THREE BALLS?"
"OLD ASSOCIATIONS, I SUPPOSE."

NIL NISI BONUM.

(Being some personal paragraphs from the forthcoming journal "P.T.T.F." or Praise to the Face.)

["I do hope that never in these pages will there appear a word which can wound anybody."—*Extract from the Editor's Manifesto.*]

An Irish Paragon.

Tall, faultlessly proportioned, with classical features and a phenomenal chest measurement, Mr. Swift MacNeill has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best dressed, the handsomest and the most undeviatingly urbane of the Irish Members. The list of his academic distinctions could not be compressed into a page of *P.T.T.F.*, but a word is due to his triumphs as an athlete. When an undergraduate at Trinity College, Dublin, he actually won all the events at the annual sports. He tossed the caber 127 yards, he established a new record in the hop, skip, and jump, he won the three-legged race in a common canter, and distanced all competitors in the obstacle race. Then his accomplishments as a musician are of no common order, for he is the only M.P. who can play the concertina, the piccolo, and the Welsh harp. To see Mr. Swift MacNeill is to love him; to hear him sing is Paradise *in petto*. As Mr. Gladstone once remarked, "When MacNeill warbles one of Moore's Irish melodies, I feel I know not how."

A Gentle Genius.

Sir James Crichton Browne was always a great social favourite, and few if any of our most eminent scientists have a greater *répertoire* of parlour tricks. I shall never forget (writes a well-known F.R.S.) the impression he made upon me at a children's Christmas party, when he conjured a large bowl of goldfish out of his right, and a brace of squirrels out of his left whisker. But his love of pastime is only equalled by his efficiency as a sportsman. Horsemanship comes first perhaps Sir James's seat on a Mexican mustang is only second to that of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and as a bronco-buster he was the mingled terror and envy of the most hardened *gauchos* of the pampas—but as a golfer he is, in the words of Lord Halsbury, one of his favourite opponents, "no slouch." Yet all this strenuous addiction to sport has not impaired the kindliness of his nature in the slightest degree. He often breaks out into extempore verse at breakfast, and can seldom recite poetry without shedding tears. In controversy his methods are those of Bayard; in short, take him for all in all, he is one of those great stimulating sentimentalists who is never so completely in his element as when he is in the society of the great masters of the beautiful arts—such men as Hubert von Herkomer, Emil Fuchs, F. E. Weatherly, Algernon Ashton, or the great American poet Volney Streamer.

"St. Bernard" Shaw.

There never was a greater mistake than to suppose that Bernard Shaw is a cynic. Thin-lipped, eagle-eyed, with a firm chin and an unflinching gaze, his physiognomy conveys a radically false impression of his real nature. Men, ay and women too, think him as hard as the Rock of Gibraltar, whereas his heart is as soft as the most quivering shape of calves-feet jelly. Indeed, I am not sure that he is not the largest-hearted, the most saintly-souled, as well as the most gifted and handsome man of my acquaintance. Of Comte d'Orsay I can only speak by hearsay, but I have known all the brave men and the noble women of the last half century, and Shaw is the noblest and bravest of them all not even excepting George Alexander, whose prowess as a pugilist I can hardly think of without the deepest emotion.

Beerbohm Tree's Generosity.

Mr. Tree has long been known as an actor of colossal genius. It may be a surprise to some of our readers to learn that as a heavy-weight boxer he has never met his match, and that on one occasion while touring in America he knocked out Peter Jackson, then at the zenith of his powers, in three rounds. Even more remarkable was his rescue of an aged organ grinder who had been set upon by more than fifty brawny hooligans in the heart of Soho. In less than three minutes Mr. Tree had floored the entire gang, and, hoisting the aged minstrel on his shoulders, carried him off to the Carlton, where he entertained him to a sumptuous repast and presented him with £10,000 to buy a new instrument.

Standing Pab.

One of the most interesting presentations of the season has been that of Miss — —, the charming daughter of — —. Tall, *svelte*, with a brilliant complexion and a profusion of — — hair, Miss — — is one of the most popular girls in the best Mayfair set, since, apart from her large fortune, she is a beautiful dancer, a plucky motorist, rides well to hounds, and plays an excellent hand at Bridge. Though she perhaps hardly possesses the paralysing fascination of a Cleopatra, who was unfortunately somewhat *passée* before I left Galway for London, she is none the less one of the most extraordinarily beautiful and sweet-natured young women of the many thousands to whom it has been my proud privilege to pay my homage of admiration.

Quotation for Mr. O'Connor.—"'Tis true 'tis T.P., 'P.T.O.'—tis true."

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.

Or, Who was Who?

III.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

It has been said that if Shakspeare and Ben Jonson had never lived Beaumont and Fletcher would have been the chief ornaments of the Elizabethan age. But why blink the fact that Shakspeare and Ben Jonson did live? Beaumont and Fletcher never blinked it. They got Shakspeare to help them. At least Fletcher did. Beaumont was more particular, but he had been dead some time when it happened.

Beaumont was born in 1584. His father was a Justice of the Common Pleas, and is said to have been the first Judge to make jokes on the bench. Beaumont was sent to Oxford when he was thirteen, which was full early; but Fletcher went to Cambridge when he was twelve, and had, as they say, the bulge on him there. They often talked over those old times afterwards, and said what fun it was playing marbles on the Senate House steps, and bowling hoops down the High, and how angry the ushers had been when they had gone to visit their old schools and smoked in the playground.

"But they couldn't touch us, you know," said Beaumont.

"Rather not," said Fletcher.

Fletcher was born in 1579. He was just as good as Beaumont. His father was a Dean. When, a few years after Fletcher's birth, he was made Bishop of London, it was felt that here was a chance not to be missed. One of his sons must be brought up to write books. Think what he could do for him towards getting them talked about. The two eldest declined. John, the third, liked the idea, and was packed off to Cambridge at once to get into the way of it.

But unfortunately, when Fletcher was seventeen, his father died. He died, we are told, "either of chagrin at the Queen's displeasure on account of his second marriage, or of the immoderate use of tobacco." Yes, they got it as close as that. If there was one thing the physicians of those days prided themselves on it was their diagnosis. They were quite sure he was suffering from one of the two complaints, and the only mistake they made was in treating him for the other. Nobody regretted the slight error more than they did.

Unless it was John Fletcher. To him the loss was irreparable. Deprived at the same time of a fond father and a first-class advertising medium, he sank into poverty, and nothing more was heard of him for years. Then he met Beaumont, and everything was changed.

Beaumont and Fletcher first met at a public-house called the "Mermaid

Tavern," and struck up a violent friendship.

"You're the very man I've been wanting," said Fletcher. "You're about the same height and figure as I am, and you've got the same taste in clothes and poetry. Let us have everything in common. It is true you have rather more than I have at present, but we'll soon alter that."

Beaumont was agreeable. The partnership was fixed up, and lasted for some years. They couldn't bear to be separated. They lived in the same house, wore the same clothes (not of course at the same time), and ate out of the same plate.

When they sat down to write poetry their unanimity was marvellous. Fletcher was the better of the two at spelling, although neither of them was much at it, and he did most of the actual writing. Beaumont would dictate, and Fletcher would take it down. This suited them both.

After six years Beaumont got a little tired of it. "Look here," he said one morning, "I think it's a little stuffy living in one another's pockets like this. Don't you?"

Fletcher's face blanched. "I never thought to have heard words like those from my Francis," he said. (Beaumont's name was Francis.)

"Well, you've heard them now," said Beaumont. "I'm going to get married."

Fletcher hid his annoyance, and was best man at the wedding. He wore one of Beaumont's suits for the last time. Mrs. Beaumont stopped it after that, and he had to buy his own. There was no actual breach between them; indeed, Fletcher couldn't afford to quarrel with Beaumont, and they went on writing together for three years longer. Then Beaumont died.

Fletcher was now in difficulties again; but he was a man of resource. He went to Shakspeare, as has been said, and proposed a partnership. It was a cool proceeding, because Shakspeare was fifteen years older than Fletcher, and already a playwright of repute. But for some reason or other Shakspeare consented, and they wrote *The Two Noble Kinsmen* together. Probably they would have gone on working in company for some time, but Fletcher went down to stay at Stratford-on-Avon for the week-end, and appeared at breakfast on Sunday morning in one of Shakspeare's doublets.

Shakspeare was greatly annoyed. Fletcher couldn't see why. "Beaumont never made the slightest objection," he said. "We had all things in common. It's the only way, really, to carry on a useful partnership."

"I don't care a hang what Beaumont did," said Shakspeare. "I'm not going to put up with it."

So there was an end of that partnership.

Then Fletcher tried Dekker, but Dekker said he was quite contented with Ford. Their partnership might be humdrum they didn't live in the same house and they went to different tailors; but it suited them very well, and they'd no use for a third partner. Besides, he didn't think Ford would like it. He was rather particular.

"Like what?" inquired Fletcher, in a pointed way.

"Well, I'd rather not say," replied Dekker. "At any rate, no thank you. Good morning."

Rowley was insulting. When he met Fletcher at the "Mermaid" he would pretend to tremble. "*Please* take your eye off my clothes," he would say. "I assure you they're at least two sizes too small for you."

Webster was just as bad. Whenever he saw Fletcher coming he clutched hold of his trunk hose and said, "You can't have them. I've only two pairs, and the other's at the wash." Fletcher saw that it was no good suggesting anything to *him*.

At last he came across Massinger. "Partnership?" said Massinger. "Why, certainly! Come along. We ought to do very well together. Let's begin at once."

Fletcher could hardly believe his ears; he had met with so many rebuffs since Beaumont's lamented death.

"You shall have a duplicate key to my wardrobe as soon as it can be made," proceeded Massinger. "I know you like to work in that way, and, bless you, I don't mind."

Fletcher was quite overcome. He fell on Massinger's neck and the bargain was struck. They worked together amicably for some years, and then poor Fletcher died of the plague. When Massinger died, fourteen years later, he gave orders that he was to be buried in the same grave. "The dear fellow would have wished it," he said. "He always liked to go shares."



The above Caddie (in the course of his third round with Colonel Foozle, who always takes out a collection of two dozen clubs, if only for the look of the thing) begins to doubt if he, the Caddie, really belongs to the idle classes, as stated in the papers.

Men About Town.

V. The Coalman.

The Coalman needs, or else he'll shirk,
Some pressure at his back,
He never will begin to work
Until he's got the sack.

VI. The Bootblack.

The Bootblack rubs along with zest,
Yet humbly keeps his distance;
The shining hour for him's at best
A hand to foot existence.

How to Brighten Cricket. Write like this: "If Essex had held all their catches, their opponents' total would have been smaller." *Daily Mail.*



SCENE—*Yeomanry Camp.* TIME—*Sunday Morning Inspection.*

Major. "WHY ISN'T THIS TENT IN ORDER?"
Trooper. "'AVEN'T 'AD TIME, SIR."
Major. "WHAT! THEN WHEN THE DEUCE WILL YOU HAVE TIME?"
Trooper. "WELL, SIR, IF YOU COULD LOOK ROUND ABOUT WEDNESDAY EVENIN'— "
[*Collapse of Major.*

MAYORS' NESTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS having pointed out that the reason for the exodus of holiday makers to the Continent every summer was due largely to the want of enterprise displayed by our own resorts, *The Daily Chronicle* has thrown open its columns to the champions of the English watering-places, who are principally their chief magistrates. A few other communications on the same subject and from similarly august municipal magnates reach *Mr. Punch*, to whom, in an epistolary sense, all roads lead.

BRIGHTON.—(BY THE MAYOR.)

Why people go to France I have never been able to understand, saving the presence of the L. B. & S. C. Railway—with whom I should be sorry to be on bad terms. But here is Brighton always ready, always, so to speak, at your doors—healthy, bright, cheerful, full of amusement, with the sea at its feet to be bathed in or steamed over or sailed on, and plenty of attractions continually in full swing. But yet there are people who go to France and Switzerland and Italy! Frankly, I can't understand it. We may not have Alps; but we have the South Downs. We may not speak French; but *you can understand us and we can understand you!* We may not have ancient ruins; but *you can get here without being sea-sick!* We may not be very beautiful, architecturally considered; but *the return fare is only a few shillings!* If I am asked for my unbiassed vote, I say, Go to Brighton.

MARGATE.—(BY THE MAYOR.)

I don't know what it can be that people want more than Margate can give them to send them abroad, wasting their money on Frenchmen after English town councillors have expended brain and time entirely on the question of how to make them happy. What are the conditions of the perfect summer holiday? If I might venture to offer a solution to this simple self-propounded problem, I should say, The sea, sands, a pier, Ethiopian serenaders, bathing machines, Pierrots, a multitude of happy people, Punch and Judy, conjurers, organs, children in thousands, a Hall by the Sea, steamers bringing large parties all day. Here in a few words are described the chief *desiderata* (if I may use the word) of the English holiday maker. *And they are all at Margate* in profusion. Nowhere else in the world can you find them quite as we have them here. As for Boulogne, Etretat, Trouville—pooh!

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

(BY THE MARE.)

Mr. SIMS's thoughtful article deserves the careful attention of all patriotic Britons. This is not merely a case where charity should begin at home, but, as the poet phrases it, "What can they know of England who none of England know?" To dilate on the merits of Weston-super-Mare would be a work of Weston supererogation, for its beauties are so patent as to leap to the eye of the most apathetic observer. The air is rich in ozone—indeed traces of ozokerit have been discovered by some expert analysts, and there are opportunities galore, as the Irish say, for fishing, tennis, golf, croquet, spillikins and similar pastimes. In climate we rival the South of France, with the additional advantage of the proximity of the Gulf Stream; our shingle is of extraordinarily fine quality, and the catering of the boarding-houses is calculated to satisfy the most fastidious appetites.



TO THE GUILLOTINE.

CITIZEN BIRRELL. "NOW THEN, NEXT BATCH, YOUR TUMBRIL STOPS THE WAY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 11.—"Now, dear boy," said the American Ambassador, affectionately laying his arm on shoulder of the PRESIDENT'S son-in-law, of late arrived at Dorchester House, "you've been pretty steadily on the go since your wedding day. What you want is a quiet time, if only for an hour or two. Tell you what we'll go down to the House of Commons."

PRESIDENT'S son-in-law puzzled. Gathers from newspapers that the political camps just now are drawn up in battle array, fighting over question that stirs the heart's blood of the people. Has heard it whispered that so profound is the agitation even Bishops have been drawn into what, if uttered by laymen, would be regarded as bad language. To repair to the scene of controversy did not appear on the face of it precisely the thing for one in search of a quiet moment to do.

It turned out that, as usual, the American Ambassador knew what he was talking about. Seated in Diplomatic Gallery, the visitors looked down on a scene whose placidity was unruffled. It chanced that Alderman ANSON was on his legs moving amendment to Clause 2. As Minister of Education in the late Government, the Alderman's place is in the van of battle. 'Tis he whose martial bearing should inspire the Opposition to an attack, in which numbers would be overthrown by the dauntless courage of the few. To tell the truth, there is nothing bloodthirsty either in the appearance or the speech of the Alderman. His low voice, his equable manner, his air of general benevolence, suggest blessing rather than banning the Bill.

Once, for a moment, the stagnant waters of this Dead Sea of debate were stirred by passing breeze. SEELY (Major) showed sign of recurrence to attitude familiar when, in the last Parliament, he sat on the very Bench he now occupies, nominally then as now a Ministerialist. Threw out suggestion that the line taken on Clause 2 by Opposition was not so hopelessly wrong as ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL described it. Suggested they should be met half-way. The Nonconformist conscience rudely awakened. Cries of dissent breaking forth below Gangway woke up the PRESIDENT'S son-in-law just as the earlier spell of the place had quietly closed his eyes.



"I *never* leave the House, Mr. Speaker!"
(Mr. Alph-s Cl-ph-s M-rt-n.

Right hon. gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench instantly alert. Suffered grievous disappointment at hand of TOMMY LOUGH on eve of adjournment for Whitsun holidays. He, breaking out of bounds, had been promptly recaptured. But he was a Minister, properly subjected to discipline. Different with SEELY, whom in happier days they used to howl at.



AMERICAN "ROYALTY" IN THE GALLERY.
Senator Longworth (son-in-law of King Theodore, U.S.A.) and the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

There were tears in WALTER LONG'S honest eyes, a tremor in his manly voice when he promptly rose, descanted on the force of the Major's argument, implored ST. AUGUSTINE to listen to the words of one whose perfect acquaintance with this or any other question, whose shrewd observation, sound judgment, unerring instinct, compelled respect and should command attention. When WALLACE, K.C., speaking from behind Treasury Bench, followed on same lines, hope ran high in the sparsely scattered tents of the Opposition. Here surely was the beginning of schism in the serried ranks before them.

PRINCE ARTHUR adroitly attempted to work on feelings of House by presenting himself to it in the character of a ratepayer. The move was a trifle inconsequential. But there was about it that touch of nature that makes householders kin. In the last Parliament, of which for a long time he was both idol and autocrat, PRINCE ARTHUR would never have

admitted the common infirmity of paying rates. In subtle form the homely reference indicated the revolutionary change effected within the year. Humbled at the poll, the ex-PREMIER was now little more than a ratepayer, with the possibility of becoming a passive resister if Alderman ANSON's amendment to Clause 2 were ruthlessly rejected by a tyrannical Ministry.

As admitted, the circumstance of PRINCE ARTHUR being a ratepayer had no direct bearing on the drift of debate. It was nevertheless effective to the extent that in the division taken at close of two hours' discussion the majority was run down to 180. An hour later it rose to the normal range of 293. Which shows afresh how transient is the influence of personal sympathy even when evoked by the master mind.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday. Still harping on Second Clause of Education Bill. SEELY (Major) growing in favour with his old friends opposite. Moved Amendment that occupied some hours of sitting. Fitfully drew concession from ST. AUGUSTINE welcomed by Irish Members, sniffed at by DON JOSÉ. Still there it was. Yesterday, Ministers pressed on same point said they would ne'er consent. To-day they consented.

Rumbled revolt on Radical Benches. LUPTON of Lincolnshire gives it to be understood that it was not for this he turned HARRY CHAPLIN out of Sleaford.

"Yesterday," he mournfully lamented, "between three and four hundred dumb mouths voted for the Bill, and this is their reward!"

Metaphor a little mixed. What LUPTON struggles to explain is that Ministerialists, anxious for the progress of the Bill, remain mute whilst others talked. The talkers had got their way; the faithfully mute were betrayed. Lincolnshire, he announced, would rather lose the Bill altogether than have it in the modified form into which it was passing.

Evidently in these circumstances and at this rate Bill won't be through by Christmas. Recognising the fact, sudden resolution taken by C.-B. to shelve it till Monday, when, the guillotine being set up, heads of speeches will be mercilessly cut off.

Business done.—Committee on Education Bill suspended.

Wednesday.—When business was resumed after Whitsun holidays Members found inner Lobby dominated by a colossal figure jealously shrouded from head to foot in what looked like white grave-clothes. It stood on guard by the central door leading forth from the Lobby, mutely keeping watch and ward with the Government Whips there on duty.

In reply to whispered inquiry it was made known that this was the counterfeit presentment of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD revisiting a long-familiar place. Hitherto the statues of dead-and-gone statesmen have been relegated to the Outer Lobby. The latest unveiled was that of Mr. G., who found himself in company with the silent presence of GRANVILLE, STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, men with whom through a long life he worked or fought. Under direction of his son, in these days FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, the SQUIRE looks down on a scene through which for full thirty years his massive figure moved and towered.

To-day the drapery was removed, the veil falling in presence of a group of Old Parliamentary Hands, including PRINCE ARTHUR, who, during his Leadership of the House of Commons, found his most redoubtable adversary in the statesman whose worth he to-day recognised and extolled in felicitous terms of genuine warmth.

Business done.—Labourers (Ireland) Bill considered.

Friday night.—A phrase of Parliamentary Procedure, hallowed by the dust of ages, has disappeared. Up to the resumption of Sittings after Whitsuntide it was the custom of SPEAKER or CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, when Division was coming, to cry aloud, "Strangers must withdraw."

In the beginning the injunction was extended to all strangers in and under the galleries over the clock. Gradually concession was made limiting its address to strangers on the Benches below the Gallery. At the signal these were trundled forth, conducted across the Members' Lobby by the police, and left in the central hall till the Division was over. These seats under the Gallery, being on a level of the floor of the House and few in number, are prized possession reserved for distinguished visitors. The balance was redressed by their ignominious shooting forth just when interest culminated in a Division.

Under new regulations affecting Divisions, strangers under the Gallery are permitted to remain. Accordingly the decree, "Strangers must withdraw," utterance of which has preluded through centuries Divisions that have changed the face of history, is heard no more from the Chair. Now and henceforth "Clear the Lobby," is the Parliamentary equivalent of the "Up, Guards, and at 'em" with which WELLINGTON did not signal the crisis of the battle of Waterloo.

Business done.—Public Trustee Bill discussed.



A "DUMB MOUTH."

The Ghostly Professor, Member for the Ingoldsby (Legend) Division of Lincolnshire.

(Professor L-pt-n said, "between 300 and 400 dumb mouths voted for the Bill.")

ACCORDING to a report subsequently denied,

"The man in charge of *Spearmint* was injured in the head, but it was not found necessary to detain the horse."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Suspicion at first rested upon a chestnut cob, wearing a dirty collar, who was seen in the vicinity.



Extract from Letter: —"The men had broken every bottle and tin that they could lay their hands on with an air-gun that Archie had brought. So when they went away to see if the cars were all right for the return journey, we girls thought we would have a shot. We potted away for some time at a bottle that Marjorie (who is a bit short-sighted, you know) had found among some cushions, and it was only when the men appeared that I hit it! It turned out to be a full one, which the men had put away for final refreshers, and instead of complimenting me on my good shooting, they were quite stuffy about it."

HOW TO DEAL WITH A DOG FIGHT.

There are several ways of dealing with a dog fight, some of which are better than others. If either of the dogs is a bull-terrier, an excellent plan is to turn down the nearest side street and pretend not to see it; but this plan is not recommended if you are the owner of the dog which is being killed, or if you happen to be accompanied by your future wife, as it is conceivable that it might lower you in her estimation. Indeed she may even be so foolish as to imagine that you are afraid of the brutes!

Take the more heroic line, and decide to do your duty. Advance to the scene of carnage with medium-sized, firm steps. In the hope that the dogs will separate of their own accord, it will be as well to pause here and make a few casual remarks to the crowd before proceeding further. Ask in a loud and confident tone whether the owners are known; how long the fight has been in progress; whether there is no policeman in the neighbourhood; what the deuce you boys want; and any other questions of the same sort which may occur to you at the time.

If the dogs refuse to take advantage of the opportunity thus given them to escape, adopt a peremptory tone towards the mob, which should yet be tinged with consideration for their low estate. Remove your gloves languidly, and press them without emotion into the lady's hand, at the same time giving quiet but reassuring replies to the fears which she expresses for your safety. Nevertheless, do not fail to drop unmistakable hints that the danger is doubtless great, although you personally pay no heed to it.

When you again advance to the scene of combat in order to separate the dogs, you have the choice of several methods, most of which are so well known that they need not be recounted here. Being a bright intelligent person of quick perception, and possessing as you do an unrivalled insight into the character of men and dogs, you will of course perceive at once which method it will be best to adopt.

Now separate the dogs.

Having thus easily and coolly stopped the fight, put your hands in your pockets and retire from the ring with a smile on your face. Take little or no notice of the compliments, if any, paid you by the crowd, but go straight to the lady, claim your gloves from her, and at once begin to prattle calmly and in an unimpassioned manner about exterior things of no importance, as though you considered your achievement no more meritorious than alighting from a train,—*no matter what your own private thoughts on the subject may be.*

Stroll away from the battlefield by her side.

By attending closely to these accurate and minute instructions as to procedure and deportment, you will experience no difficulty in putting an end to the fiercest struggle which ever dogs did wage; and your calm and nonchalant bearing in the face of extreme peril cannot fail to make a most profound and lasting impression on the lady.

"TO NOROWAY O'ER THE FAEM."

IF WAGNER could only have remained at his so-called worst, or worst but one, what a career he might have had! He might even have been enthroned along with BIZET and GOUNOD in the popular bosom. But he was ambitious; he had an insatiable fancy for improving himself, and others; with results upon which I am not just now disposed to dwell.

In spite of the inhuman phantasy of its plot, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the work of WAGNER'S early days when he knew no better, contains melody on melody of an unforgettable charm, of a tenderness almost domestic in its human appeal. And you can see what unaffected pleasure he took in them; how he never tired of repeating them again and again just for joy of their sweetness. Yet already the menace of his future greatness hangs over him. We trace it in the terrific pause (foreshadowing *Tristan's* most superb triumphs in this kind) during which the action of the drama is hung up while *Senta* and the *Dutchman* stare point-blank at one another on their first meeting. And when they had so much to say! she, the bride (already promised by her father) who was to save the wanderer from the infernal nuisance of these seven-year trips at sea; and he, standing beneath his own portrait, the hero himself, the realisation of her love-dreams. And there they stick and stare interminably, without exchanging the smallest civilities. It is true that his appearance may have been a bit of a shock to her; for the portrait, ugly as it was, told a flattering tale, and the *Dutchman*, by an excusable confusion of ideas, had got himself up as the *Wandering Jew*. I could quite understand, by the look of him, how it was that he always failed to secure a really faithful wife during his periodical descents upon terra firma. All this may account for *Senta's* reticence, but does not explain his.

Indeed, I found him, all through the opera, lacking in initiative and agility. For a man with his reputation as a Flier, he stood about too much; and in the rare intervals when he set himself in motion he started stiffly and continued with evident reluctance.

It began with his landing in the First Act. You would have thought that after a spell of seven compulsory years at sea he would have been glad to stretch his legs on shore; yet, after throwing off a carefully-prepared synopsis of the situation, he leans fixedly against a rock, paying not the smallest attention to a mariner on another ship (barely fifteen yards away), who challenges him through a speaking-trumpet. However, this may be explained by some flaw in the acoustic properties of the stage; for I noticed that the *Steersman* himself had slept all through the *Dutchman's* solo, which he sang quite loud.

The career of the *Flying Dutchman* is too removed from common experience to touch the emotions very deeply, but there is something very heart-breaking in the final and quite prosaic statement that falls from his lips at the moment of embarcation:—

Den fliegenden Holländer nennt man mich!

(I am known as the *Flying Dutchman!*) Here was the skipper who had had the *Dutchman's* portrait painted, framed and all, on his wall, and knew it by heart; here were all these spinning women who had sat under it and thrown up their work every afternoon for years on the same old excuse—that they wanted to hear the ballad of his woes sung just this once more; here was *Erik*, who had seen him in a bad dream the night before last; here was *Senta*, who had thought and dreamed of nothing else for years, and now, with open eyes and a very perfect acquaintance with his past, was prepared to share his fate and be his *Flying Dutch;* and then he has the face to tell her before them all, "Thou knowest me not, nor thinkest who I am!" and to spring his name on them as a surprise! No wonder *Senta* felt hurt and threw herself off the landing-stage (not a cliff, as the "Argument" says) in pure chagrin.



"THE REALISATION OF HER LOVE-DREAMS."

HERR VAN ROOY . . . *The Flying Dutchman.*
FRL. DESTINN . . . . *Senta.*

I gather from the musical critics that Herr VAN ROOY, *comme tous les Rois*, can do no wrong. Yet I thought that he addressed himself too much and too directly to the audience (even as I write I seem to be looking down his throat), and in the landing-stage soliloquy he was almost pedantic in his effort to enunciate every word distinctly and forcefully, as if he were conscious of the presence of a reporter at the back of the gallery. I cannot believe that the ideal *Flying Dutchman* would ever address the elements with so conscientious a precision.

After seeing "Mlle." DESTINN as *Madama Butterfly* I confess to being disappointed with "Frl." DESTINN in the part of *Senta*. Certainly she was happier as a Frenchwoman singing Italian in a Japanese opera, than as a German singing German in a Norwegian music-drama. Her voice was always a delight, and she sang the famous Ballad with equal sweetness and strength; but her acting was restrained almost to the point of mere negation. Perhaps she was put off by her shining blue bodice, which was most unbecoming; or else the spectacle of her hero as a kind of Admiral Bogey unnerved her. Whatever the cause she was not her best self, and the acting of Frl. VON MILDENBURG as *Elizabeth* was still fresh in the memory of the audience. One had seen what subtlety of expression could be conveyed by the delicate play of eyes and hands in a part not more emotional than that of *Senta*. Still I preferred the immobility of Frl. DESTINN to the demonstrative excesses of Herr BURGSTALLER as *Erik*. In the Second Act, with the simplicity of its domestic interior, his melodramatic gestures were well outside the canvas.

Herr KNÜPFER, who played *Duland*, was at home with himself as a jolly jolly mariner, with his weather eye open for an eligible son-in-law. But he had a duller time than on the previous evening in *Tannhaüser*, when, as the *Landgrave*, himself a figure out of pantomime with a blue velvet skirt and a crown on the back of his head, he must have got a lot of quiet fun out of the quaint guests that assisted at his concert.

Herr NIETAN'S voice, as the *Steersman*, was perhaps a little thin in the lovely "*lieber Südwind*" air; but he naturally didn't want to wake the rest of the crew. The *Spinnenlied* went deliciously; and the whole company may regard it as a high compliment that this opera should have been selected for Dr. RICHTER'S farewell appearance on Saturday last.

Everybody's love goes with him to Bayreuth. O. S.

Latest Bully-tins from Chicago.

WHAT'S read in the book comes out in the Press.
All's beef that ends beef.
Many a knuckle makes a nickel.
Pto-mainy cooks spoil the broth.
Chemicals colour a multitude of tins.

FROM an advertisement:

"On Thursday next, sale of antique furniture, china, etc., the property of Mr. ——, deceased, and of Mr. ——, who have removed from their respective residences for the sake of the sale."



Village Constable (to Villager who has been knocked down by passing motor cyclist). "YOU DIDN'T SEE THE NUMBER, BUT COULD YOU SWEAR TO THE MAN?"
Villager. "I DID; BUT I DON'T THINK 'E 'EARD ME."

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

(Deduced from the Writings of our Feu'lletonists.)

THERE is a murdered Baron in every country-house library.

A colonel (British) is a melancholy man with a Past; but when he smiles his rare smile the young widow may begin to hope.

A colonel (foreign) is a worthless adventurer.

A solicitor is a fatherly, white-haired man, who makes a decent income by sorting out changelings. He subsists chiefly on hasty cold collations, served in the libraries of noble clients.

To qualify for hospital work in the East End a newly-married lady of title needs only (*a*) believe on rather shadowy evidence that her husband loves another, (*b*) attire herself in simple mourning, and (*c*) pack a few necessaries in a small black bag. N.B. Some authorities have it that she should in addition leave her rings on her dressing-table, with the exception of a plain gold band hung by a string from her neck; but this qualification is probably optional.

Brain fever (a complaint unknown to your doctor or mine, but the usual accompaniment of domestic trouble in the mansions of the great) will invariably baffle the skill of an ordinary practitioner; but a medical baronet, arriving by special train, can cure it by coughing dryly and endorsing the treatment prescribed by local talent.

A lachrymose wife is better (for the circulation of a daily paper) than a rose-bud garden of healthy-minded girls.

A villain, if of good family, will eventually die a hero's death in Africa (or wherever copper-coloured people happen to be giving trouble at the time of his tardy repentance).

A peer (newly married) is an unfortunate but faultlessly dressed individual who spends six months in the year hunting for his wife with the aid of incompetent detectives.

The proletariat consists solely of French maids and policemen.

Canned Candour.

PRESERVED MEATS IN GLASSES.

Every Glass is guaranteed absolutely pure, clean and wholesome.

WE EAT THEM OURSELVES!

That's the best recommendation we can give of their purity.

An Experiment in six-syllable Rhyme.

(Being an observation by "'ERB" to the driver of his *char-à-banc;* with an aside to his friend HENRY.)

WAS the night misty, charioteer?
'Tis why we kissed each HARRIET here.

* * * *

(Drop on my distich, HARRY, a tear.)

("La Granja, where King ALFONSO and his bride can, at last, say their '*Enfin seuls!*' was built . . by PHILIP THE FIFTH . . . It stands still, pretty much as it stood then, in the midst of a picturesque and arid desolation."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*)

IN these days of earthquakes and bombs it is something to know that a palace really does stand still.



MR. CHEVALIER, ON HIS RETURN TO THE "LEGITIMATE," SAYS FAREWELL TO HIS OLD ASSOCIATES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IN his article on MACREADY, one of four that make up *Monographs* (JOHN MURRAY), Sir THEODORE MARTIN incidentally mentions that his first meeting with the actor was "early in the spring of 1846." 'Tis sixty years ago and more, and even at that remote period the author was in his 30th year. He is, in truth, only twelve months younger than Waterloo, and during all those years has warmed both hands before the fire of life. Happy circumstances brought him into personal contact with most of the people who during the last seven decades have won and held front places on the varied stages of Literature, the Drama, Art and Politics. Forty years ago, THEODORE MARTIN was a contributor to *The Quarterly Review*. From its pages he disinters articles on DAVID GARRICK, MACREADY and Baron STOCKMAR, supplemented by one on RACHEL, which appeared in *Blackwood* at the comparatively recent date 1882. They are not exactly literature, and if there was about the time of their birth anything in the nature of a glow it has meanwhile faded. But they are clearly-written narratives of the principal events in the career of each, recalling figures which to the present generation are antique. Sir THEODORE rescued from the letters of the Hogarthian critic LICHTENBERG a vivid pen-and-ink sketch of GARRICK on the stage. It is well worth preserving. We are reminded that HELEN FAUCIT, who subsequently became Lady MARTIN, made her first footing on the stage under MACREADY'S management. On February 15, 1838, she played *Pauline* in *The Lady of Lyons*. Sir THEODORE bitterly comments on the morbid egotism of MACREADY who took all credit to himself, "as if the *Pauline* of the young actress to whom the first success of the play and its ultimate hold on the stage were mainly due had been of no account." The article on STOCKMAR is notable for quotation of what, as far as I remember, is the worst line purporting to be verse ever written by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN'S predecessors on the pathway of Parnassus. In a poetic epistle addressed to STOCKMAR he is hailed as

"Friend, round whose dim eyes hypochondria's snakefolds so closely
Coil, that thy spirit is vexed dreaming of blindness to be."

STOCKMAR did not long survive this.

Readers of Mr. BELLOC'S *Path to Rome* will remember that, whenever the author came to a dull bit of road, he used to tell them a little story—in order to keep them interested until the scenery brightened. Mr. D. C. CALTHROP takes up the idea in his latest book, *King Peter* (DUCKWORTH & Co.). The story opens with *Peter's* birth, the idea having occurred to Mr. CALTHROP to give a chapter to each year of his life. Now a hero cannot have many adventures until he is of an age to wield a sword or fall in love; accordingly people tell *Peter* stories while he grows up. In this way the fourth and fifth, the ninth and twelfth years are past. Very pleasant stories they are too; in *Peter's* kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, they knew how to tell a tale. *Peter's* own adventures, when he comes to them, are conceived in the right romantic spirit. I need only mention that he would walk with the "seneschal" in a "houppelande," for you to see the sort of fellow he was. (Much magic in the word seneschal.) Altogether this is a delightful book.

The Enemy in our Midst dilates
On our peril from strangers within our gates,
And the author, Mr. WALTER WOOD,
Rubs it in—for his country's good.
He sees, with lurid prophetic eyes,
London teeming with German spies,
Ready to mass at a word, and hand
Britain forthwith to the Fatherland.
The word is given, the aliens drill,
Guns are planted on Primrose Hill,
And London awakens in blank dismay
To find there's the very deuce to pay.
But, though he gives it his country hot,
Mr. WOOD is a patriot;
He's not the man to permit the foe
To get the best of it; Heavens, no!
The fleet arrives, and it's three times three
For the Union Jack and the KING'S Navee:
And feats of strategy (somewhat loose
In the matter of detail) *pay* the deuce.
N.B.—There's some love to relieve the killings.
LONG is the publisher; price, six shillings.

For downright pleasantness a fresh, simple charm and youthful enthusiasm—I recommend *The Traveller's Joy*, by ERNEST FREDERIC PIERCE. Never has Mr. ARROWSMITH'S symbol of a small Cupid forging the heads of his deadly missiles, which is placed on the title-page of all the books issued from the Bristol Press, appeared with more appropriateness; for *The Traveller's Joy* is a love-story in the old-fashioned sense of the term, and I have never read a better. One is in the happiest company all the time—as one should be in an inn so named. May it be mine some day to find a shelter there too, and some of Mr. PIERCE'S pretty people under the same roof!



GREEN PARK—MIDDAY.

"Mummy, what a lot of sick people! Do you think they all had tinned meat for breakfast?"

THE PAUPER'S PARADISE.

["Recent revelations point to Poplar as the pauper's paradise."—*Daily Paper.*]

I used to be haunted: a phantom of dread
Would hover o' nights round my terrified bed—
The phantom of Age with a banking account
That had dwindled away to a minus amount.

Then bitter would rise the regrets in my heart
That I'd ever been lured by the sirens of Art
To dally with letters and fool away time
In the idle pursuit of the frivolous rhyme.

Why, why had my footsteps been suffered to stray
From the land of red tape and of regular pay,
With annual increments, pensions that flow
To elderly parties of sixty or so?

But glorious news has been brought to my ear—
Away with you, sorrow! avaunt, craven fear!
The phantom that filled me of old with affright
Has now been transformed into one of delight.

I hear there's a haven of plenty at hand,
Where the pauper may feast on the fat of the land,
And whoso would enter its generous gates
Has nothing to do but to go on the rates.

No hectoring Bumbles are there to confound
The pauper—it's rather the other way round;
For there he is king, and he's able to boo
The master, the cook, and the guardians too.

Is he ragged? They hasten to bring him new suits
And soft undergarments and beautiful boots.
Is he hungry? They give him the best of good cheer
Beef—not from Chicago—and barrels of beer.

As for work, he is only expected to take
A turn now and then, just for exercise' sake;
Or, should he be fond of the fashions, a chap
May drive round the park in a smart little trap.

Then, Penury, welcome! Old Age, speed me fast
To the pleasantest place where one's lines can be cast;
And help me, dame Fortune, to struggle to port
By hook or by Crooks to this Poplar resort.

"Miss ——'s trousseau was of great beauty, being of cream satin embroidered in silver shamrocks and oak leaves."
Irish Daily Telegraph.

There is precedent for this. Duke Bailey, it will be remembered, had golden boots and silver underclothing, while

"Duke Humphry, as I understand,
Though mentally acuter,
His boots were only silver, and
His underclothing pewter."

REFLECTIONS ON THE TURF

regarded as England's great source of "joy in widest commonalty spread" (Wordsworth).

England, I hear your health is simply rotten,
That you have lost your old prehensile clutch
On popular ideals, and forgotten
Those common faiths of which a single touch,
Sharp as a pin,
Was warranted to keep the nation kin.

They tell me how a gulf as deep as Ocean
Divides us, class from class, and kind from kind;
That as a race we cease to share emotion,
Nor can you simultaneously find
The self-same flutter
Of pulses in a palace and a gutter.

I'll not believe it. I refuse to credit
That view of England's vitals gone amiss;
I say—and other optimists who edit
The Sporting Press will bear me out in this—
One thing remains
That fires the universal heart and brains.

It is The Turf! Ah! There you have a passion
Which all, without respect of caste, may blow
Their time, their talents, and their ready cash on,
Conscious of myriad types, for weal or woe,
Sharing their lot,
According as the Favourite wins or not.

Yon Arab imp that, having staked his dinner,
Borrows a *Star* to find he's won a bob—
Not Midas, with a "monkey" on the winner,
Feels in his fatted heart a livelier throb!
He and the boy
Thrill with an indistinguishable joy!

Is it not odd that hitherto no poet
Has thought to mention how, with lord and serf,
Whether they plunge thereon, or rest below it,
There is no equaliser like the Turf?
Whatso our claim,
The Starting Price is one, and Death the same.

O. S.

THE REFORMATION OF SOCIETY.

[While appreciating the fearlessness of the John Knox *de nos jours*, *Mr. Punch* still clings to the belief that the class which he attacks is more dull and stupid than vicious.]

Dearest Daphne, With strawberries and cream, roses, *mousseline-de-soie*, and garden-parties, comes the yearly effort to reform us and make us better boys and girls. This year the effort seems to be an unusually *earnest* and *stirring* one. Norty Vavassor went to hear one of the sermons, and tells me it was "worthy of John Knox." He evidently meant that for praise, but, as I've never heard the Rev. Mr. Knox preach, I can't be certain on the point. I've not been able to go to hear any of the sermons yet, but what I've read about them makes me feel (I wouldn't own it to any one but you, my Daphne) quite a little bit *serious*. And then, of course, one can't help admiring anyone who stands up and speaks his mind without fear or favour. But do we quite *quite* deserve all that is said of us? For instance, that there is "nothing real about us except our sins?" As for not being "real," I've always understood that ours is the only class that dares to *be* real and natural. We leave affectation and pretence to *ces autres* (those strange, outlying tribes, who are all "ladies" and "gentlemen," and "reverse" when they valse.) As to "sins," of course I've nothing to say on that subject. Except in church and sermons, it's a word that *isn't used.*

Du reste, there are *some* of us, who, so far from taking the preacher's words to heart or trying to *profit* by his warnings, are quite *pleased* that their little peccadillos should be condemned from the pulpit. Yesterday, as I was coming out of Olga Fitch's (oh, my ownest friend, if you could have seen the Ascot frocks she created for your Blanche!—especially the "emotional" one for Cup Day, a riot of rose-coloured chiffon, white ribbons, and white lace, meaning "I am joyous, for I have backed winners"), Trixie, Lady Lexington, who was whizzing past on her motor-cycle (Captain Mashem, as usual, in the trailer), slowed down when she caught sight of me and screamed out, "Blanche, dearest, have you heard the news? My little Free-and-Easies in Hill Street have been *pointedly* referred to in the last Reformation Sermon. Isn't it lovely? I feel two inches taller. I've had such heaps of congrats. by 'phone and wire—haven't I, Baby?"—this to Captain Mashem. She wound up with "To be *photographed* is *good*, to be *paragraphed* is *better*, but when you've arrived at being *preached about*, my dear girl, you've *got right there!*" and she was off again.

I hear that Lady Thistledown, who happened by some chance to be in town the other Sunday, went to church and heard a Reformation Sermon, in which an unmistakable allusion was made to the Thistledown and Hurlingham case. Poor little woman, she turned quite faint (she's been a bit dotty and given to fainting ever since the *cruel* ordeal she went through last autumn in the Law Courts) and had to go out and be revived in the porch. We were all so sorry for her, when we heard of it. She was at the Bosh Tresyllyans' last night, looking distractingly sweet, but rather pensive and fragile. Everyone was congratulating her on her approaching marriage to Tommy Hurlingham.

Babs is particularly hurt at our being told that we "have no sense of religion," working as hard as we do for Charity. She says it's enough to make anyone vow never to act in another Charity Play, or sing at a Charity Concert, or sell at a Charity Bazaar. She also says, with regard to the preacher having predicted, with sorrow, that any little shortcomings which some of us may occasionally be guilty of "will percolate through the classes right down to the masses," that "from his point of view that prospect ought to be all right, and should lead to what he would call our *conversion*, for it's quite certain that when our manners and customs come to be adopted by Brixton and Clapham *we* shall have done with them for ever."

This is what Babs says, but I'm beginning to think that she is just a bit frivolous and superficial, my dear, and has an illogical mind.

Adieu, ma toute chérie,
Ever thine, Blanche.

P.S. Of course, it *does* seem sad that "the West End Churches are empty." But is it *all* our fault? Sunday is such an *impossible* day for church. About the *fullest* day of the seven. And besides, we're hardly any of us in town. If the services could be changed to a more convenient day, say Tuesday, when we're all back from Week-ending, I'm sure we'd simply *roll up*, especially if a Reformation Sermon were on the programme.

We are sure that the writer of the following passage quite meant to be loyal, but he got his words wrong:

"There was only one thing lacking to make the Ascot meeting of 1906 one of the most brilliant in its brilliant history. This was the absence of the Queen."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

In the Social column of *The Drogheda Argus* men will be sorry to read that "Flower hats are to be fashionable, and some say that the corset shirt has come to stay." In fact it has come to stays.



"FATED TO BE FREE."

C.-B. "I'M AFRAID YOU DIDN'T QUITE CATCH MY MEANING, JOHN. WHEN I SAID YOU *MIGHT* BE FREE IF YOU LIKED, I MEANT THAT YOU'VE JOLLY WELL *GOT* TO BE!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER'S telegram congratulating us on the death of BAMBAATA has miscarried.

Our Government has explained to the German Government that in the projected *Entente* with Russia German interests are not aimed at. Fortunately, however, as a nation we are poor marksmen.

The first period of the Naval Manœuvres has definitely proved that Great Britain can meet a sudden and unexpected emergency with celerity and success. Our preparations, however, are of course not directed against the anticipated attack of any definite foe, and there is therefore no occasion why Venezuela, for instance, should take umbrage.

One of the Labour Members stated last week that when he was returned at the head of the poll he was kissed by many ladies. Thank Heaven, whatever else may be said about our women-folk, it can never be said that they lack the courage of their tastes.

"The ladies were, of course, very much in evidence during ASQUITH week," says a careless contemporary.

Motorists are still expressing their indignation at a recent disgraceful incident when one of their number, because he could not pay a fine at once, was taken to prison, and forced to don ugly convict garb in the place of his becoming goggles and motor coat.

And the fuss made by the Kensington Borough authorities because so many lamp-posts have been knocked down by motor vehicles is declared to be most unjust. If the authorities choose to place the lamp-posts so near to the motor-track they must take the risk.

The statement in a contemporary: "The general angling season has begun, and coarse fishermen are flocking to all the southern rivers," has given great offence. Anglers declare that their language will compare favourably with that of golfers or any other body of sportsmen.

It is rumoured that Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR, the author of *The Jungle*, is at work on a new novel on the subject of the War Stores Scandals, and that the name of the book is to be *The Bungle*.

The Professors at the Cornell Medical School are puzzled over the case of a patient who changes colour whenever the atmospheric conditions alter. It is thought possible that he may have partaken of Potted Chicken made from chameleons.

In consequence of medical strictures a new form of stocking-suspender for children is about to be placed on the market. After being fastened to the stockings, it passes twice round the waist, once over the shoulders, once round each arm, twice round the neck, and once over the head, and the strain is thus fairly distributed.

It seems only fair to caution ladies that the article by Dr. ELMER GATES in *The Annals of Psychical Science* on the Transparency of Bodies does not treat of the Peekaboo blouse.

The experiment of stocking London parks with butterflies has proved a failure owing to the opposition of the sparrows, who object to over-crowding, and therefore destroyed the caterpillars. In any event the proposal that each butterfly should wear a brass necklet to show the park to which it belonged would have been difficult to carry out.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary to suggest that, if vessels containing drinking water be placed in a garden, birds will not take the fruit, as it is very often thirst that causes them to do so. It is, however, important, we understand, that plainly-written notices be attached to the fruit trees pointing out where the other refreshment may be obtained, and explaining that there is no option in the matter.

We fancy that after what has happened to a Mr. KRAUS, of Buda-Pesth, thefts of crocodiles will become less common. Mr. KRAUS broke into a Circus at night-time to steal a crocodile, but when, in consequence of Mr. KRAUS's squeals, assistance came, it was found that the crocodile was stealing Mr. KRAUS.

A gentleman last week accidentally trod on the toe of a bull-dog. The bull-dog then bit the gentleman's leg. Upon the gentleman remonstrating, the bull-dog explained that he held a theory that human beings cannot feel pain, and he referred the gentleman to Mr. E. K. ROBINSON.

Hostesses continue to experience difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of dancing men, and the trouble is apparently not confined to London. "The Hops in Kent: Serious Outlook," is the title of an article in *The Tribune*.

THE DOG'S NEW CALLING.

The Daily Mail, never at a loss to improve the shining hour, bases a leading article on a recent murder in a rural neighbourhood, and concludes with the following novel suggestion:—

"In many houses the women and children are left by themselves during the day owing to the husband's absence in the City, and there are consequently great possibilities for a bold thief, while the chance of detection and punishment is rather smaller than in the town. . . . The expediency of maintaining a dog for protection has been urged by many of our correspondents, and certainly these faithful friends of man will generally secure immunity from the worst type of tramp, who dreads a dog more even than he fears the police. But the dog should be of some strength and size, able to bite as well as to bark. Perhaps the Airedale, from his well-known courage and fidelity, is the best breed for house protection, though the bull-terrier runs him close."

Here at last we find adumbrated the true *métier* of the dog, and one more debt is added to the long roll which we owe to the enterprise and sapiency of the young seers of Carmelite Street. The dog is a protector—a leading article says so. We had all, of course, misunderstood him for so long. We had been looking upon him merely as one who won cups on the field of Waterloo; who pursued rabbits and foxes and stags; who led blind men through the streets, and ran behind carriages, and killed rats and worried cats. But now we know better. The dog is to be used to guard the house.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark,

some poet of the future maybe will sing, when the dog's new calling is firmly enough established.

Raising the Wind.

FROM a contemporary:—"A telegram received from Helston states that a German sailor has been handed over to the Navy authorities on a charge of stealing the *Breeze*."

IN a leaderette in the *Hull Times* the writer, after dwelling on the cheap foods freely imported into this country, and bemoaning certain forms of red tape that hamper the English farmer, ends up: "Are we straining at gnats and swallowing camels?" We shouldn't be a bit surprised.

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR HAIR RESTORER.—"WOOLLEY again to the fore."—*Cricket Headline.*



Young Innocent. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, DID I TREAD ON YOUR FOOT THAT TIME?"
Sweet Girl (very sweetly). "OH, NO, NOT *THAT* TIME!"

SEPTIC HINTS.

By a Sceptic.

["It is often difficult to avoid circumstances which involve a septic touch. What assurance is there of the cleanliness of the glass at refreshment bars; of the knife and fork at the *café?* What filth may linger in the chinks of the coin of the realm; what objectionable dirt may be left on the door handle?"—*The Lancet.*]

AFTER the repeated shocks which our respected contemporary has lately been dealing to the nerves of its readers, we think it necessary to draw up a few simple hygienic memoranda for public and domestic guidance.

ON RISING IN THE MORNING.

1. Don't take the water in, unless you are sure it has been distilled, treated with barium chloride and permanganate of potassium, and redistilled over $KHSO_4$ to fix any ammonia. If the housemaid does not possess this elementary chemical knowledge, decline to wash at all, and have an air-bath.

2. Use a new tooth-brush, or else have a fresh set of false teeth, each day—whichever you think is less dangerous.

3. Do your hair with your fingers—brushes and combs are simply deadly bacillus-traps.

4. Keep your soap, sponge and shaving tackle under an air-pump, to choke off the microbes.

5. Stop in bed.

ON TAKING BREAKFAST.

1. Don't read your letters or newspapers until they have been baked, saturated with a disinfectant, and put through the mangle. The Postmaster-General is most careless in these respects. Bills and circulars should be promptly sent into unlimited quarantine.

2. Refrain from eating any bacon, fish, kidneys, &c., over which the Public Analyst has not held an inquest, or eggs that have not been sat upon by the Coroner.

3. Keep your mouth closed throughout the meal.

ON GOING TO BUSINESS.

1. Refuse all change that may be offered you by booking-clerks or ticket-collectors; if you do not care to lose such sums, insist on having newly-minted coins handed you, wrapped up in sterilised cotton-wool.

2. Don't open any carriage doors yourself, but send for a properly certificated Hospital Nurse to perform this risky operation.

3. If you *must* go to a refreshment bar, take your own filter, glass ware and crockery with you, also assorted repartees to any comments made by the barmaid.

4. Stay, if possible, at home.

ON LUNCHING AT A CAFÉ.

1. Demand an interview with the proprietor and inquire if he has a clean bill of health.

2. Request to be shewn over the kitchen (using, of course, an aseptic respirator), and satisfy yourself that nothing tinned is to be found in the establishment.

3. Having thus filled up the luncheon hour, if necessary at various eating-houses, postpone your repast until your return to your own aseptic dinner table, by which time you will have lost such appetite as you may have had.

ON TAKING A HOLIDAY.

1. See that the district you select is thoroughly deodorised, deterged, and denuded of germs against your arrival.

2. Travel thither by balloon, having previously sent your obituary notice to the papers, and

3. Drop into the sea. If this doesn't cure you of any septic tendencies, we fear nothing ever will.

ZIG-ZAG.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 18.—A painful scene unexpectedly ruffled the feelings of crowded House gathered in anticipation of fight over Closure Resolution. Few Members more respected than JAMES ALFRED JACOBY. Honoured at home, he is a Member of the Town Council of Nottingham; has been High Sheriff of the County. His modest mien, his obliging nature, his intimate acquaintance with lace manufacture, have endeared him to four Parliaments.

When under the weight of other State cares MARK LOCKWOOD resigned the Chairmanship of the Kitchen Committee, the House with one accord turned to the Member for Mid-Derbyshire. It was conceded that he lacked the war-bronzed countenance of the gallant Colonel. Nor would he be anywhere in it in a competition for a prize for wearing hat at furthest angle at back of head without danger of losing it. These are, however, trifles which really have nothing to do with the administration of the Kitchen Department. They are mannerisms which a strong personality has associated with an honourable office. But they are not inseparable from its successful administration.

JAMES ALFRED came into office at a critical epoch. The old order had changed, giving place to new. The aristocrat had been *chassé* from Westminster by the democrat. The old *7s. 6d.* dinner was no longer marketable. What was wanted is known in the season at Margate, Southend-on-Sea, and other fashionable resorts as "A Bob a Nob;" *Anglicè*, a shilling a head per meal. To that problem the new Chairman of the Kitchen Committee set himself with a tireless devotion, an intelligent appreciation of the situation, and an ability to command it, unsurpassed in combination. The shilling dinner provided for hon. Members is a masterpiece of liberality, a mystery of ingenuity.

There is the rub. How can it be done at the price? Recent disclosures about Chicago packing sheds, shaking two hemispheres with apprehension, have quickened unworthy suspicion. Last week was darkened by rumour that something had happened. Dire discovery, it was said, had been made.



"JAMES ALFRED."
(Mr. J-c-by, Chairman of the Kitchen Committee.)

To-day the storm burst. JAMES ALFRED was brought up at Bar of House, formally charged with being a party to purveying, on behalf of the Kitchen Committee, a tin purporting to contain chicken, flaunting the label of one of the great packing houses of Chicago.

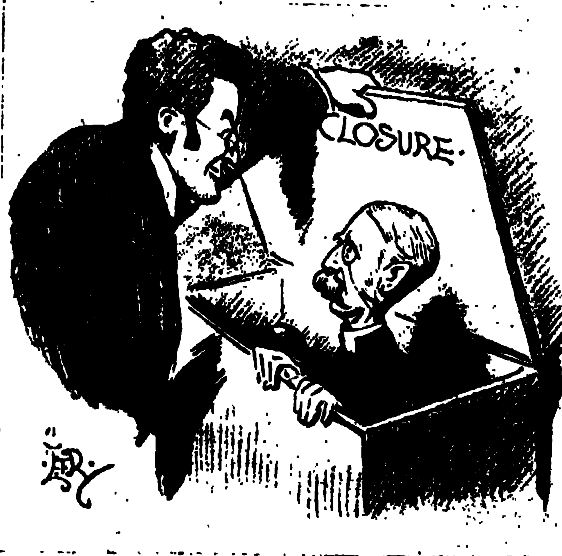
He met the charge with simple dignity. Did not deny the existence of the incriminating compound. But how it was dumped on the premises he knew no more than did King GEORGE how the apple got into the dumpling. He might mention that the delicacy had been served, not at the table of Ministers or private Members, but upstairs, in the dining-room of the Press Gallery. House obviously relieved at this information. A reporter more or less carried off by corrosive chicken, though a regrettable incident, was not irreparable. Still, the contiguity was unpleasant. It was, as ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS once acutely remarked, "opening the door to the thin end of the wedge." If Chicago canned chicken were permitted to flutter through the Press Gallery dining-room, it might come home to roost where Members sat at meat.

In voice trembling with honest emotion JAMES ALFRED protested that the Kitchen Committee "purchased only the best joints," and of them dispensed solely the primest cuts. Promising that strict enquiry should be made into the circumstances, he was released on his own recognisances.

Business done.—Agreed to closure Education Bill so as to get it through somewhere about mid-July.

Tuesday night.—House sat till half-past two this morning wrangling over Closure Rules. Confession made at Table that in succession of Divisions strange things happened. Member for East Kerry described how, hearing the Division bell clang, and believing it summoned to settlement of question of Closure, he voted in the "No" Lobby. After he passed the Tellers, discovered that he had assisted in negativing a favourite amendment relating to Part IV. of Education Bill.

Not a moment to be lost. Under new regulations a Member of impartial mind may—as LOULOU pointed out when recommending his new scheme to favour of House—vote in both Lobbies in succession. If prejudice hold him enchained he may vote twice in



MR. CH-NN-NG AS THE "PRIVATE SECRETARY."
"Do you know I'm taking quite a dislike to you!"

the same Lobby. Remembering this, Mr. MURPHY girded up his loins, got round to the "Aye" Lobby, and had his vote there recorded.

The worst of it was that the secret would be out on circulation of the Division List in the morning.

One potato may be like another, but it happens that we have only one MURPHY in the present House, and, being scarce, we could not afford to have him dispersing himself over two Lobbies. Thing to do was to take Teller into his confidence, get him to strike his name out of "No" List.

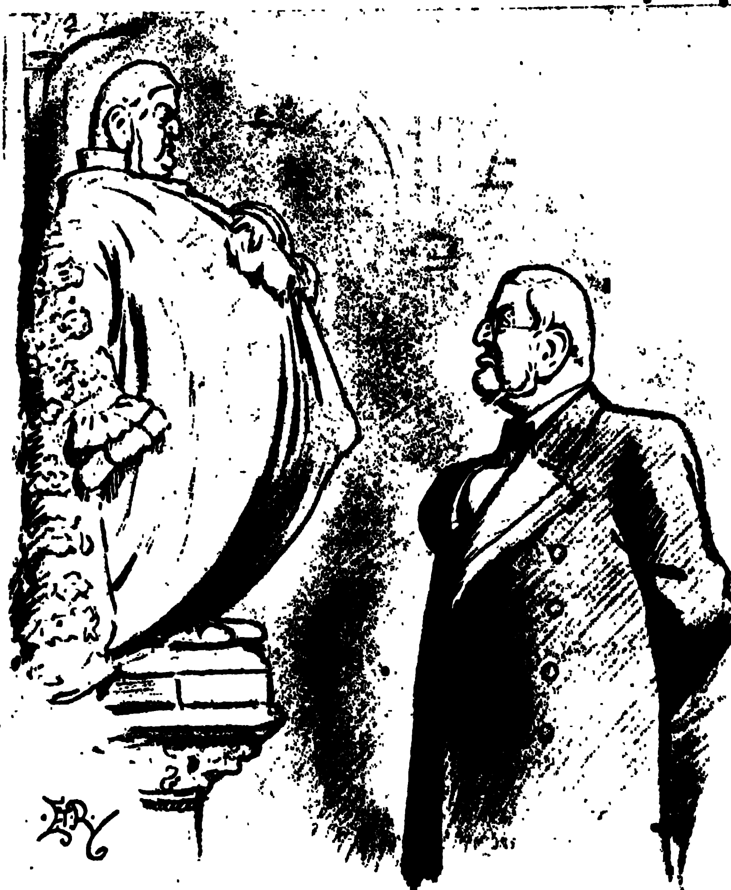
Teller awkwardly obdurate.

"What I have told, I have told," he said, grimly.

Mr. MURPHY is Chairman of the local Gaelic Athletic Club. In contributing biographical notes to one of the Parliamentary compilations, he proudly records that he "has beaten a Member of the Central Executive of the Garrick Athletic Association." Should he add to renown by hustling the obdurate Teller? On reflection, concluded he had better not. What passed in East Kerry for little fraternal pleasantry would at Westminster be regarded as assault and battery. Walking home in the roseate flush of the break of a June day, he concluded nothing left for him but to make clean breast of affair as soon as SPEAKER took the Chair at afternoon sitting.

This pretty well to begin with. But resources of Ireland are illimitable. Honours of the day should not exclusively crown East Kerry—not if West Cavan could help it. Perturbed Mr. MURPHY had barely resumed his seat when up got Mr. KENNEDY.

"I desire to say, Mr. SPEAKER," observed the Member for West Cavan, pride in his port, exultation in his eye, "that I also voted in both Lobbies about half-past two o'clock this morning."



"HOW WE TREAT OUR HEROES."

A Great Parliamentarian. "Is *that* intended for *me?!* What an exceedingly quaint little person!!"



ONE OF THE "SEVEN."
(Lord M-rp-th.)

Evidently something must be done. Epidemic of this new form of cross-voting threatened. SPEAKER, hastily interposing, gave directions that names of the two Members should be preserved for the meditation of posterity in the particular Division List with which on reflection each desired to be associated.

Business done. With sympathetic assistance of guillotine, Clause 2 added to Education Bill.

Friday night.—Influenced by far-reaching tradition, House of Commons is capable of maintaining appearance of studious gravity in circumstances however absurd. *Dick Swiveller's* friend the *Marchioness*, "making believe" when she had no lemon peel wherewith to flavour her home-made beverage, would be no match for hon. Members in analogous circumstances. But, really, the attempt at pitched battle round the Ministerial proposal to closure Education Bill too much for their trained patience.

In obedience to summons from Whips, came down on Monday in numbers that for the first hour of sitting gave House animated appearance. But when C.-B. read a statement showing how, whilst it was wrong to erect the guillotine in Committee on the Education Bill of 1902, it was not only correct but patriotic to set it up in Committee of the Education Bill of 1906; when PRINCE ARTHUR, following, worked himself into outburst of almost genuine passion in the course of demonstrating beyond contradiction that, whereas in 1902 no statesman who had the best interests of the country at heart could sleep in his bed o' nights till he had closured Opposition to the Education Bill, such a step taken in the year of grace 1906 in respect of another Education Bill was a dark unholy deed, branding the brow of the Minister responsible for it with indelible mark of guilt - these things done, Members on both sides, yawning, strolled forth. Did not return till the Division bell clanged, when, as we have seen, two of them attempted to put things straight by voting twice in divergent Lobbies.

As MEMBER FOR SARK says, admitting the principle that it is the duty of the Opposition to oppose, all practical

purposes would have been served and business accelerated had C.-B. recited with the very few verbal alterations necessary Prince Arthur's speech on moving Closure Resolutions four years ago, Prince Arthur responding by reading from *Hansard* C.-B.'s indignant denunciation of the course then adopted. *Box* and *Cox* being thus both satisfied, the curtain might have fallen on the farce and the real play begun.

But they manage these things better at Westminster.

Business done. See Parliamentary report in morning papers.

A MIRACLE OPERA.

The idea of *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame* imposes itself as a novelty by force of a certain grotesque pathos in its incongruity. Yet there is nothing novel in the dedication of just any form of art as an act of worship. It is older than the dances of the Mænads, than the cymbals of the Corybantes; it is as old as religion itself. And when *Jean*, the jongleur-turned monk, sings his secular folk song and dances his heathen breakdown in honour of the Virgin, there is nothing more grotesque in this than, for instance, in the rude and tawdry tributes of the painter's art which disfigure so many Roman Churches, or to take a closer parallel in the employment, for Christian decoration, of such pagan motives of sculpture as are satirised by Browning in his poem *The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's*.

The opera calls itself a "Miracle in Three Acts." The alleged Miracle (which only occurred in one Act, the last) consisted in the movement of the statue of the Madonna, which stoops to bless her devotee; but the real miracle was that the statue kept still as long as it did. Its immobility, with whatever mechanical assistance, reflected the highest credit on the unnamed lady who played the part. This feminine element (the only one apart from the chorus) lent to the play a certain quality of romance; natural enough when one recalls the mediæval confusion between amatory and devout sentiment in the worship of the Madonna.

I suppose poor *Jean's* death was a necessity if he was to have a halo of electric light, but it seemed rather perfunctory. I have never seen a decently constructed man die from nervous exhaustion with so little excuse.

The motive of the play was too thin to be spread over three Acts. Perhaps the middle one was required to show how the various arts might be called into the service of religion, and so to lead up to *Jean's* unique performance, but it had to be spread out with stodgy dissertations on the respective merits of sculpture, painting and music. It ended, however, with a most delightful recitation by M. Gilibert, as *Father Boniface*, Master of the Allied Art of Cookery, who gave the legend of the Rose and the Sage (the vegetable, not the Champion of Bouverie Street) with the utmost felicity of voice and manner. *Boniface* by name, and *Boniface* by nature never has the physical rotundity of this charming singer of *chansons* had ampler scope in any *rôle* or under any title.

As far as M. Massenet, the composer, is concerned, the opera probably owed its existence to the opportunities which its theme afforded for the adaptation of early folk-songs and church music. And



M. Gilibert . . *Boniface.*
M. Laffitte . . *Jean le Jongleur.*

a good enough reason, too, if better ones were wanting; but the work must still fall under the head of Little, and not Grand, Opera. O. S.

"A Member of the Playbooers' Club" sends the following interesting item of green-room gossip. It seems that Mr. Bernard Shaw hit upon the idea of his new play when he was one day watching the dentist scene in his own drama *You Never Can Tell*. That is how *Shaw Achers* came to be written.

Small Boy (reading money article in paper). Pa, what does "slump in Can. Pacs." mean?

Pa. It means, my boy, that there is a falling off in the demand for Canned Packers.

Motto for the Public, suggested by the Beef Trust.—"To the pure all things are pure."

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The Cheap Sleep Cure.

(By Old Fulsome.)

Like the gifted author of *The Shingles of Pain*, whose sapiencies adorn *The Outlook*, I do not advise anyone to sleep out-of-doors in a town, for the cast-iron rules of a sophisticated civilisation interpose insuperable obstacles. But in the country, as Rabelais says, *c'est une autre paire de bottines;* nay more, it is one of the cheapest and healthiest luxuries imaginable. It is the simple life *in excelsis*. Out of doors all that the sleeper requires is space, solitude, turf, and a little eminence where there is a view. The best place of all is on an edge of land where you have nothing immediately in front of you but the air or the sea; and there is no better place for sleeping out than the grassy sloping verge of some great cliff, at the foot of which waves are breaking.

* * * * *

Having discovered such a spot, say at Beachy or the Great Orme's Head, you may then (after bestowing suitable *largesse* on the coast-guards) proceed to spread your bed upon it in this wise. Place on the ground a large green waterproof sheet eight feet square (the black-and-white check pattern commonly used for sponge bags must be rigorously avoided, as it tends to promote insomnia). Then lay along one half of it a portable cork mattress, six feet long by three feet six wide, and spread on this thick woollen blankets, supplemented, according to the season, by eider-down quilts, bear-skins, or chinchilla rugs, as many as you please, for I wish especially to insist on the cheapness of a couch in the open-air. The top one must be folded double and the flap turned down so that you can lie between its folds. Then place your pillow stuffed with hops and other carefully selected herbs of a narcotic quality at the top end of the mattress, and lay on the top of the folded blanket whatever other blankets, eider-down quilts, chinchilla, beaver, or bear-skin rugs may be necessary to keep you warm, and then fold the unoccupied half of the green waterproof sheet over the whole bed, and tuck its lower end underneath itself. You have then got a couchlet which will be impervious to dew or rain. But other considerations remain to be faced.

(1) A hot-water bottle being indispensable during most English summers, it is advisable to have a small gas stove supplied from the nearest meter within reach of your bed, in order to heat the water and incidentally, on occasion, serve as a beacon fire to belated mariners. The initial cost of the installation need not come to more than £50, for, as I cannot too often point out,

cheapness is one of the great charms of the *al-fresco* couch; but it is advisable to remove the stove every morning, and, of course, to replace it at night, a job requiring not more than two able-bodied porters, unless of course some suitable hiding-place or *cache* can be devised in the face of the cliff. The operation of letting down a heavy stove over the edge is rather dangerous, and on one occasion, when sleeping out at the cliffs of Moher in Co. Clare, owing to the snapping of a steel hawser I lost a fine incandescent Crossley 18 h.-p. internal-combustion stove which it was impossible to replace under a week.

(2) If you sleep on a bed like this, with your head exposed, it is as well to wear some kind of a silk or a talc helmet, or hatlet, that will come down well over the back of the neck and keep away the draughts and other insects. This has also the additional and æsthetic advantage of causing the sleeper-out to bear a partial resemblance to MR. HOLBEIN the famous Channel swimmer.

(3) All people are not able to sleep out-of-doors in the strong light of the early morning. There are some to whom darkness is an essential condition of sound slumber. For them something a little more elaborate, but still wonderfully simple, can easily and cheaply be arranged. Personally I recommend a canopy of black waterproofed silk or aquascutaneous satin, stretched on a framework of aluminium, supported by four Venetian masts. This will keep off rain and dew, and provide you with the necessary degree of darkness.

(4) On sultry nights it is dangerous to dispense with a punkah. This may be worked either by a punkah-wallah imported at a ridiculously low cost for the purpose; or, better still, by a small engine driven by your gas stove.

(5) One must not count upon a complete immunity from the embarrassing attentions of the four-footed creation. To guard, therefore, against the disconcerting curiosity of cows, donkeys, horses and goats—goats are often to be found in the neighbourhood of cliffs—your bed should be enclosed on three sides in a zareba or palisade of about twenty yards square, the fourth side being the face of the cliff. Split oak palings with barbed-wire entanglements are the best protection; but some sleepers prefer steel railings, which, when connected with an electric battery, enable one to administer a shock to any animal which rubs itself against them. The lowing of cattle and the shrieking of sea-fowl are at times a serious trouble to light sleepers, but strychnine, if judiciously scattered in the neighbourhood of the zareba, has a strangely pacifying effect.



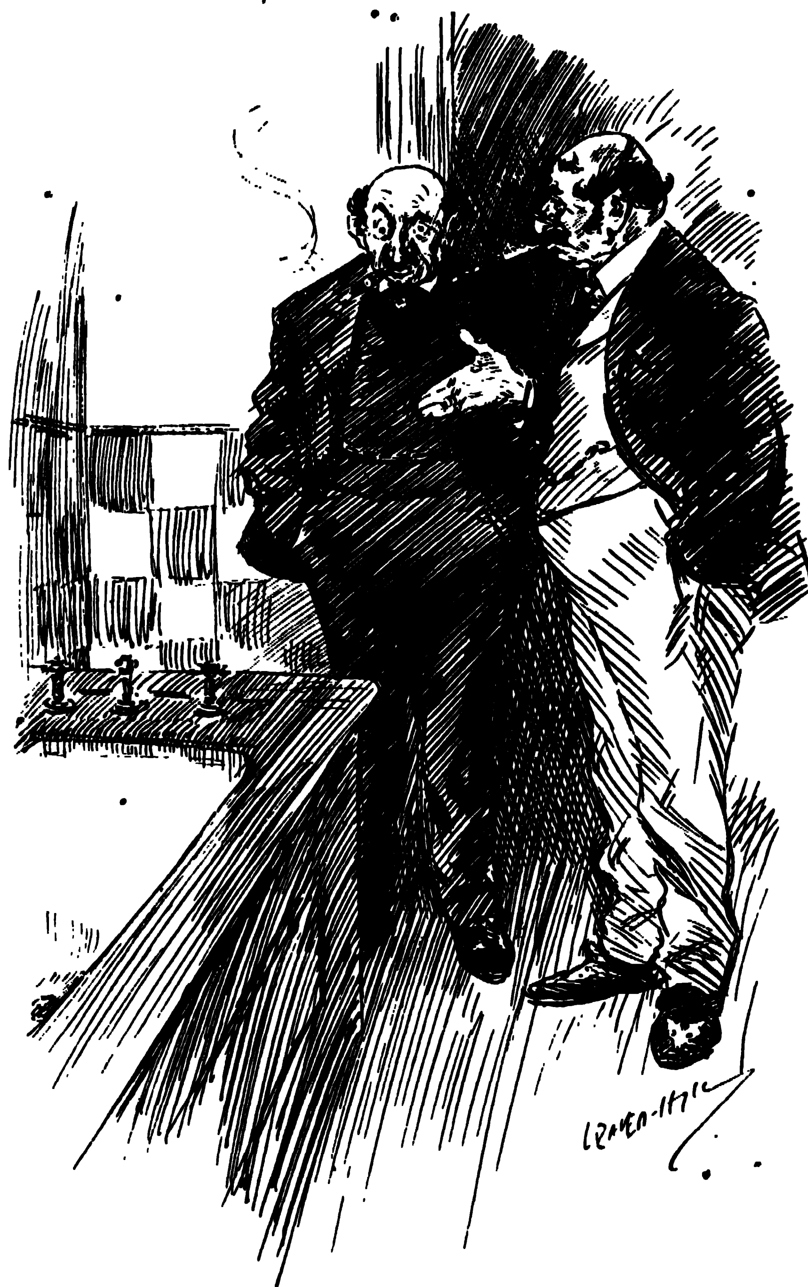
Lock-keeper (*hearing a squeaky rowlock, and looking out for a tip*). "SHALL I PUT SOME GREASE ON YOUR SCULL, SIR?"

"GREASE ON MY SKULL? NO, THANKS. I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING."

(6) If your bed is, as I have suggested, laid on a slope, there is always a danger in stormy weather of the entire thing—*die ganze Cabudel* as HEINE says—slithering over the cliff. I have also known cases of sleepers-out who were addicted to walking in their sleep, and one dear friend of mine disappeared at the Skelligs owing to this charming but perilous habit. As a protection against such a catastrophe, I have myself found it wisest either (*a*) to sleep in a suit of pyjamas so constructed—at not more than £5 5*s.* the suit—as to act as a parachute in case of my suddenly falling from a great height; or (*b*) to have my bed securely attached by a stout cable to a captive balloon, which can be hired for say £100 a week.

In conclusion I can only repeat that not only is sleeping out one of the cheapest luxuries in the world, but that waking-up, under the conditions I have described—with silk hatlet, green waterproof, &c.—is an experience of such sacred and ecstatic solemnity as completely beggars the resources of my vocabulary. I would add also that it lends a spice to the adventure if you are awakened by a cuckoo. In case of sleeplessness try Mother Seagull's Syrup.

Do as I have told you in my nervous English, and ever after bless the name of Old Fulsome.



EUREKA!

Isaacstein (late of Whitechapel, showing old friend over bathroom in new house). "What am I goin' to do with it? Vell, you see, I've always rather wanted a place where I could keep goldfish!"

TALKS WITH WORDS.

I. "Love."

I found her in the garden.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Quieter," she replied. "The spring, as usual, has been pretty bad, but I am getting over it now."

"They work you hard then?" I asked.

"Yes. No rest at all. All the poets do what they like with me, and I get so tired. They don't seem to be able to get on without me, especially the young ones."

"It was better in the old times?" I suggested.

"Oh yes! because then they wrote blank verse, and I was not tied down to old companions; but nowadays, when they all rhyme and call themselves lyrical, I am hopelessly tied to words I am sick and tired of. 'Dove,' for example, and 'above,' and, when the poet is not so serious, 'glove.' But think of the fatigue of it! To spend all one's days arm-in-arm or hand-in-hand with these words!"

I sympathised, but had the grace to confess I also had been guilty.

"You don't look as if you would do it again," she answered—rather cruelly, I thought.

"But it's not 'dove' and 'glove' and 'above,'" she continued, "that I dislike most. It's the others."

"The others?"

"Yes; those, although boring, are all right; tiring, perhaps, but well bred, perfectly bred. It's the impostors I can't stand, the parvenus: 'move' and 'grove' and 'prove.' I have to take their arms quite as often as the others, and it hurts me horribly."

"Poor thing!" I murmured.

"Not only on week-days," she went on, "but on Sundays too. I hardly ever go to church without 'move' or 'prove' to make me uncomfortable."

I sympathised with more confidence, for I have never written a hymn.

"But I must not be too hopeless," she continued, "for it's better than it used to be. Would you believe it, in the sixties and seventies I was often made to join hands with such outsiders as 'of' and 'whereof!' But that's gone out now."

"Still, after so much experience, aren't you growing hardened?" I asked "philosophic?"

"I ought to be, I suppose," she said, "but it's not easy. I still dread the Spring, and I never hear a man groan but I shudder. 'Here's another poet,' I say to myself: 'now for it.'"

I secretly hoped I had not groaned.

"Yet it's no good minding or worrying," she continued. "For there's no way out of it. Except one," she added.

"And that is?" I asked.

"Only if someone would invent a few new rhymes. Couldn't that be done? You have an English Academy now, I hear. Couldn't they do it? I do so want a fresh partner now and then."

And promising to try to help her, I withdrew.

II. "Truth" and Another.

She came towards me rather dubiously, as though not sure of her reception.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Truth," she said.

I apologised for not having realised it.

"Never mind," she said, wearily, "hardly anyone knows me. I'm always having to explain who I am, and lots of people don't understand then."

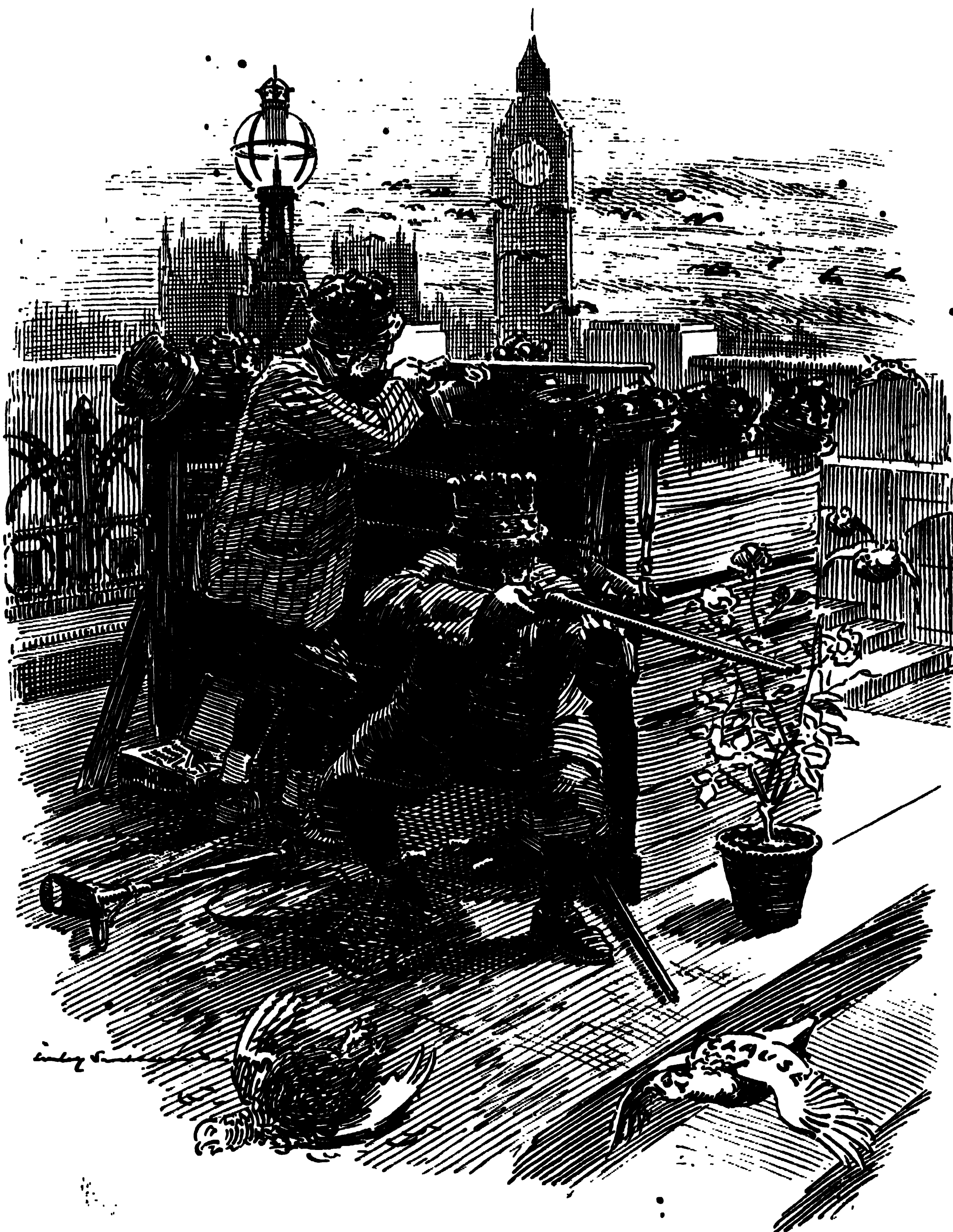
A little later I met her, as I thought, again.

"Well, I shan't make any mistake this time," I said. "How are you, Miss Truth?"

"You are misinformed," she replied, coldly; "my name is Libel."

"But you're exactly like Truth," I exclaimed—"exactly!"

"Hush!" she said.



AUTUMN GAME PROSPECTS.

[Parliament will reassemble in October, when the Lords will deal with the Education Bill.]



Gentleman (to Irish Ostler, who has brought out their horses). "THAT'S MY HORSE."
Ostler. "YES, SORR, OI KNOW THAT; BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHICH OF THE TWO WAS THE OTHER GINTLEMAN'S, SORR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Hector Bracondale, the hero of Mrs. GLYN's new novel *Beyond the Rocks*—"a love story" (DUCKWORTH)—was rather a fellow. He had been educated at Eton and Oxford, served for some time in the 4th Life Guards, had been an attaché at St. Petersburg, went in for big-game hunting, thrashed a man within an inch of his life with a heavy hunting-crop, and in his spare moments was called "*Mon cher Bracondale*" by the pretty American widow. If you had wanted to write to him in the proper style you would have addressed the envelope: "The Lord Bracondale, Bracondale Chase, Bracondale." It will be noted that Mrs. GLYN strikes out a line of her own. The ordinary Peer, educated at Giggleswick and Liverpool, an ex-Volunteer and a chaser of the butterfly on the Sussex Downs, is not for her. *Hector* was in love with *Theodora*, who was the wife of *Josiah Brown* the Australian millionaire. (Some people have the gift of names.) It is merely a question when *Josiah* dies. As a matter of history I may say that it occurs on p. 316. Kind friends, please accept this the only intimation. I nearly forgot poor, foolish, handsome, light-hearted, well-groomed, debonair *Captain Fitzgerald*—another retired Guardsman. He was *Theodora's* father; and, when the pretty widow (she who talked about "*Mon cher Bracondale*") invited him to dinner, he "acceded to her request with his usual polished ease." None of your off-hand "Don't mind if I do" about him; something in French, probably. This reminds me that there is a nice French word on each page—simple, yet not *bourgeois*. Mr. C. K. SHORTER calls Mrs. GLYN "our leading novelist of modern manners." Myself I do not like the modern manner, and I prefer my "love stories" some other way. Statisticians and such people, however, would do well to read it in conjunction with *The King's English*, that was recently reviewed in these columns.

In *The Uphill Road* (Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL)
Miss E. C. RUTHVEN has much to say
Of the charm of Nice, and she tells it all
In a wholly distinguished, delightful way.

But local colour won't make a book,
And the author, in writing this, forgot,
Or at least was inclined to overlook
That somewhat essential thing, the plot.

There's a girl who vows that she'll never wed;
She falls in love, and she keeps her vow
That's all—but she's worried you off your head
Before you get at the why and how.

And round her hover a varied crowd,
All truthfully pictured, without a doubt,
But all too ready to think out loud,
And talk when they've nothing to talk about.

The Duke of Argyll's Autobiography (JOHN MURRAY) is a valuable addition to the political memoirs that have within the last eighteen months enriched literature and illumined

history. The Eighth Duke of Argyll's personal knowledge of political events goes back to 1840, in which year he accompanied his father, who was about to take his seat in the House of Lords on succession to the peerage. Now, as then, the eldest sons of peers, sharing the privileges of Privy Councillors, are permitted to hear debates in the Lords, standing on the steps of the Throne. The late Duke of Argyll recalls a time, sped more than sixty years, when peers and their eldest sons had four benches assigned to them on the floor of the House of Commons, close to the Bar on a level with Members. These have long ago been swept away, noble Lords surveying the scene from the Gallery over the clock, their sons and heirs ranking as ordinary strangers. From this coign of vantage the Duke began that close, shrewd, survey of men and affairs maintained to the end of a long and busy life. As a Parliamentary speaker he rose to the rare height of oratory, commanding attention even among an audience gathered in the chilly atmosphere of the House of Lords.

One thing that added interest to his speeches was that no one knew in advance what he might be going to say. As a rule it was safe to prognosticate that he would differ from one political party without disguising his conviction that the other was no better than it should be. If he had a foible it was omniscience. "Mere names cannot deceive me," he wrote when barely out of his teens. "The Conservatives have failed to see what is really best worth conserving. Liberals have failed to see what the most sacred of all popular rights demands of them." Thus the young Marquis of Lorne examined, whipped, and dismissed the two great parties of the State. It was a mental attitude that prevailed to the end. In a sublunary sphere there was only one human being who was always right, a pleasing condition of life saddened by the persistent blundering of political friends and foes alike. From first to last the Duke hated Dizzy. His admiration and esteem for Gladstone born in early life proved less permanent.

Among the best things in a fascinating book are the thumbnail sketches of public men with whom he came in contact. They tempt to quotation, but they are many and the "Booking-Office" is small. Here is one that seems to throw a new light on Sydney Smith—"He was a bulky man, with a large and powerful head, a curved nose, and a tremendous chin." The Dowager Duchess of Argyll has earned the gratitude of mankind by opening this peep into the inner history of English political and social life since the early days of the reign of Queen Victoria.

ODE

To a Stuffed Gorilla of Enormous Proportions.

Thou monstrous Effigy! O stuft and stark!
O Thou whom Nature callously designed
In man's rough favour for a brutal lark—
Which might be funny, but was far from kind—
Lord, when I see that shape
I gasp, I stand agape,
Wond'ring if Thou art man, or I a brawnless ape.

I may not sing the beauties of thy face
Because there are none; gnarled Thou art, and bent;
Massive, I grant Thee, yet for perfect grace
Something o'er-cumbrous, something too distent
Of corporation, hey?
A bland and gracious trait
In man—with Thee it seems to act the other way.

But tho' we hold Thee plain (that love the Greek)
Thou hast a something; in thy native parts
I doubt not thy magnificent physique
Was well esteemed; and many Simian hearts
Have thrilled, with soft alarms,
To view those homely charms,
And pined to lie in fold of thy colossal arms.

Nay, and Thou too hast loved. If men say truth,
Thou hadst a swart and favourable bride;
Misguided One! She took Thee for a youth
Of fondest beauty; and, upon thy side,
Thou wouldst proclaim her fair
Beyond all others there;
And, by the gods, you must have been a bonny pair!

Haply that frozen snarl whereat men quail
Has ofttimes thawed when on thy teeming pile,
Wifely, she dallied with the nimble nail—
Nay, even worn a rudimentary smile
In such fond hours to see
Thy child, in artless glee,
Scragging some hapless prey, or shinning up a tree.

Yes, Thou wert loved. To-day thy widow weeps,
Thine heir bemoans an amiable sire:
We only, conscious of some inkling creeps,
Stuffed as Thou art, are awed while we admire:
E'en now I darkly fear
Lest I approach too near;
Alive, I certainly, for one, had not been here.

And what about thy murderer? What of *him*?
What spurred the idiot to that fatal shot?
He was not thinking, or the light was dim,
Or something; for in goodly sooth I wot,
Had he foreknown his Deed,
He would have paid less heed
To a true aim than to a first-class turn of speed.

Nay, but I see it all. Methinks he moved
In pensive error through a tropic glade
With thickest foliage loftily enrooved;
When, gazing upwards on the vaulty shade,
Lo, through a tiny chink,
A patch of fur did wink,
As tho' some small, small beast had gone aloft to think.

He had not fired—so tiny 'twas to view,
He had not fired—but to his eager ken
'Twas strange—unknown; he dreamed of something new
In squirrels or the like; one specimen
Were worth a life's renown!
* * *
Agog to bring it down,
He raised his tube, and coolly banged "into the brown."

Then through those groves a verberate protest rolled
Throbbing; the high roof swayed as in a storm;
He heard great timbers rending; and, behold!
Huge, bloated, spider-like, a horrible form
Burst the thick leaves asunder;
And, with a cry of wonder,
The sportsman took a breath and skipped away from under.

All legs and wings, hands grabbing and teeth gnashing,
Cursing and clawing and clutching in desperate dash,
He saw it hanging—heard the last branch smashing—
Turned him about. With one almighty crash
Forty-eight solid stone
Of furious brawn and bone
Flashed like a meteor through the air and lay—*alone!*

Dum-Dum.

"Among others to be seen were Lord G. and his daughter, Mrs. S., . . . and very many others absolutely impossible to mention here."—*Daily Mail.*



MR. PUNCH stopped suddenly. Then he drew out a handkerchief and wiped his brow, his hand trembling with excitement the while. The chance for which he had waited so long was come.

Before him stood a high and sinister building, which at first sight appeared to be deserted. But the keen eye of MR. PUNCH had detected a figure at the top window, and the romantic mind of MR. PUNCH had jumped to the only conclusion—Andromeda waiting for her Perseus! A twentieth-century maiden wanting the help of a man's right arm!

He motioned to TOBY to stay where he was, advanced cautiously to the foot of the building, and gave a low whistle.

"Stop!" cried the lady suddenly. "Who are you?"

"Fair and beauteous maiden," whispered the gallant MR. PUNCH, "I am come to save thee. Fear not."

"Go away!" she cried. "You are the bailiff. I shall never surrender. Nothing but force will compel me—and you wouldn't use force on a woman!"

"There is some mistake," said the SAGE in his natural voice. "You seemed to be in need of assistance, and——"

"You have come for the taxes," broke in the lady. "Very well. I refuse to pay them. Now then!"

"Madam," said MR. PUNCH, a trifle exasperated by all this, "I have not even come for the washing."

"I beg your pardon. Of course I recognise you now. You are on our side."

MR. PUNCH bowed. "If I only knew," he began.

"What!" said the lady in amazement, "you haven't heard of us? Wait, then, and I will show you." She took a flag from her side, and held it out of the window. "There!" she said proudly.

MR. PUNCH looked carefully. There were some letters on the flag, and they seemed to him to be Russian characters.

"My influence with the CZAR," he said, "such as it is—"

The lady blushed. "I'm sorry," she explained. "I see I was holding it upside down again. Somehow we generally do. Now then, look!"

MR. PUNCH looked, and read: "VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

"So I do," he cried enthusiastically. "I votes for 'em always.

'O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.'"

"Then you agree," said the lady, "that we ought to have the franchise?"

"O-ho!" said MR. PUNCH, "that is a very different thing."

"But I pay taxes, and taxation without representation is tyranny."

At this, TOBY, who pays a tax—a slight tax of seven-and-sixpence per annum—stood up and wagged his tail.

"My dog, at any rate, agrees with you," said MR. PUNCH.

"And you do too?" she asked. "You think we should be allowed to vote at elections?"

"Yes," replied MR. PUNCH, "I do. You and your sisters have at last convinced me."

"Hooray!" cried the lady triumphantly, and she waved her flag. "I knew if we held out long enough we should convince somebody. Now tell me, what was it particularly that showed you our cause was right? Was it the way we attacked ASQUITH—was it our display in the House of Commons—was it——" "Yes," said MR. PUNCH, "it was all that."

"There! Why, if it hadn't been for us no one would ever have heard of Woman's Suffrage."

"No," said MR. PUNCH; "and if it had not been for you I should never have believed in it. Until you began your your demonstrations I was opposed to it. Logically, I admit, it seemed all right. So far as intellect went you were superior to many of us. Yet, somehow, politics and women I did not like to consider them together. An election is an unpleasant business, a rowdy business; and I do not care to see women in a rough-and-tumble. A woman," continued the romantic MR. PUNCH, "should never be in a hurry, should never be in a ridiculous situation, should never have to raise her voice. A woman should always be cool and composed. Politics is neither a cooling nor a composing game.

"Then, again, I have noticed that the electors of one side find it necessary to break up the meetings of the other side. At times it is their duty to call one of the speakers a liar. The elector must celebrate his victory by stoning the defeated. To be, in fact, the Complete Elector one has to forget a good many things. An election," concluded the SAGE, "brings out the very worst of a man; and it is inexcusable for a woman ever to be at anything but her best."

"But," said the lady, "I thought you were with us?"

"Those," said MR. PUNCH, "were my views until a short time ago. Now I see differently. I remember an exhibition in the Ladies' Gallery. I have heard of a woman and a dog-whip at a meeting of Mr. ASQUITH'S. I cannot forget—I do not think anyone will ever forget—an insult that one of your sisters paid Sir EDWARD GREY. And, as I think on these things, I realise suddenly what it all means. It means that you have at last descended to our level; that you have put off your dignity and your womanliness, and are become indeed the Complete Elector. So, Madam, when you get the franchise, as you will eventually, I shall say to myself——" MR. PUNCH hesitated. "Yes?" said she. "Go on."

"With apologies, Madam—'*Serve 'em right.*'"

There was silence for a little. Then, "You don't understand," said the lady. "I am the mother of a family. Anyhow," she added, "I shall stay here until we get the franchise."

"The flag is upside down again," said MR. PUNCH. The lady hastily put it right.

"And now," said the SAGE, "I have something I should like to leave with you. You have a long and lonely vigil before you, and it would be pleasant to me to think that I was doing something to solace it. Light though it is," he added, "I could not throw it up to you."

"Wait a moment," said the lady. She went into the room, and returned with a basket tied to a rope.

"The provision-basket," she said, and let it down gently. MR. PUNCH stood on tip-toe, and placed in it his

One Hundred and Thirtieth Volume.





Cartoons.

Articles.

Articles—*continued.*

Pictures and Sketches.

